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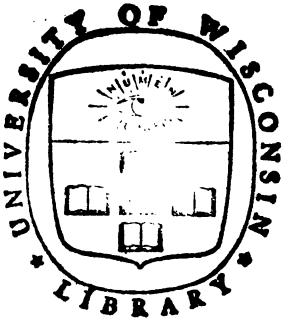

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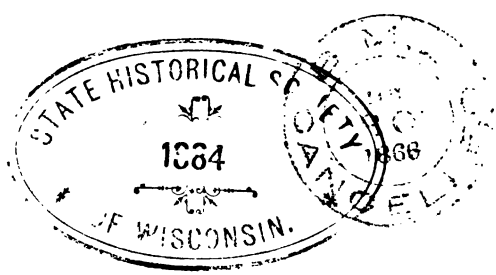

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TO

MRS. COVENTRY WADDELL,

WHOSE ELEGANT TASTE AND APPRECIATION OF ART, AND
WHOSE LIBERAL KINDNESS TO ARTISTS, HAVE
FOSTERED AMERICAN GENIUS,

This Volume is Inscribed

BY HER FRIEND

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

I DO not know that any work on Female Artists—either grouping them or giving a general history of their productions—has ever been published, except the little volume issued in Berlin by Ernst Guhl, entitled "Die Frauen in die Kunstgeschichte." In that work the survey is closed with the eighteenth century, and female poets are included with painters, sculptors, and engravers in the category of artists. Finding Professor Guhl's sketches of the condition of art in successive ages entirely correct, I have made use of these and the facts he has collected, adding details omitted by him, especially in the personal history of prominent women devoted to the brush and the chisel. Authorities, too numerous to mention, in French, Italian, German, and English, have been carefully consulted. I am indebted particularly to the works of Vasari, Descampes, and Fiorillo. The biographies of Mdlles. Bonheur, Fauveau, and Hosmer are taken, with a little condensing and shaping, from late numbers of that excellent periodical, "The Englishwoman's Journal." The sketches of many living artists were prepared from materials furnished by themselves or their friends.

It is manifestly impossible, in a work of this kind, to include even the names of all the women artists who are worthy of remembrance. Among those of the present day are many who have not yet had sufficient experience to do justice to their own powers, and any criticism of their productions would be premature and unfair.

No attempt has been made in the following pages to give elaborate critiques or a connected history of art. The aim has been simply to show what woman has done, with the general conditions favorable or unfavorable to her efforts, and to give such impressions of the character of each prominent artist as may be derived from a faithful record of her personal experiences. More may be learned by a view of the early struggles and trials, the persevering industry and the well-earned triumphs of the gifted, than by the most erudite or fine-spun disquisition. Should the perusal of my book inspire with courage and resolution any woman who aspires to overcome difficulties in the achievement of honorable independence, or should it lead to a higher general respect for the powers of women and their destined position in the realm of Art, my object will be accomplished. E. F. E.

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WOMEN ARTISTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE EARLY AGES.

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"MEN have not grudged to women," says a modern writer, "the wreaths of literary fame. No history of literature shows a period when their influence was not apparent, when honors were not rendered to them;" and the social condition of woman has been generally allowed to measure the degree of intellectual culture in a nation. Although in the realm of art her success is more questionable, she may yet claim the credit of having materially aided its progress. Wom-

an is the type of the ornamental part of our life, and lends to existence the charm which inspires the artist, and furnishes him with an object for effort. Her native unconscious grace and beauty present the models which it is his highest merit to copy faithfully.

A New England divine says, "Woman, like man, wants to make her thought a thing." "All that belongs to the purely natural," observes Hippel, "lies within her sphere." The kind of painting, thus, in which the *object* is prominent has been most practiced by female artists. Portraits, landscapes, flowers, and pictures of animals are in favor among them. Historical or allegorical subjects they have comparatively neglected; and, perhaps, a sufficient reason for this has been that they could not command the years of study necessary for the attainment of eminence in these. More have been engaged in engraving on copper than in any other branch of art, and many have been miniature painters.

Such occupations might be pursued in the strict seclusion of home, to which custom and public sentiment consigned the fair student. Nor were they inharmonious with the ties of friendship and love to which her tender nature clung. In most instances women have been led to the cultivation of art through the choice of parents or brothers. While nothing has been more common than to see young men embracing the profession against the wishes of their families and in the face of difficulties, the example of a woman thus deciding for herself is extremely rare.

We know little of the practice of the arts by women in ancient times. The degraded condition of the sex in Eastern countries rendered woman the mere slave and toy of her master; but this very circumstance

gave her artistic ideas capable of development into independent action. These first showed themselves in the love of dress and the selection of ornaments. From the early ages of the world, too, spinning and weaving were feminine employments, in which undying germs of art were hidden; for it belongs to human nature never to be satisfied with what merely ministers to necessity. The ancient sepulchres and buried palaces disclosed by modern discovery display the love of adornment prevailing among the nations of antiquity. Women rendered assistance in works upon wood and metal, as well as, more frequently, in the productions of the loom. The fair Egyptians covered their webs with the most delicate patterns; and the draperies of the dead and the ornamented hangings in their dwellings attested the skill of the women of Assyria and Babylon.

The shawls and carpets of Eastern manufacture, and other articles of luxury that furnished the palaces of European monarchs, were often the work of delicate hands, though no tradition has preserved the names of those who excelled in such labors.

Among the ancient Greeks the position of woman, though still secluded and slavish, gave her a nobler life. The presiding deities of the gentle arts were represented to popular apprehension in female form, and, doubtless, the gracious influence the sex has in all ages exercised was then in some measure recognized. Poetry had her fair votaries, and names are still remembered that deserve to live with Sappho. Schools of philosophy were presided over by the gifted and cultivated among women.

Sculpture and architecture, the arts carried to greatest perfection, were then far in advance of painting;

at least, we know of no relics that can support the pretensions of the Greeks to superiority in the latter. "What is left," says a writer in the "Westminster Review," "of Apelles and Zeuxis? The few relics of ancient painting which have survived the lapse of ages and the hand of the spoiler all date from the time of the Roman Empire; and neither the frescoes discovered beneath the baths of Titus, the decorations of Pompeii and Herculaneum, nor even the two or three cabinet pictures found beneath the buried city, can be admitted as fair specimens of Grecian painting in its zenith."

THE DAUGHTER OF DIBUTADES.

But, though few Grecian women handled the pencil or the chisel, and women were systematically held in a degree of ignorance, we find here, on the threshold of the history of art, a woman's name—that of Kora, or, as she has been called, Callirhoe, the daughter of a potter named Dibutades, a native of Corinth, said to have resided at Sicyonia about the middle of the seventh century before Christ. Pliny tells us she assisted her father in modeling clay. The results of his labor were arranged on shelves before his house, which the purchasers usually left vacant before evening. It was the office of his daughter, says a fanciful chronicler, to fill the more elaborate vases with choice flowers, which the young men came early to look at, hoping to catch a glimpse of the graceful artist maiden.

As she went draped in her veil to the market-place, she often met a youth, who afterward became an assistant to her father in his work. He was skilled in much learning unknown to the secluded girl, and in

playing on the reed; and the daily life of father, daughter, and lover presented an illustration of Grecian life and beauty. The youth was constrained at length to depart, but ere he went the vows of betrothal were exchanged between him and Kora.

Their eve of parting was a sad one. As they sat together by the lamplight the maiden suddenly rose, and, taking up a piece of pointed charcoal from the brasier, and bidding the young man remain still, she traced on the wall the outline of his fine Grecian profile, as a memorial when he should be far away. Dibutades saw the sketch she had made, and recognized the likeness. Carefully he filled the outline with clay, and a complete medallion was formed. It was the first portrait in relief! Thus a new art was born into the world, the development of which brought fortune and fame to the inventor! The story is, at least, as probable as that of Saurias discovering the rules of sketching and contour from the shadow of his horse. It was neither the first nor the last time that Love became a teacher. Might not the fable of Memnon thus find its realization?

It is related that Dibutades, who had followed up his medallions with busts, became so celebrated, that many Grecian states claimed the honor of his birth; and that his daughter's lover, who came back to espouse her, modeled whole figures in Corinth. A school for modeling was instituted about this time in Sicyonia, of which Dibutades was the founder.

At a later period we hear of Timarata, the daughter of a painter, and herself possessed of considerable skill, as Pliny testifies, he having seen one of her pictures at Ephesus, representing the goddess Diana.

Several names of female artists have come down

from the time of Alexander the Great and his luxurious successors. Art began to have a richer and more various development, and women were more free to follow their inclinations in its pursuit. One belonging to this age was Helena, who is said to have painted, for one of the Ptolomies, the scene of a battle in which Alexander vanquished Darius; a picture thought, with some probability, to have been the original of a famous mosaic found in Pompeii.

Anaxandra, the daughter and pupil of a Greek painter, appears to have labored under the same royal patronage, as well as another female artist named Kallo, one of whose pictures, presented in the Temple of Venus, was celebrated by the praise of a classic poetess; the fair painter being declared as beautiful as her own work. Among these pupils of Grecian art we hear also of Cirene, the daughter of Kratinos, whose painting of Proserpina was preserved; of Aristarite, the author of a picture of Esculapius; of Calypso, known as a painter *de genre*. Her portraits of Theodorus, the juggler, and a dancer named Acisthenes, were celebrated, and she is said to have executed one that has been transferred from the ruins of Pompeii to Naples, and is now called "A Mother superintending her Daughter's Toilet." The name of Olympias is remembered, though we have no mention of her works. Beyond these few names, we know nothing of the female artists of Greece.

THE ROMAN PAINTRESS.

Among the Romans we find but one female painter, and she was of Greek origin and education. The life of the Roman matrons was not confined to a narrower sphere, and the influence conceded to them might

have been eminently favorable to their cultivation of art. But, with the nation of soldiers who ruled the world, the elegant arts were not at home as in their Hellenic birth-place. They flourished not so grandly in the palmiest days of Rome, as in the decay of the Empire. The heroic women celebrated in the history of the Republic, and in Roman literature, had no rivals in the domain of sculpture and painting. The one whose name has descended to modern times is Laya. She exercised her skill in Rome about a hundred years before Christ. The little knowledge we have of her paintings is very interesting, inasmuch as she was the pioneer in a branch afterward cultivated by many of her sex—miniature painting. Her portraits of women were much admired, and she excelled in miniatures on ivory. A large picture in Naples is said to be one of her productions. She surpassed all others in the rapidity of her execution, and her works were so highly valued that her name was ranked with the most renowned painters of the time, such as Sopolis, Dionysius, etc. Pliny, who bears this testimony, adds that her life was devoted to her art, and that she was never married. Some others mention a Greek girl, *Lala*, as contemporary with Cleopatra, who was celebrated for her busts in ivory. The Romans caused a statue to be erected to her honor.

INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Painting was destined to higher improvements under the mild sway of the Christian religion than in the severer school of classical antiquity. Woman gradually rose above the condition of slavery, and began to preside over the elements that formed the poetry of life. But changes involving the lapse of cen-

turies were necessary, before Art could be divested of her Athenian garment, and put on the pure bridal attire suited to her nuptials with devotion. After the destruction of the Roman Empire, there is a long interval during which we hear of no achievement beyond the Byzantine relics, and the mosaics of the convents and cemeteries.

Even the beauty of early art, associated as it was with the forms of a pagan mythology, was detested by the votaries of a pure and holy faith. The early Christians rejected adornment, which they regarded as inconsistent with their simple tenets, and as an abomination in the sight of God. Thus, for seven hundred years art was degraded, and only by degrees did she lift herself from the dust.

In the mean while female influence grew apace among the nations that rose upon the ruins of Rome. Amalasuntha, the daughter of Theodoric the Great, was worthy of her sire in wisdom and knowledge of statesmanship, while she is said to have surpassed him in general cultivation, and to have rendered him essential service in his building enterprises. Theudelinda, Queen of the Longobards, adorned her palace at Monza with paintings celebrating the history of her people; and, from the time of Charlemagne, each century boasted several women of political and literary celebrity. There was the famous nun Hroswitha, who, in her convent at Gandersheim, composed an ode in praise of Otho, and a religious drama after the manner of Terence; there was the Greek princess Anna Comnena, the ornament of the Byzantine court; there was the first poetess of Germany, Ava; with Hildegardis, Abbess of Bingen; Heloise, the beloved of Abelard; the Abbess of Hohenburg, who under-

took the bold enterprise of a cyclopædia of general knowledge; and a host of others.*

ILLUMINATIONS.

Noble women became patrons of art, particularly that branch cultivated with most success in the decline of the rest—miniature painting upon parchment. From being merely ornamental this became a necessity in manuscript books of devotion, and the brilliant coloring and delicate finish of the illuminations were often owing to the touch of feminine hands. The inmates of convents and monasteries employed much time in painting and ornamenting books, in copying the best works of ancient art, and in painting on glass; the nuns especially making a business of copying and illuminating manuscripts. Agnes, Abbess of Quedlinberg, was celebrated as a miniature painter in the twelfth century, and some of her works have survived the desolation of ages. "The cultivators of this charming art were divided into two classes—miniaturists, properly so called; and miniature caligraphists. It was the province of the first to color the histories and arabesques, and to lay on the gold and silver ornaments. The second wrote the book, and the initial letters so frequently traced in red, blue, and gold: these were called 'Pulchri Scriptores,' or fair writers. Painting of this description was peculiarly a religious occu-

* Later, Angela de Foligno was celebrated as a teacher of theology. Christina Pisani wrote a work, "La Cité des Dames," which was published in Paris in 1498. It gives account of the learned and famous Novella, the daughter of a professor of the law in the University of Bologna. She devoted herself to the same studies, and was distinguished for her scholarship. She conducted her father's cases, and, having as much beauty as learning, was wont to appear in court veiled.

pation. It was well suited for the peaceful and secluded life of the convent or the monastery. It required none of the intimate acquaintance with the passions of the human heart, with the busy scenes of life, so essential to other and higher forms of art."

The labors of nuns in ornamental work in the Middle Ages were not confined to illuminating and miniature painting; but it is not our province to enumerate the products of their industry, nor to chronicle the benefits they conferred on the sick and poor. The fairest princesses did not disdain to work altar-pieces, and to embroider garments for their friends and lovers.

In the commencement of the fourteenth century a female painter, named Laodicia, lived in Pavia, and Vasari mentions the Dominican nun, Plautilla Nelli. "In 1476, Fra Domenico da Pistoya and Fra Pietro da Pisa, the spiritual directors of a Dominican convent, established a printing-press within its walls; the nuns served as compositors, and many works of considerable value issued from this press between 1476 and 1484, when, Bartolomeo da Pistoya dying, the nuns ceased their labors."

THE FIRST SCULPTRESS.

Germany had the honor of producing the first female sculptor of whom any thing is known—Sabina von Steinbach, the daughter of Erwin von Steinbach, who in that wonderful work, the cathedral of Strasburg, has reared so glorious a monument to his memory.

The task of ornamenting this noble building was in great part intrusted to the young girl, whose genius had already exhibited itself in modeling. Her sculp-

tured groups, and especially those on the portal of the southern aisle, are of remarkable beauty, and have been admired by visitors during the lapse of ages. Here are allegorical figures representing the Christian Church and Judaism; the first of lofty bearing and winning grace, with crowned heads, bearing the cross in their right hands, and in their left the consecrated host. The other figures stand with eyes downcast and drooping head; in the right hand a broken arrow, in the left the shattered tablets of the Mosaic Law. Besides many other groups are four bas-reliefs representing the glorification of the Virgin; her death and burial on one side, and on the other her entrance into heaven and triumphant coronation.

It may well be said that in these works are embodied the ideal and supernatural elements that pervade the sculpture of the Middle Ages; and it seemed most appropriate that the taste and skill of woman should develop in such elements the purity and depth of feeling which impart a charm to these sculptures acknowledged by every beholder.

On one of the scrolls, held by the Apostle John, the following lines are inscribed in Latin:

"The grace of God be with thee, O Sabina,
Whose hands from this hard stone have formed my image."

An old painting at Strasburg represents this youthful sculptress kneeling at the feet of the archbishop, to receive his blessing and a wreath of laurel, which he is placing on her brow. This painting attests the popular belief in a tradition that Sabina, after seeing her statues deposited in their niches, was met by a procession of priests who came, with the prelate at their head, for the purpose of conferring this honor upon her.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Commencement of the History of modern Art.—Causes of the Barrenness of this Century in female Artists.—The Decline of Chivalry unfavorable to their mental Development.—Passing away of the Ideal and Supernatural Element in Art.—New Feeling for Nature.—New Life and Action in Painting.—Portrayal of Feelings of the Heart.—Release of Painting from her Trammels.—Severer Studies necessary for Artists.—Woman excluded from the Pursuit.—Patronage sought.—One female Artist representing each prominent School.—Margaretta von Eyck.—Her Miniatures.—Extensive Fame.—Her Decoration of Manuscripts.—Work in Aid of her Brothers.—"The gifted Minerva."—Single Blessedness.—Another Margaretta.—Copies and illuminates MSS. in the Carthusian Convent.—Eight folio Volumes filled.—Caterina Vigri.—Her Miniature Paintings.—Founds a Convent.—"The Saint of Bologna."—Miraculous Painting.—The warrior Maiden Onorata.—Decorates the Palace at Cremona.—Insult offered her.—She kills the Insulter.—Flight in male Attire.—Soldier Life.—Delivers Castelleone.—The mortal Wound.

THE fifteenth century, with which the history of modern art may be properly commenced, is barren in female artists. This is, doubtless, owing in part to a change in the social condition of woman, consequent on the decline of chivalry, that "poetical lie," as Rahel terms it. During the two centuries preceding this period, the fair sex had been regarded with a kind of adoration. Beauty was the minstrel's theme and the soldier's inspiration, and the courts of love, by giving power to the intellectual among women, stimulated them to the cultivation of their minds as well as the adornment of their persons. The descent from their

poetic elevation was unfavorable to mental development; and it was not till the opening of the sixteenth century that there appeared symptoms of recovery from the reaction.

Moreover, art in the fifteenth century had assumed a character unsuited to the peculiar gifts of woman. It had parted with the ideal and supernatural element which formed at once the charm and the weakness of the Middle Ages, and which, as in the case of Sabina von Steinbach, had fostered and developed female talent. A new feeling for nature was born; a new world of life and action was waiting to be added to the domain of art; while severe study and restless energy were in requisition for more extended conquests. More correct exhibitions of human individuality, action, and passion began to take the place of forms that had before been merely conventional or architectural; and the portrayal of feeling, in which the human heart could sympathize, superseded the calm religious creations of an earlier age. Painting finally threw off the rigid trammels she had worn.

The difficulties in the way of elaborating these new conceptions, and the studies of anatomy necessary for the attainment of excellence in delineating the form, excluded women in a great measure from the pursuit. Gervinus remarks that women are fond of realizing new ideas; but they are those, for the most part, which are readily brought into use in common life, and which require no persevering study to reduce them to practice. Even the triumphs of literary talent in that toilsome age owed much to the patronage of the great. We find many ladies of high rank seeking the muses' favor by the royal road to eminence.

Notwithstanding the paucity of women artists, we

discover at least one representing each prominent school of painting—Flemish, Italian, and German.

MARGARETTA VON EYCK.

First among these, Margaretta von Eyck deserves mention. She was the sister of Hubert and John von Eyck, who were distinguished not only for enlarged apprehensions of art, but for the discovery and introduction of oil-painting.

While these men were, by their works, preparing the way for an important revolution in the method of painting, Margaretta occupied herself chiefly in painting miniatures. She worked under the patronage of the magnificent and liberal court of Burgundy, and her fame extended even to the countries of the romantic south. It is an interesting sight, this modest woman-work beside the more important enterprises of the gifted brothers, making itself appreciated so as to furnish an example for all time. Sometimes the sister worked with the brother in the decoration of costly manuscripts. One of the finest monuments of their united skill was the breviary—now in the imperial library at Paris—of that Duke of Bedford who, in 1423, married the sister of Philip the Good. Margaretta's miniatures were preserved also in manuscript romances of the period. One of the earliest historians of Flemish art, Carl von Mander, calls her a "gifted Minerva," and informs us that she spurned the acquaintance of "Hymen and Lucina," and lived out her days in single blessedness.

ANOTHER MARGARETTA.

As in Margaretta von Eyck the grand efforts of Flemish art found expression modified by a feminine

nature, so had those of the school in Nuremberg through the labors of another Margaretta—a nun from 1459 to 1470 in the Carthusian Convent, where she copied and illuminated religious works. Eight folio volumes were filled by her indefatigable hands with Gothic letters and pictures in miniature, presenting a curious specimen of the blending of the art of the scribe with that of the painter, so common in the Middle Ages.

CATERINA VIGRI.

A third female artist of this period belonged to Italy. Caterina Vigri, a pupil of the Bolognese school, combined with a high degree of talent a quiet gentleness and dignified manner that gained her general esteem. She was born of a noble family in Ferrara in 1413, and exercised her skill chiefly in miniature painting, though several large works are recognized as hers. One of St. Ursula, infolding in her robe her kneeling companions, is exhibited among other fair martyrs in the Pinacothek of Bologna, and, with the pure, calm expression, peculiar to the productions of a preceding age, combines a delicacy, grace, correctness of drawing, and freedom with firmness of touch, not often found at that time. One of her pictures is preserved in the Sala Palladiana of the Venetian Academy. Educated in the most exalted mysticism, she was the founder of the convent of "Corpo di Cristo," which is yet in existence, and shelters the grave of Caterina as well as many of her works. She poured into these all her religious enthusiasm. Her master was Maestro Vitale. She died in the odor of sanctity, and was spoken of as "the Saint of Bologna." In 1712 the Catholic Church inscribed her name in the

second category of saints, with the title of "Beata," in virtue of which she is honored to this day as the patron saint of the fine arts. Tradition relates a story of one of her paintings on wood—an infant Jesus—having the power to heal diseases in those who touched the lips of the picture.

THE WARRIOR MAIDEN.

Beside this saintly personage stands one who joined the prowess of the soldier to the genius of the painter. Onorata Rodiana was born at Castelleone in Cremona, in the early part of the fifteenth century, and, while yet young, obtained so high a reputation as a painter, that the Marquis Gabrino Fondolo, the tyrant of Cremona, appointed her to the task of decorating his palace.

The maiden, in the prime of her youth and beauty, was engaged in this work when an accidental occurrence changed the whole course of her life. A courtier of libertine character, who chanced to see her occupied in painting the walls of a room in the palace, entered, and dared to offer an insulting freedom. The young artist repulsed him; but, unable to escape his violence without a desperate struggle, the spirited girl at length drew a dagger and stabbed him to the heart. She then rushed from the palace, disguised herself in man's clothes, and quitted the city, declaring that she would rather die in obscure exile than accept a luxurious home as the price of dishonor.

The Marquis Gabrino was at first furious at her escape, and commanded a hot pursuit by his soldiers; but soon afterward relenting, he proclaimed her full pardon, and summoned her to return and complete her labors, which no one else could finish. Onorata,

however, had, in the mean while, learned the warrior's business in Oldrado Lampugnano's band of Condottieri, and her spirit and courage soon elevated her to a post of command. She loved the soldier's life, and continued in it, painting the while, for thirty years.

When her native town, Castelleone, was besieged by the Venetians, she hastened with her company to its relief. Victory crowned her in the contest, but she fell mortally wounded. She died in 1472, perhaps the only example the world's history affords of a woman who wielded at the same time the pencil and the sword.

CHAPTER III.

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

This Century rich in great Painters.—Not poor in female Artists.—Memorable Period both in Poetry and Painting.—Fruits of the Labor of preceding Century now discernible.—Female Disciples in all the Schools of Italian Art.—Superiority of the Bolognese School.—Properzia Rossi.—Her Beauty and finished Education.—Carving on Peach-stones.—Her Sculptures.—The famous Bas-relief of Potiphar's Wife.—Properzia's unhappy Love.—Slander and Persecution.—Her Works and Fame.—Visit of the Pope.—Properzia's Death.—Traditional Story.—Isabella Mazzoni a Sculptor.—A female Fresco Painter.—Sister Plautilla.—Her Works for her Convent Church.—Other Works.—Women Painters of the Roman School.—Teodora Danti.—Female Engravers.—Diana Ghisi.—Irene di Spilimberg.—Her Education in Venice.—Titian's Portrait of her.—Tasso's Sonnet in her Praise.—Poetical Tributes on her Death.—Her Works and Merits.—Vincenza Armani.—Marietta Tintoretto.—Her Beauty and musical Accomplishments.—Excursions in Boy's Attire with her Father.—Her Portraits.—They become "the Rage."—Invitation from the Emperor.—From Philip of Spain.—The Father's Refusal.—Her Marriage and Death.—Portrait of her.—Women Artists of Northern Italy.—Barbara Longhi and others.—The Nuns of Genoa.

THE sixteenth century, rich beyond precedent in great men, was not poor in female artists whose works are worthy of notice. Both in poetry and painting the period was memorable and glorious. The labors of the preceding age had promoted civilization and education in moral and mental acquirements, the fruits of which were discernible even in Germany, while in Italy the harvest was most abundant. The period produced Victoria Colonna, Veronica Gambara, Gaspara Stampa, and other women of literary eminence; while

the works in art of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, etc., became monuments for the admiration of succeeding generations. Dr. Guhl aptly remarks, "The fifteenth century was the time of work; the sixteenth the season of harvest."

None of the numerous schools of Italian art were without female disciples. The Bolognese rose above all others, and at this period gave laws to art. Here we find

PROPERZIA, THE SCULPTRESS.

The first woman who gained reputation as a sculptor in Italy was Properzia di Rossi. She was born in Bologna in 1490, and possessed not only remarkable beauty of person, with all the graces a finished education could graft upon a refined nature, but various feminine accomplishments, excelling particularly, Vasari tells us, in her orderly disposal of household matters. She sang and played on several instruments "better than any woman of her day in Bologna," while in many scientific studies she gained a distinction "well calculated," says the Italian historian, "to awaken the envy not of women only, but also of men." This maiden of rich gifts was endowed with a peculiar facility in realizing the creations of fancy, and took at first a strange way of doing so. She undertook the minute carving of peach-stones, and succeeded so well as to render credible what had been recorded of two sculptors of antiquity. Mirmecide is said to have carved a chariot drawn by four horses, with the charioteer, so small that a fly with his wings spread covered the whole. Callicrate sculptured ants with the minutest exactness. Properzia carved on a peach-stone the crucifixion of our Saviour; a work compris-

ing a number of figures—executioners, disciples, women, and soldiers—wonderful for the delicate execution of the minutest figures, and the admirable distribution of all. A series of her intaglios is in the possession of Count Grassi of Bologna. In a double-headed eagle, in silver filagree (the Grassi coat of arms), are imbedded eleven peach-stones, and on each is carved, on one side, one of the eleven apostles, each with an article of the creed underneath; on the other, eleven holy virgins with the name of the saint on each, and a motto explanatory of her special virtue. In the cabinet of gems in the gallery of Florence is preserved a cherry-stone on which is carved a chorus of saints in which seventy heads may be counted.

It was not long before Properzia began to think, with those who witnessed her success, that it was a pity to throw away so much labor on a nut! At that time the façade of San Petronio, in Bologna, was being ornamented with sculpture and bas-relief. The young girl had studied drawing under Antonio Raimondi, and when the three doors of the principal façade were to be decorated with marble figures she made application to the superintendents for a share in the works. She was required to furnish a specimen of her talent. The young sculptress executed a bust from life, in the finest marble, of Count Alessandro de' Pepoli; this pleased the family and the whole city, and procured immediate orders from the superintendents.

The one of her productions which has become most celebrated is a bas-relief, in white marble, of Potiphar's wife seeking to detain Joseph by holding his garment. The perfection of the drawing, the grace of the action, and the emotion that breathes from the whole face and form, obtained high praise for this performance. Va-

sari calls it "a lovely picture, sculptured with womanly grace, and more than admirable." But envy took occasion to make this monument of Properzia's genius a reproach to her memory. It was reported that she was profoundly in love with a young nobleman, Anton Galeazzo Malvasia, who cared little for her; and that she depicted her own unhappy passion in the beautiful creation of her chisel. It was probably true that her life was imbittered by this unreturned love. One of her countrymen says the proud patrician disdained to own as his wife one who bore a less ancient name; and that he failed in his attempt to persuade her to become his on less honorable terms. Professional jealousy aided in the attempt to depress the pining artist. Amico Albertini, with several men artists, commenced a crusade against her, and slandered her to the superintendents with such effect that the wardens refused to pay the proper price for her labors on the façade. Even her alto-relief was not allowed to have its appointed place. Properzia had no heart to contend against this unmanly persecution; she never attempted any other work for the building, and the grief to which she was abandoned gradually sapped the springs of life.

There are two angels in bas-relief, exquisitely sculptured by her, in the church of San Petronio; and another work by her hand, representing the Queen of Sheba in the presence of Solomon, is preserved in what is called "the revered chamber." Other works of hers have been pronounced to be in the highest taste. She is said to have furnished some admirable plans in architecture. In copper-plate engraving she succeeded to admiration, and many of her pen-and-ink etchings from Raphael's works obtained the highest

praise. "With this poor loving girl," Vasari says, "every thing succeeded save her unhappy passion."

The fame of her noble genius spread throughout Italy; and Pope Clement VII., having come to Bologna to officiate at the coronation of the Emperor Charles V., inquired for the fair sculptress of whom he had heard such marvelous things. Alas! she had died that very week—on the 14th of February, 1530—and her remains had been buried, according to her last request, in the Hospital della Morte. She was lamented by her fellow-citizens, who held her to have been one of the greatest miracles of nature. But what availed posthumous praises to the victim of injustice and calumny?

A story has been told of an interview between Properzia and the Pope; that, declining his offer to settle her in Rome, she knelt to take leave, when her veil falling disclosed a face of unearthly beauty, sad enough to move the pontiff's sympathy. But it is more probable that she died before his coming.

SISTER PLAUTILLA AND OTHERS.

Isabella Mazzoni was also known at this period as a sculptor. We hear, too, of Maria Calavrese, who painted in fresco; and Plautilla Nelli—Suor Plautilla, as she is usually called—deserves more than a passing mention. Lanzi tells us she was of a noble Florentine family, and born in 1523. She had no assistance in developing her remarkable talent but her study of the designs of Fra Bartolomeo, one of the best masters of the Florentine school. She became a nun of the Dominican convent of St. Catherine of Sienna in Florence, and having acquired considerable reputation by her skill in painting, finished for the church a Descent

from the Cross, said to be from a design by Andrea del Sarto; and a picture of her own composition, the Adoration of the Magi—a work that won great praise. In the first may be noticed the same purity of contour, the same harmony of light and shade, grace of drapery, and confident repose that characterize the works of Andrea. In the choir of the Convent of Santa Lucia, at Pistoja, was her large picture of the Madonna holding the child, surrounded by saints; and in the convent at Florence a large painting of the Last Supper. We do not attempt to enumerate the works credited to her, including her copies of the best masters, particularly Fra Bartolomeo, whom it was not easy to imitate, since he was superior to Raphael in color, and rivaled Vinci in chiaro-oscuro. Some pictures in Berlin, attributed to her, are marked by his purity and careful execution, with his depth and earnestness. She was also a miniature painter. She was prioress of the convent, and lived to the age of sixty-five. One of her successful pupils was Agatha Traballesi.

There were no noted women painters of the Roman school, but we may mention Teodora Danti, who painted several pictures of interiors after the style of Perugino. The heads of her figures were remarkable for grace, and she had much ease of action and freshness of coloring, but there was a certain dryness in the forms and poverty in the drapery.

The wife of the famous engraver, Mare Antonio Raimondi, also engraved on copper; and Diana Ghisi copied in her engravings works both of Raphael and Giulio Romano. Vasari says of her: "She engraves so admirably, the thing is a perfect miracle. For my own part, who have seen herself—and a very pleasing

and graceful maiden she is—as well as her works, which are most exquisite, I have been utterly astonished thereby."

IRENE DI SPILIMBERG.

A bright example, and the pride of the Venetian school in her day, was Irene di Spilimberg, born at Udina in 1540, of a noble and illustrious family, originally of German origin. She exercised her art at its most flourishing period. She was educated in Venice, surrounded by all the luxury of external and intellectual life, and she had Titian for her master. Her fame, however, rests rather on the testimony of her contemporaries than on her own works. Titian, ever alive to female loveliness and artistic merit, has immortalized her by a beautiful portrait; and Tasso has celebrated her charms in one of his sonnets. She died in the opening of her blossom of fame, in the flush of youth and beauty, having scarcely attained the age of nineteen. Her death was deplored in poems and orations, a collection of which was published in Venice twenty years after the event, to set forth the splendid promise which the destroyer had thus untimely nipped.

Among her works still extant are the Bacchanals in Monte Albodo, and small pictures from religious subjects said to be in the possession of the Maniago family. Lanzi remarks: "The drawing is careless, but the coloring is worthy of the best age of art. We see the reflected rays of her great master's glory, the soft yet rapid gradations of tint, the clear touches, the repeated applications of color, which give a veiled transparency to the tints; the judicious grouping, the combined majesty and grace in the figures, which constitute some of the merits of Titian." Irene is said to

have been a woman of the highest mental culture. Rudolphi includes her among the few women artists he mentions.

The sixteenth century was not only remarkable for the production of talent, but for its recognition. Another artist belonging to the Venetian school was Vincenza Armani, who was accomplished in engraving and modeling in wax, and was also celebrated as a poet and musician.

MARIETTA TINTORETTO.

Marietta Robusti, the daughter and pupil of the great painter Tintoretto—him who was called "the thunder of art," and excelled in the powerful and terrible—was born in 1560. She had a lively disposition and great enthusiasm; she was very beautiful in person, had a fine voice, and was an accomplished performer on the lute and other instruments. It is no wonder that she was the object of her father's pride and affections. She accompanied him every where, dressed as a boy; and he developed her genius for art less by precept than by the living example of his own labor. His pictures nourished and fertilized her imagination, and, step by step, she followed him faithfully. Whether he labored at his models or studied the antique statues, or casts from Michael Angelo, the coloring of Titian or the nude figure, she was by his side. She noted his first sketch in the feverish moment of creation, and watched the progress of its execution. His marvelous freedom in handling the brush, his strength and precision in drawing and richness of coloring became hers. She learned his secret of giving proportion and unity to many figures, and the difficult art of foreshortening; then, after copying his pictures, she

could say, "I, too, am an artist." She chose the kind of painting suited to her sex. Historical pieces demanded too much study and application, and it was wearying to design nude figures in imitation of the antique. Portrait painting was easier, and promised more immediate results.

Her first portrait was that of Marco dei Vescovi. It was greatly admired, particularly the beard, and some ventured to say she had equaled her father. Ere long she became famous, and it was all the rage among the Venetian aristocracy to be painted by Marietta. Her father was in raptures at her astonishing progress and success.

Jacopo Strada, antiquarian to the Emperor Maximilian, had his portrait taken by her, and gave it as a curiosity to his imperial master. This, and one she painted of herself, gained her a great reputation. The emperor placed them in his chamber, and invited her to be the artist of his court. The same proposition was made to her by Philip II. of Spain and the Archduke Ferdinand. She was a dutiful daughter and obeyed the wishes of Tintoretto, who refused to part with her, even that she might grace a court. To secure her against the acceptance of such alluring offers, he bestowed her hand on Mario Augusti, a wealthy German jeweler, on the condition that she should remain under the paternal roof. She completed several original designs and painted many portraits. Her exquisite taste, her soft and gentle touch, and her skill in coloring were remarkable, both in works of her own invention and those due to her father's genius.

Tintoretto was not destined long to rejoice in the progress of his lovely daughter. In the flower of her age, in 1590, she departed this life, leaving her husband

and father mourners for the rest of their days. She was buried in the church of Santa Maria dell' Orto. Another artist made a picture of Tintoretto transferring to the canvas the features of his child, still beautiful in death. Several of her works are in Venice. One, at the Palais Royale, represents a man in black, sitting, his hand on an open book lying on a table, where is also an escritoir with papers, a watch, and crucifix.

Decampes has published an engraving of Marietta's portrait. The expression is very soft and meek; a braid of hair encircles the top of her head, and a rouleau is put back from the forehead. A handkerchief is crossed on the bosom, and around her neck is a string of large beads.

Some fair artists of the schools of northern Italy deserve mention. Vasari speaks of Barbara, daughter of the painter Lucas Longhi, of Ravenna, as possessing great talent. In Genoa, Tommasa Fiesca was known as a painter and engraver, as well as a writer of mystical tracts. She and her sister Helen were Dominican nuns, and died in 1534.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The six wonderful Sisters.—Sofonisba Anguisciola.—Her early Sketches.—Painting of three Sisters.—Her Success in Milan.—Invitation to the Court of Madrid.—Pomp of her Journey and Reception.—The Diamond.—Paints the Royal Family and the Flower of the Nobility.—Her Present to Pope Pius.—His Letter.—Her Style.—Lucia's Picture.—Sofonisba Governess to the Infanta. Marriage to the Lord of Sicily.—His Death at Palermo.—The Widow's Voyage.—The gallant Captain.—Second Love and Marriage.—Her Residence at Genoa.—Royal Visitors.—Loss of Sight.—Vandyck her Guest.—Her Influence on Art in Genoa.—Her Portrait and Works.—Sofonisba Gentilesca.—Her Miniatures of the Spanish Royal Family.—Caterina Cantoni.—Ludovica Pellegrini.—Angela Criscuolo.—Cecilia Brusasorci.—Caterina dei Pazzi.—Her Style shows the Infusion of a new Element of religious Enthusiasm into Art.—Tradition of her painting with eyes closed.—Her Canonization.—Women in France at this period.—Isabella Quatrepomme.—Women in Spain.—A female Doctor of Theology.—Change wrought by Protestantism in the Condition of Woman.—Its Influence on Art.—An English Paintress.—Lavinia Benic.—Catherine Schwartz in Germany.—Eva von Iberg in Switzerland.—Women Painters in the Netherlands.—Female Talent in Antwerp.—Albert Durer's Mention of Susannah Gerard.—Catherine Hämsen.—Anna Seghers.—Clara de Keyzer.—Liewina Bennings' and Susannah Hurembout's Visits to England.—The Engraver Barbara.—The Dutch Engraver.—Constantia, the Flower Painter.

WE come now to the six wonderful sisters Anguisciola: Helena, Sofonisba, Minerva, Europa, Lucia, and Anna Maria, all gifted in music and painting. Vasari describes his visit "to the house of Amilcare Anguisciola, the happy father of an honorable and distinguished family; the very home of painting, as well as

of all other accomplishments." In Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, we read:

"Le Donne son venute in eccellenza
Di ciascun' arte, ov' hanno posto cura."

The best known of these amiable and distinguished sisters was the second; though Lucia, who died young, acquired celebrity, and produced beautiful and valuable works.

SOFONISBA ANGUISCIOLA

was born in Cremona, some time between 1530 and 1540, being descended from a family of high rank. At ten years of age she knew how to draw, and she soon became the best pupil of Bernadino Campi, an excellent Cremonese painter. One of her early sketches, representing a boy with his hand caught in a lobster's claw, and a little girl laughing at his plight, was in the possession of Vasari, and esteemed by him worthy of a place in a volume which he had filled with drawings by the most famous masters of that great age. Portraits became her favorite study. Vasari commends a picture he saw at her father's, representing three of the sisters and an ancient housekeeper, chess-playing, as a work "painted with so much skill and care that the figures wanted only voice to be alive." He also praises a portrait of herself, which she presented to Pope Julius III.

Sofonisba instructed her four younger sisters in painting. While yet in her girlhood she attracted the notice of princes. She accompanied her father to Milan, at that time subject to Spanish rule. There she was received at court with welcome, and painted the portrait of the Duke of Sessa, the viceroy, who rewarded her with four pieces of brocade, and other rich

gifts. By 1559 her name had become famous throughout Italy. The haughty monarch of Spain, Philip II., who aspired to the title of patron of the fine arts, heard the echo of her renown, and sent instructions to the Duke of Alba, then at Rome, to invite her to the Court of Madrid. The invitation was accepted. Sofonisba was conducted to the Spanish court with regal pomp, having a train of two patrician ladies as maids of honor, two chamberlains, and six livery servants. Philip and his queen came out to meet her, and she was sumptuously entertained in the palace. After a time given to repose, she painted the king's portrait, which so pleased him that he rewarded her with a diamond worth fifteen hundred crowns, and a pension of two hundred. Her next sitters were the young queen, Elizabeth of Valois—known as Isabel of the Peace—then in the bloom of her bridal loveliness; and the unhappy boy Don Carlos, who was taken dressed in a lynx-skin and other costly raiment. One after another she painted the flower of the Spanish nobility. Meanwhile she received high honors and profitable appointments from her royal patrons.

Her extended fame induced Pope Pius IV. to ask her for a portrait of the queen. She executed the commission with alacrity; and, having bestowed her best care on a second portrait of her majesty, she dispatched it to Rome, with a letter, to be presented to His Holiness. "If it were possible," she says, "to represent to your Holiness the beauty of this queen's soul, you could behold nothing more wonderful." The Pope responded with precious stones and relics set in gems; gifts worthy of the great abilities of the artist. His letter may interest the reader:

"We have received the portrait of the most illustrious Queen of Spain, our dear daughter, which you have sent us, and which has been most acceptable, as well on account of the person represented, whom we love paternally for her piety and the many pure qualities of her mind, to say nothing of other considerations, as because the work has by your hand been very well and diligently accomplished.

"We thank you for it, assuring you that we shall hold it among our most valued possessions, commended through your skill, which, albeit very wonderful, is nevertheless, as we hear, the very least among the many gifts with which you are endowed.

"And with this conclusion, we send you again our benediction. May our Lord have you in His keeping!

"Dat. Romæ: die 15 Ottobris, 1561."

Sofonisba's paintings were noted for boldness and freedom; and in some pieces her figures almost seemed to breathe. Some are comic; and this branch of art, in painting as in literature, demands boldness of conception, spontaneity of movement, and delicacy of touch. One of these works represents a wrinkled old woman learning the alphabet, and a little child making fun of her behind her back.

During her residence in Spain Sofonisba received from Cremona the portrait of her mother, Bianca, painted by her sister Europa. It was highly praised by Castilian critics, and the sister prized it as a faithful likeness of a beloved one whom she might never again behold. About this time Lucia may have sent her admirable portrait of Pietro Maria, a Cremonese physician—a grave and elderly personage in a furred

robe—which now adorns the queen's gallery in Madrid, the sole specimen of the powers of the gifted sisters.

Sofonisba had for some time been lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Spain: she was now appointed by Philip, with other ladies, to undertake the education of the Infanta Isabella Clara Eugenia. This proves her to have been in Spain after 1566, the year in which that princess was born. Her royal patrons wished her to marry a Spanish nobleman and take up her permanent abode near their court; but her hand was already pledged to the feudal lord of Sicily, Don Fabrizio de Monçada, and he bore her away to his island home. The king and queen gave her a dowry of twelve thousand crowns and a pension of one thousand; which she had power to bequeath to her son; besides rich presents in tapestry and jewels, and a dress loaded with pearls.

The newly-wedded pair went to Palermo, where after a few years the husband died. Sofonisba was immediately invited back to the court of Madrid, but expressed a desire to see Cremona and her kindred before her return to Spain. She embarked on board a Genoese galley, commanded by a patrician called Orazio Lomellini. He entertained the fair widow with gallant courtesy during the voyage, and she appears to have been not inconsolable for the loss of her husband. She loved the Genoese, it is said, out of sheer gratitude; although her biographer, Soprani, does not hesitate to say that she made him an offer of her hand, which he—"quel generoso signor"—very promptly accepted. The Lomellini family still preserve her portrait, painted by herself after the manner of Raphael.

We now find her living at Genoa, where she pursued her art with indefatigable zeal. Her house became the resort of all the polished and intellectual society of the republic. Nor was she forgotten by her royal friends of the house of Austria. On hearing of her second nuptials, their Catholic majesties added four hundred crowns to her pension. The Empress of Germany paid her a visit on her way to Spain, and accepted a little picture, one of the most finished and beautiful of Sofonisba's works. She also received the honor of a visit from her former charge, the Infanta, now married or about to be married to the Archduke Albert, and joint sovereign with him over Flanders. This princess spent several hours talking with her friend of old times and family affairs; and sat for her portrait, for which, when it was finished, she gave Sofonisba a gold chain enriched with jewels. This pretty memorial of friendship was greatly prized by the artist. Thus caressed by royalty, and courted in Genoese society, she lived to an extreme old age. A medallion was struck at Bologna in honor of her; the most distinguished artists listened reverentially to her opinions, and poets sang the praises of

"La bella e saggia dipintrice,
La nobil Sofonisba da Cremona."

In the latter years of her life Sofonisba was deprived of her sight; but retained her intellectual faculties, her love of art, and her relish for the society of its professors. The conferences she held in her own palace were attended to the last by distinguished painters from every quarter. Vandyck was frequently her guest, and was accustomed to say he had received more enlightenment from this blind old woman than from all his studies of the greatest masters. This was

no mean praise from the favorite scholar of Rubens; and who shall say it was not deserved? By precept and by example she helped to raise art in Genoa from the decay into which it had fallen in the middle of the sixteenth century. Her pictures have something of the grace and cheerfulness of Raphael, in whose style her first master painted, and something of the relief of the followers of Correggio. "More than any other woman of her time," writes Vasari, "with more study and greater grace, she has labored on every thing connected with drawing; not only has she drawn, colored, and painted from life, and made excellent copies, but she has also drawn many beautiful original pictures."

One of Sofonisba's works, seen at Cremona in 1824, was a beautiful picture of the Virgin giving suck to the Divine infant. In portraits her skill is said to have been little inferior to Titian. Her charming portrait of herself is no mean gem among the treasures of the galleries and libraries at Althorp. She has drawn herself in what the Germans term a "knee-piece;" rather under life-size. The small and finely-formed head is well set on a graceful neck; the dark hair is smoothly and simply dressed; the features are Italian and regular; the complexion is a clear olive; and the eyes are large, black, and liquid. The dark, close-fitting dress is relieved by white frills at the throat and wrists, and two white tassels hanging over the breast. Her delicate and exquisitely painted hands are seen over the chords of a spinet. On the right, in deep shadow, stands an old woman, wearing a kerchief twisted turbanwise around her head, and resembling a St. Elizabeth or a St. Anne in a religious composition of the Caracci. The whole is painted in the clear,

firm manner of the best pencils of Florence. Sofonisba died in 1620.

Palomino mentions Sofonisba Gentilesca among the foreign painters of the reign of Philip II.: "a lady illustrious in the art," who came from France to Spain in the train of Isabel of the Peace. She painted miniatures with great skill, and had for sitters their majesties, the Infant Don Carlos, and many ladies of the court. She died at Madrid in 1587.

Another noble lady, Caterina Cantoni, known as an excellent engraver, was invited into Spain with Sofonisba, to pursue there the calling she seems to have practiced with success in Italy. Ludovica Pellegrini was complimented with the title of the "second Minerva" for her excellence in this branch of art. She also devoted herself to needle-work, and embroidered sacred furniture, and the great pallium (vestment), exhibited to strangers as a curious specimen of art and learning. Boschini mentions "the unrivaled Dorothea Aromatari" as having produced with her needle those beauties the finest artists executed with the pencil. Other women were celebrated embroiderers. Naples boasted of one who surpassed her contemporaries both in painting and music—Maria Angela Criscuolo. Cecilia Brusasorci, the daughter of the great fresco painter, became celebrated for her portraits toward the close of this century.

Passing over a number of minor names, we may close the review of this period by a notice of Caterina de' Pazzi. She was born in 1566, and retired early to a convent, where she assumed the name of Maria Maddalena. The energy with which she cultivated art, and the peculiar character of her works and those of others produced at this time, show the infusion of a new ele-

ment of religious enthusiasm into art. Tradition preserves the story of this nun painting sacred pictures with her eyes closed. In the cloisters of the Carmelites at Parma, and in the church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, at Rome, works of hers may be found. Dying in 1607, she was canonized by Clement IX. in 1669; and at this day a picture in one of the richest churches of Florence bears the name of the saintly artist, whose body reposes in a magnificent chapel under the same roof.

No other nation, during the sixteenth century, can compete with Italy in female artists. In France women enjoyed great influence in public affairs, and several ladies of the highest rank were distinguished for their literary productions and accomplishments. Isabella Quatrepomme is mentioned by Papillon as an excellent engraver on wood. She was born in Rouen, and flourished about 1521. A frontispiece in an old calendar, executed in neat style, representing a figure of Janus, is supposed to be by her, as it is marked with an apple on which there is a figure 4.

In Spain the flowers of art began to bloom at a later period; although in the liberal studies women were not behindhand. Isabella Losa, of Cordova, was appointed a doctor of theology, and there were ladies in Valencia, who, familiar with the works of Italian masters of art, made it their study to imitate them.

In the north the advance of Protestantism wrought a change in the condition of women, which had its influence on art. Domestic employments, and the domestic virtues, became more universally the delight and study of the fair sex. While the light of religious truth was penetrating their homes with its softened radiance, the growth of a deep moral feeling was pre-

paring the way for farther triumphs in the imitative arts. England, where flourished many poetesses, had one female painter—Lewina Tirlinks—during the reign of Elizabeth. Germany boasted of Catherine Schwartz, the wife, probably, of that Christopher Schwartz whom his contemporaries called the German Raphael; while in Switzerland Eva von Iberg transferred to canvas the beauties of her country's scenery.

In the Netherlands, on the other hand, the number of women painters at this period was large, and many were the diligent successors of Margaretta von Eyck in her native place. Her brothers, at the head of the old Flemish school, showed the combination of traditional types and ancient habits with the results of the struggles of the human mind for emancipation in this century. Antwerp seems to have been a rich soil for the production of female talent. Here, in 1521, Albrecht Durer became acquainted with the fair painter so honorably mentioned in his journal. "Master Gerard, illuminist," he says, "has a daughter eighteen years of age, named Susannah, who illuminated a little book which I purchased for a few guilders. It is wonderful that a woman can do so much!" Among noted miniature painters we hear of Catherine Hämsen, who went into Spain, and entered the service of the Queen of Hungary on a good salary; also of Anna Seghers; Anna Smyters, and Margaret de Heere. Clara de Keyzer, or Clara Skeysers, of Ghent, died unmarried at the age of eighty. She enjoyed a celebrity that extended to Germany, France, Italy, and Spain, all which countries were visited by her.

Susannah Hurembout and Liewina Bennings, or Benic, should not be passed over. The latter, the daughter of "Maestro Simon," was born in Bruges; was

invited to London by Henry VIII., and was treated with great favor by both queens Mary and Elizabeth. King Henry gave her in marriage to an English nobleman. It has been thought she is the same person with Lewina Tirlinks. Susannah also received an invitation from "bluff King Harry" to visit his court, and lived in England, where she was treated with great distinction, for the remainder of her life. Both these women were miniature painters. Barbara Van den Broeck, the daughter of Crispin, was born in Antwerp, 1560, and engraved from her father's designs. She handled the graver with consummate skill. In some pieces, she imitated successfully the style of Martin Rota.

In Holland, Magdalen de Passe was known as an engraver in copper, and Constantia von Utrecht as a flower-painter; one who first acquired distinction in this delicate and feminine branch of study, and directed to it the attention of her country-women. In later times the city where she lived and wrought became the capital of the world in this species of painting.

CHAPTER V.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

New Ground presented for Progress.—Greater Diversity of Style.—Naturalism.—The Caracci instrumental in giving to Painting the Impetus of Reform.—Their Academy.—One opened by a Milanese Lady.—The learned Poetess and her hundredth Birthday.—Female Painters and Engravers.—Lavinia Fontana.—The hasty Judgment.—Lavinia a Pupil of Caracci.—Character of her Pictures.—Honors paid to her.—Courted by Royalty.—Her Beauty and Suitors.—A romantic Lover.—Lavinia's Paintings.—Close of the Period of the Christian Ideal in Art.—Lavinia's *Chef-d'Œuvre*.—Her Children.—Professional Honors.—Her Death.—Female Disciples of the Caracci School.—Pupils of Domenichino, Lanfranco, and Guido Reni.—The churlish Guercino a Despiser of Women.—The Cardinal's Niece and Heiress.—Her great Paintings.—Founds a Cloister.—Artemisia Gentileschi, a Pupil of Guido.—Her Portraits.—Visit to England.—Favor with Charles I.—Luxurious Abode in Naples.—Her Correspondence.—Judgment of her Pictures.—Elisabetta Sirani.—Her artistic Character.—Her household Life.—Industry and Modesty.—Her Virtues and Graces.—Envious Artists.—Defeat of Calumny.—Her mysterious Fate.—Conjectures respecting it.—Funeral Obsequies.—Her principal Works.—Her Influence on female Artists.—Her Pupils.—Other Women Artists of Bologna.

In the seventeenth century the elements of disturbance had in part subsided, and new ground was presented for the progress of human intellect. A certain uniformity in art, which was the consequence of a close academical imitation of the old masters, gave place to a greater diversity of style, and, in some instances, to a vigorous and somewhat rude naturalism. The Naturalisti were so called on account of their predilection for the direct imitation of the common forms and aspects of nature. Passion was their inspiration, and

their imitation was too often carried to excess, presenting what might be termed the poetry of the repulsive.

A new spirit of inquiry and a feeling of self-reliance had entered the popular mind that did not fail to influence the progress both of literature and art. The masters who were most strikingly instrumental in giving to painting the impetus of reform were Ludovico, Augustin, and Annibal Caracci. Amid many difficulties they opened an academy in their native city, Bologna, where art was taught on the principles then esteemed essential. In its theoretical and practical departments a goodly number of students were there permitted to profit by the works of the early masters. The good example was soon followed, and we hear of a Milanese lady opening her house for an academy.

Arcangela Palladini excelled in painting, poetry, music, and embroidery. A piece of her needle-work hung in the ducal gallery at Pisa, where none but great works were preserved. Beatrice Pappafava, a paintress, was also a learned lady, and is said to have celebrated her own hundredth birthday in an original sonnet of much merit. Caterina Rusca obtained some repute as an engraver on copper; and Augusta Tarabotti, who studied painting under the direction of Clara Varotari, was also a poet and the author of "An Apology for the Female Sex," which was received with considerable attention. Fede Galizia, the daughter of a celebrated miniaturist, lived in Milan. In figures and landscapes she evinced taste, accuracy, and finish. She was devoted to the ideal, and this tendency appeared in her design and coloring.

LAVINIA FONTANA.

One among the female artists who adopted the style of the Caracci and helped to introduce a change in art was Lavinia Fontana, one of the most celebrated women of the century. She was the daughter of that Prospero Fontana who gave lessons in painting to Ludovico Caracci, and was wont much to disparage him. He once remarked that his scholar would do better at mixing colors than as a painter! But Caracci had his revenge in after years, when Fontana was heard to lament that he was too old to become the pupil of the great artist who had once been his own despised scholar! The instruction he could not receive was the privilege of his daughter Lavinia, who was born in Bologna in 1552. She adopted her father's manner, and gained great celebrity in portrait painting; but, in later years, became the disciple of Caracci, after which she succeeded in giving her pictures so much softness, sweetness, and tenderness, that some of them have even been compared to those of Guido Reni. To delicacy of touch she united rare skill in taking likenesses. Her talents met with appreciation and honors not often accorded to female merit. The first ladies in Rome sought to become her sitters, and the greatest cardinals deemed themselves fortunate in having their portraits executed by her skillful hand. Her portraits were so highly esteemed that they commanded enormous prices, and were displayed with pride in the galleries of the nobility and the most cultivated persons in the land. Her services were engaged by Pope Gregory XIII. as his painter in ordinary; and she worked for the Buoncompagni family. Other crowned heads sought her society, and the most wondrous grace of all was

that these honors did not create in her vanity or self-conceit. To her accomplishments she added such personal attractions that her hand was sought by many distinguished and titled suitors; but she preferred to them all a young man unknown to fame, Giovanni Paolo Zappi, of Imola. Some authorities speak of him as a wealthy nobleman. He had painted in her father's studio for love of the charming daughter, and had been accustomed to paint the clothes in her portraits so well that she had made concerning him the not very flattering observation, that "he was worth more as a tailor than a painter." He was rewarded by marrying her, the condition being exacted that Lavinia should remain free to follow her professional career.

Besides portraits, she produced several compositions on sacred subjects; some church pictures now in Bologna, and some on worldly themes, as the picture of Venus in the Berlin Museum. In her later works, after her lessons with Caracci, she acquired a softness and warmth of coloring that remind one of the masters of the Venetian school. One of her productions —Saint Francis de Paula raising a dead person—preserved in the Pinacothek of Bologna—has been noticed for this. Of her pictures besides are the Crucifixion, the Miracle of the Loaves, and the Annunciation. These were for churches of Bologna.

Lavinia lived at the close of what was peculiarly the period of Christian art, and it seems just to place her among the artists who labored while the Christian ideal, in all its splendor, was yet above the horizon. On this period Raphael and Michael Angelo had set their seal, and the Christian ideal was exhausted in the Transfiguration, and the frescoes of the Sistine chapel; they could not be surpassed. One of Lavinia's works

—the Nativity of the Virgin, at nighttime—is still exhibited in her native city. The infant Mary is surrounded by a cloud of angels, and a saint is pointing to two children below. A figure in magnificent bishop's robes, on the other side, is in the act of sprinkling holy water on two beautiful kneeling girls. This picture, Bolognini asserts, alone justifies the artist's fame. In the Escurial at Madrid is a piece by her, representing a Madonna uplifting a veil to view her sleeping child, who reposes on richly-embroidered cushions; St. Joseph and St. John stand near. "A picture," says Mazzolari, "so vivid, so gay and graceful, and of such glorious coloring, so full of beauty, that one is never weary of admiring it." A picture which has especially contributed to her artistic fame represents the Queen of Sheba in the presence of Solomon; but it has also an allegorical reference to the Duke and Duchess of Mantua, and various personages of their court. Lanzi considers this production worthy of the Venetian school. Another represents a royal infant, playing on a bed, wrapped in blankets, and adorned with a splendid necklace. A "Judith, seen by torch-light," is in the possession of the Della Casa family. A Virgin and Child, which she painted for Cardinal Ascoli, and sent to Rome, has been thought her best production, and brought her so much fame, that, a large painting being required for a church, the commission was intrusted to Lavinia, in preference to many first-class artists, who sought it. She painted a stoning of Stephen, with a number of figures, and a halo above representing heaven opening. The figures were larger than life, and the work was not as successful as Lavinia had hoped. But after she confined herself to portrait painting, she had no reason to be dis-

satisfied with her success. Her *chef d'œuvre* is said to be her own portrait, taken when she was young and surpassingly beautiful. It is now in the possession of Count Zappi, at Imola, and has been engraved by Rossini, for his history of Italian painting. The portrait is painted in an oval; in the background, ranged on a shelf, are models in clay of busts, heads, trunks, hands, and feet. The artist is seated at a table, on which are two casts of Greek statues; she is in the act of commencing a drawing, and is dressed with elegant simplicity, her mantle flowing in clear and ample folds. Under the ruff encircling her neck hangs a pearl necklace, to which is attached a golden crucifix. She wears a Mary Stuart headdress, and the head is colored with wonderful delicacy and transparency. The work unites correctness of drawing with incomparable grace. England possesses three paintings by Lavinia Fontana.

This famous artist had three children, and was unhappy in them. Her only daughter lost the sight of one eye, by running a pin into it; and one of her boys was half-witted, and served to amuse loungers in the Pope's antechamber. Malvasia remarks, "The story ran that he inherited his simplicity from his father; assuredly it came not from his mother, who was as full of talent and sagacity as she was good and virtuous."

Lavinia was elected a member of the Roman Academy. Her merits were celebrated by contemporaries; Marini, among other poets, wrote in her praise; and in such estimation was she held, that, when she passed near the seat of the Lord of Sora and Vignola, the proud patrician came out to meet her at the head of his retainers, according to the fashion then in vogue for the reception of royal personages.

Among the Lettere Pittoriche is a letter dated 1609, signed Lavinia Fontana Zappi. This proves her to have been living then. One authority states that she died at Rome, in 1614, aged sixty-two.

While Lavinia Fontana availed herself of the system of Caracci, another, who enjoyed in early life the advantage of being Ludovico's pupil, emulated his excellences so successfully that she produced a fine picture, full of figures, from one of his compositions, in 1614, for the church of the Annunziata, in Bologna. This was Antonia Pinelli. For skill in drawing and purity of tone she was held in high estimation.

Numerous were the young women who learned painting in the atelier of the Caracci; while other masters had their share of fair students. Domenichino is said to have been the teacher of Flavia Durand, Teresa del Po, and Artemisia Gentileschi; Lanfranco brought to light the talent of Caterina Ginnassi; Guido Reni gave instruction to Madalena Natali, and formed the genius of Elisabetta Sirani, the pride of the Bolognese school. Albano, however, was an exception, and, with the churlish Guercino, who despised every thing like female talent, had no pupils of the fair sex. A sister of one of his pupils, nevertheless—Flaminia Triva, of Reggio—became a painter much esteemed by the connoisseurs of her time.

Of these artists, only the three most distinguished need be noticed here. Caterina Ginnassi, of noble family and the niece of a cardinal, was born in Rome, 1590. She was well instructed from early youth in all feminine employments, useful as well as brilliant. She often said, afterward, "The needle and distaff are sad enemies to the brush and the pencil." Her first master was Clelio, and after his death she threw

herself into the bold and brilliant manner of Lanfranco. She produced the great paintings that adorned the church founded by her uncle, of St. Lucia, in Rome. Becoming the inheritor of the cardinal's large possessions, she founded, according to his directions, a cloister, with a seminary attached for students from Romagna; as abbess of which, she continued to practice her favorite art, dying in 1680, in the enjoyment of the fame and popularity her industry and piety had deservedly won.

ARTEMISIA GENTILESCHI.

The life of Artemisia Gentileschi was more in the world and more brilliant. She was the daughter of the painter Orazio Gentileschi, was married to Pier Antonio Schiattesi, and lived long in Naples. Receiving her earliest lessons from Guido Reni, at a later period she studied the works of Domenichino, one of the best masters of expression in the Bolognese school. Her great reputation was acquired by numerous portraits, and her skill in this species of painting obtained for her the honor of a call to the English court, whither her father accompanied her. There the art-appreciating monarch Charles I. gave her abundant employment. She was esteemed not inferior to her father in historical pieces. King Charles placed several of her works among his treasures. "David with Goliath's head" was considered her best. Some of the royal family sat to her for their portraits, as did several of the nobility. A female figure, representing Fame, of great merit, was in the royal collection. Her own portrait is in Hampton Court, painted in the powerful and vivid style of Michael Angelo. Wägen says she excelled her father in portraits.

Having reaped a rich reward for her labors in England, she returned to Naples, where she seems to have established herself in much splendor. She died in 1642, at the age of fifty-two. Several letters addressed to the Cavalier del Pozzo were found among her papers. In one, dated 1637, she inquires coolly after her husband. "Sia servita darmi nuova della vita o morte di mio marito." Some of her letters contain orders for gloves; now her request to the Pope was permission for a priestly friend to bear arms; now she appealed to the Cardinal Barberini, then all powerful in Rome, for assistance in disposing of some large picture, to furnish means to provide for the wedding of a daughter with suitable magnificence; after the granting of which favor, she would add, in the Italian fashion, that, "free from this burden," she would return contented to her home. A fine specimen of her skill in painting is a picture of "Judith," in the Palazzo Pitti, which shows, in its ground-work, the principles of the school of Bologna; while its finish, on the other hand, exhibits the startling effects of the Neapolitan school. Lanzi says, "It is a picture of strong coloring, of a tone and intensity that inspires awe." Mrs. Jameson remarks, "This dreadful picture is a proof of her genius, and, let me add, of its atrocious misdirection." But the artist should not be censured for her treatment of a subject which may not have been her own choice. "Susannah and the Elders" pleases by the scene and the drapery of the figures. The "Birth of John the Baptist," in the Museum of Madrid, painted by this lady as a family piece, displays the same combination, but has more of the freedom of nature, and a certain boldness that betokens familiar acquaintance with life and the best models.

ELISABETTA SIRANI.

A place among the most gifted and the most illustrious women who, in any country or in any age, have devoted themselves to the fine arts, must be accorded to Elisabetta Sirani. She has been pronounced a complete artist; unrivaled by any of her sex in fertility of invention, in the power of combining parts in a noble whole, in knowledge of drawing and foreshortening, and in the minute details that contribute to the perfection of a painting. Had she lived longer, she would have equaled any painter of her time.

She was born in Bologna, about 1640, and was the daughter of a painter of no inconsiderable merit. She was enrolled among the pupils of Guido Reni, and her artistic character was formed after the model of this most gifted and most versatile master of the Bolognese school. She imbibed from him an exquisite sense of the beautiful, and a peculiar gift of reproducing it. To this she added a vigor and energy rare in a woman. She made herself acquainted early with the works of the most distinguished painters, and manifested so much talent in youth, that she became the admiration of her acquaintances, particularly as she excelled also in music; while, to the gift of genius, she added that of rare personal loveliness. Lanzi speaks of her with enthusiastic admiration. It is not often that an artist of celebrity so generally wins the affections of those who know her. This popularity perhaps added to her renown; or the tragical fate of the blooming girl may have contributed to invest her name with a halo of romantic glory. Malvasia, who tells us she was persuaded by her father to adopt the profession of a painter, calls her "the heroine among artists"—

and himself "the trumpeter of her fame." Another eulogist, in the glowing style of Picinardi, praises her unwearied industry, her moderation in eating, and simplicity in dress; and the exquisite modesty with which she was always ready for household employments. She would rise at dawn to perform those lowly domestic tasks for which her occupations during the day left her little leisure, and never permitted her passion for art to interfere with the fulfillment of homely duties. Thus she was admirable in the circle of daily life, as in her loftiest aspirations. She obtained time in this manner for her exercises in poetry and music. All praised her gracious and cheerful spirit, her prompt judgment, and deep feeling for the art she loved. Besides being a painter, she was an adept in sculpture and engraving on copper, thus meriting the praise lavished on her as "a miracle of art."

Her devoted filial affection, her feminine grace, and the artless benignity of her manners, completed a character regarded by her friends as an ideal of perfection. Malvasia mentions the rapidity with which she worked, often throwing off sketches and executing oil pictures in the presence of strange spectators. The envious artists of her time took occasion, from the number of her paintings, to insinuate that her father gave out his own works for his daughter's to obtain a higher price for them; but the stupid calumny soon fell to the ground, for every one had free access to the studio of Elisabetta, and one day, in the presence of the Duchess of Brunswick, the Duchess of Mirandola, Cosimo, Duke of Tuscany, and others, she drew and shaded subjects chosen by each with such promptitude that the incredulous were confounded.

She had hardly received the commission of her large picture—"The Baptism of Jesus"—before she had sketched on the canvas the entire conception of that memorable incident, including many and various figures; and the work was completed with equal rapidity. She was then only twenty years of age.

Her method has been compared to that of Guido Reni, whose versatility she combined with rare force and decision, and peculiar delicacy and tenderness; the most opposite qualities being harmonized in her productions.

This fascinating artist, in the height of her fame, in the flush of early womanhood, was snatched from her friends by a cruel and mysterious doom. Her fate is involved in a darkness which has not been penetrated to this day. Some do not hesitate to aver that her sudden death was a base and cruel murder; that she was poisoned by the same hands that administered the deadly draught to Domenichino—those of Ribiera or his disciples, jealous of her rising fame. The general impression is that she was the victim of professional envy. Some averred that her death was caused by the revenge of a princely lover, whose dishonorable advances were repelled, or some great personage who was incensed at her refusal to engage in his service, or of a distinguished individual who felt aggrieved by a caricature, and secretly employed a servant to put poison in her food. Each story was believed among her contemporaries, and the record of the examination is yet extant; but it was conducted without regularity, and throws no light upon the mysterious assassination.

Great was the excitement on the 14th November, 1665, in Bologna, on the day of her funeral, when the

whole population crowded, weeping, to see the once beautiful features distorted by the hateful poison. The victim of revenge or jealousy was honored with solemn and splendid funeral ceremonies in the church of St. Domenico.

Shortly after her death a work was published, in which was included a number of poetical eulogies and tributes, from the most eminent poets of the day, to the memory and virtues of the deceased. One line runs thus:

"I was a woman, yet I knew not love."

Picinardi adds the information that the pure calm of her soul was never disturbed by the grand passion. On the other hand, Gualandi intimates that the highly gifted maiden cherished for a young artist of her acquaintance an ardent affection, but that her father would not consent to the marriage. The romantic may please themselves with the supposition that the seed of genius sown in the nature of this richly endowed girl was quickened in the glow of an unhappy passion into the gorgeous bloom that attracted the eye of the world.

Elisabetta lies at rest in the chapel of the Madonna del Rosario in the church of St. Domenico, which also incloses the dust of her great master, Guido Reni. The works enumerated as hers by Malvasia, from her own register, were one hundred and fifty pictures and portraits, some of them large and carefully finished. Her first public work was executed in 1655. Her composition was elegant and tasteful; her designing correct and firm; and the freshness and suavity of her color, especially in demi-tints, reminded one of Guido. The air of her heads was graceful and noble, and she was peculiarly successful in the expressive character

of her Madonnas and Magdalens. Among her finest pictures are mentioned a Francesco di Padoua kneeling before the infant Christ, a Virgin and St. Anna contemplating the sleeping Saviour, and others, preserved in several palaces in Bologna. Her portrait of herself was taken in the act of painting her father. Another portrait of her is in the person of a saint looking up to heaven. Among her paintings on copper, which are exquisitely delicate, is a Lot with his children, now in the possession of a family in Bologna. She produced etchings of the Beheading of John the Baptist, the Death of Lucretia, and several masterpieces; all distinguished by delicacy of touch and by ease and spirit in the execution. Her painting, "Amor Divino," represents a lovely child, nude, seated on a red cloth, holding in its left hand a laurel crown and sceptre, while with the right it points to a quiver and some books lying at its feet. Bolognini says: "It is impossible to conceive any thing more beautiful in form or more exquisite in finish than this lovely child."

Like Guido's, the influence of Elisabetta Sirani on the progress of art in Bologna was exhibited in the number of scholars who sought instruction from her, or studied her paintings to ground themselves in her system. So illustrious an example as she presented must naturally have contributed greatly to the encouragement and development of female talent, and many were the women whom her success, in a greater or less degree, stimulated to exertion. One of Elisabetta Sirani's pupils was Ginevra Cantofoli of Bologna. She painted history pieces with some reputation. In a church of Bologna is a picture by her—The Last Supper. Her best was San Tommaso di Villanuovo.

Sirani's sisters, Anna Maria and Barbara, are also mentioned among her scholars, with Lucrezia Scara-

faglia, Maria Teresa Coriolani, and Veronica Fontana, who carved excellently well in wood, and executed portraits in this manner which were highly praised. Many other names of women are recorded who derived their impressions of art, directly or indirectly, from Sirani.

Teresa Muratori was the daughter of an eminent physician, and born at Bologna in 1662. At an early age she showed a genius for painting and music. She was instructed in designing by Emilio Taruffi, and afterward took lessons from Lorenzo Parmello and Giovanni Gioseffo dal Sole. She painted historical pieces, and several religious ones for churches in Bologna. She died at the age of forty-six.

Orlandi speaks highly of Maria Helena Panzacchi. She was born at Bologna in 1668, was taught designing by Taruffi, and became a reputable painter of landscapes, which she embellished with figures. Her works were correct in design, and the disposition was marked by elegance and taste. Several of them are in private collections at Bologna.

Bologna boasted also of Ersilia Creti, a pupil of her father Donato, and of Maria Viani, of whose workmanship a reclining Venus, in the Dresden gallery, exquisitely done, remains to her praise.

Among others of the school of Bologna, we may mention Maria Dolce, the daughter and pupil of Carlo Dolce, so noted and so admired for the calm dignity of his productions. She copied several of her father's pictures. The name of another painter, Agnes Dolce, may be added; but we must pass over a host, observing only that the Bolognese was throughout the seventeenth century the richest in female talent of all the schools of Italy.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

School of the Academicians after Caravaggio.—Unidealized Nature.—Rude and violent Passions delineated.—Dark and stormy Side of Humanity.—Dark Coloring and Shadows.—The gloomy and passionate expressed in Pictures appeared in the Lives of Artists.—The Dagger and Poison-cup common.—Aniella di Rosa.—The Pupil of Stanzioni.—Character of her Painting.—Romantic Love and Marriage.—The happy Home destroyed.—The hearth-stone Serpent.—Jealousy.—The pretended Proof.—Phrensy and Murder.—Other fair Neapolitans.—The Paintress of Messina.—The Schools of Bologna and Naples embrace the most prominent Italian Paintings.—Commencement of Crayon-drawing.—Tuscan Ladies of Rank cultivating Art.—The Rosalba of the Florentine School.—Art in the City of the Cæsars.—The Roman Flower-painter.—Engravers.—Medallion-cutters.—A female Architect.—A Roman Sculptress.—Women Artists of the Venetian School.—At Pavia.—The Painter's four Daughters.—Chiara Varotari.—Shares her Brother's Labors.—A skillful Nurse.—Her Pupils.—Other female Artists of this time.—The Schools of Northern Italy.—Their Paintresses.—Giovanna Fratellini.

In contrast to the school established as before mentioned, certain academicians had set up one grounded on principles promulgated by Michael Angelo da Caravaggio, wherein the old idealism and conventional forms of beauty were neglected, and the models furnished by the works of the early masters were entirely slighted, to make room for a simple copying of nature, whether beautiful or repulsive, full of grace or rugged and barren of all charms. This new school had been planted in Naples by Caravaggio; and beneath that glowing sky arose a number of masters who devoted themselves not only to the reproduction of

unidealized nature, but the delineation of human passions in their sternest and most violent demonstrations; preferring, in fact, to depict the darkest and stormiest side of humanity. For this purpose, depth of coloring and dark shadows were employed. These masters were not wanting in talent, nor were their creations without effect and influence; but they had nothing of the pure and holy element which seems like a genuine inspiration in art. The gloomy and passionate, expressed in their pictures, too often appeared also in their characters and actions.

The relations of these Neapolitan artists with those of the Bolognese school were by no means friendly, and rivals settled their disputes as frequently with the dagger and the poison-cup as with the pencil and the palette. Such a state of things was hardly favorable to the development of woman's talent.

ANIELLA DI ROSA.

Yet we find one artist of surpassing merit, who, on account of her genius and her tragical fate, was called the Sirani of the school of Naples. This was Aniella di Rosa, niece of the painter Pacecco di Rosa, and pupil of that Massimo Stanzioni who, in common with Caravaggio, exercised a species of tyranny over the struggles of Neapolitan art, and was one of the leaders of the opposition set up against the artists from Bologna. Aniella painted in his atelier, and he directed her studies with paternal solicitude. She succeeded in giving to her pictures the grace, the soft and transparent coloring of Pacecco, and united in her heads the elegance of her uncle's style with the correct drawing and able grouping of Stanzioni. Her master set her to color his sketches, and she succeeded so well that he often sold

their joint productions as his own. When her education was sufficiently advanced, she desired that her talents should be put to a public test; and her master induced the governors of the church of the Pietà dei Turchini to give her a commission for two paintings which were to adorn the ceiling.

Aniella produced two paintings so excellent that many declared they were completed by Stanzioni. But Domenici says he has seen several of her original pictures, and that they are "most beautiful productions." "Her master himself," he continues, "avows in his writings that she equals the best masters of our time." One of the pictures represented the Birth of the Virgin; the other, her Death. The figures are larger than life; and the boldness of design, the effects of light and shade, and the management of the drapery, drew praise from two eminent artists, who said she was an honor to her country, and that many artists might learn from her. She also did several heads of the Madonna in red chalk, pronounced equal in drawing to the works of the most renowned artists.

During the earliest days when Aniella frequented Stanzioni's studio, she became acquainted with Agostino Beltramo, a high-spirited Neapolitan youth. He soon became enamored of the beautiful girl, and his frank manners and noble bearing, with the promise his early efforts gave of his becoming a good artist, were a passport to her heart. His love was accepted, and they were betrothed. Stanzioni exerted himself in their behalf, and through his good offices the consent of the parents for the marriage of the young people was obtained. A rare similarity of tastes, and their mutual labors in art, caused all to admire and many to envy the happiness of their union. The serenity

of Aniella's disposition tended to insure the peace of their daily life; and during sixteen years which they passed together both acquired no insignificant artistic fame. The husband excelled in frescoes; the lady in oil-paintings. The superb painting of San Biagio, in the church of the Sanità, in Naples, is the result of their mutual labors.

But the cloud was brooding over the happy home which was to burst in a fatal storm. An evil-minded woman, young and beautiful, entered the house of Aniella as a servant. She was in love with Agostino; and, finding all her charms and artifices ineffectual to move him from his fidelity to his noble wife, or even to win his attention, she set herself to work to accomplish the ruin of this domestic happiness.

She contrived to insinuate herself into the confidence of the man she could not tempt; and then, drop by drop, with the perfidy and subtle cunning of Iago, she succeeded in instilling into his heart the poison of jealousy. By degrees she undermined his faith in the spotless virtue of Aniella.

The husband grew morose and irritable, and at times manifested the change that had come over him by sudden outbursts of ill-humor. Vainly Aniella strove by unremitting patience and redoubled affection to soothe his wayward moods. She soon perceived that all her happiness must be derived from her art, and from the approbation of her old master, who frequently visited her. She painted in her best manner a Holy Family, and presented it to him. "On seeing," writes Domenici, "with what mastery of drawing and perfection of coloring Aniella had completed the painting, and because she had so toiled for him, he was overcome with feeling, and, in a transport of

affection, clasped her in his arms, exclaiming that she was his best pupil, and that, had he been asked to retouch the painting, he should not know where to begin, for fear of destroying the beautiful coloring."

The infamous servant was playing the spy throughout this scene, and had called up a servant-lad to support her testimony. On Stanzioni's departure Agostino returned.

"Now," cried this hearth-stone serpent, "now I have proofs to set all doubts at rest—proofs I will furnish you with in the presence of your wife." Confronted with her mistress, the vile hireling charged her with guilty embraces, and called the servant-lad to confirm the charge. Aniella, astounded and indignant, disdained to defend herself, but stood before her husband mute and motionless, while a flush of pain and indignation mantled on her brow. Her silence confirmed Agostino's suspicions; in his phrensy he drew his sword, and the next moment Aniella lay dead at his feet. Thus closed the career of this noble artist, in 1649, in the thirty-sixth year of her age. She was not the only victim to the taste for the horrible and for wild extremes of passion then prevailing in the works of artists, and too common in their personal experience.

Another fair Neapolitan, who also worked in Rome at portrait-painting, was Angela Beinaschi. The nun, Luisa Copomazza, a landscape-painter and poetess, and the flower-painter, Clena Ricchi, were of Naples; with the painter and modeler in wax, Catarina Juliani, called the "*ornamento della patria.*"

Teresa del Po—daughter of a painter, the disciple of Domenichino, and distinguished for oil and miniature painting, and copper engraving—came from a family

of Palermo. She etched plates in her father's style; some after Caracci.

Messina boasted of Anna Maria Ardoino, the daughter of the Princess de Polizzi, accomplished in every branch, including music and poetry, who won great celebrity on account of her splendid attainments in art and literature, and was admitted a member of the Academy of Arcadia in Rome. She died in 1700, at Naples, in the bloom of her life and fame, and it is said her death was occasioned by grief for the loss of a son.

The two schools of Bologna and Naples may be said to embrace the greater number of the prominent productions of the pencil in Italy during the period of which we have spoken. Other cities enjoyed their peculiar distinctions as the seats of different schools of art, but they exhibited more or less the influence of these chief ones. In Florence—the ancient home of Italian painting—artists of distinction exercised their skill; and the superior cultivation and taste diffused under the auspices of distinguished Tuscan ladies, contributed, in no small measure, to the encouragement of female enterprise. While Maria Borghini—elevated, by the judgment of her contemporaries, to a seat beside Victoria Colonna, and Mary dei Medici, who not only patronized art, but gave it her own personal efforts—won the meed of admiration, others were not backward in the race for the golden apple of renown.

Arcangela Paladini, of Pisa, born 1599, already mentioned as a painter, was also an engraver. Her portrait, by herself, is in the gallery of artists in Florence. She died at the age of twenty-three. As flower-painters, we hear of Anna Maria Vajani and Isabella Piccini; Giovanna Redi was a successful pupil of the skillful Gabbiani; and Giovanna Marmochini was no less

favorably known in art than as a wit and a learned lady. She has been called, for the excellence of her miniatures, the Rosalba of the Florentine school. Niccola Grassi, of Genoa, is also called by Lanzi "the rival of Rosalba." She painted original compositions and church pictures.

Rome, meanwhile, maintained her ancient fame. The city of the Cæsars had often been the arena where the striving masters of the Bolognese and the opposing schools contended for the establishment of the supremacy they coveted. Nor was she wanting in women artists of her own, able to do credit to their birthplace. We may mention the excellent flower-painter, Laura Bernasconi, and the engravers, Isabella and Hieronima Parasole, whose name became so celebrated that the husband of the first adopted it, dropping his own. Isabella executed several cuts of plants for an herbal published under the direction of Prince Cesi, of Aquasparta. She also published a book on the methods of working lace and embroidery, illustrated with cuts engraved from her own designs. Hieronima engraved on wood, among other pictures, "The Battle of the Centaurs."

Beatrice Hamerani worked at medallions, and in 1700 elaborated a large medallion of Pope Innocent XII., highly praised by Goethe as "undoubtedly one of the most skillful, expressive, and powerful productions of art which ever came from the hands of a woman."

Add to these the name of the only woman who was ever known to have been a practical architect. This was Plautilla Brizio, who has left monuments of her excellence in that species of art in a small palace before Porta San Pancrazio, and in the chapel of St.

Benedict, in San Luigi dei Francesi. In the latter is a picture painted by her hand. The villa Giraldi, near Rome, is the joint work of this lady and her brother.

The female sculptor Maria Domenici, who pursued her profession in Rome, was a native of Naples.

Passing over many of the Italian cities, and attempting no sketch of the peculiarities of the school of Venice, we find there several not insignificant women artists. Paolina Grandi, Elisabetta Lazzarini, and Damina Damini were known as painters, and Domenia Luisa Rialto as an engraver on copper. The sisters Carlotta and Gabriella Patin enjoyed celebrity for both learning and artistic skill. They lived at Pavia, and were members of the Academy dei Ricovrati.

The four daughters of the Venetian painter Niccolo Renieri, who practiced the same art, should be mentioned. Anna, the eldest, became the wife of Antoine Vandyck.

Chiara Varotari was so highly esteemed by those who knew her, that a niche was assigned her by contemporaries equal to that of Maria Robusti in the sixteenth century. She was daughter and pupil of Dario Varotari, and the sister of that Alessandro Varotari who became so noted as a painter, under the name Padovanino. Chiara frequently shared in the execution of his works. She was not less praised for her beauty, and her skill as a tender nurse of the sick. Her triumphs over the discomfort of disease were signal, in that field where female prowess so often achieves its deeds of heroism. Such conquests are seldom recorded by the historian's pen; but it is pleasant for once to rescue them from oblivion. Honors were conferred on her by the Grand-Duke of

Tuscany, who placed her portrait in his collection. This artist numbered among her pupils Lucia Scaligeri and Caterina Taraboti. Boschini thinks she gave public instruction, like Sirani. She died, full of years, in 1660, ten years after the brother whose labors she had aided.

Anna Maria Vajani, who engraved in Rome in the middle of this century, executed a part of the plates for the Justinian Gallery.

Laura Bernasconi imitated the famous flower-painter Mario Mizzi, called "Mario dai fiori." With his coloring she had also his defects.

Maria Vittoria Cassana was the sister of two painters, and painted chiefly devotional pieces, in little. She died 1711. Lucia Casalina, a disciple of Giuseppe dal Sole, turned her attention to portraits.

Angelica Veronica Airola, a Genoese, studied painting under Domenico Fiasella. She painted religious pictures for the convents and churches of Genoa, and became a nun of the order of St. Bartholomew della Fiavella. Soprani and others mention her.

Giovanna Garzoni painted flowers and miniature portraits about 1630. At Florence she painted some of the Medici and the nobles. Dying at Rome in 1673, she bequeathed her property to the academy of St. Luke, in which there is a marble monument to her memory.

Two daughters of Caccia—called "the Fontane of Monferrato"—painted altar and cabinet pieces. One, Francesca, adopted for her symbol a small bird; Ursula, a flower. Ursula founded the convent of the Ursulines, in Moncalvo. Some of her landscapes are decorated with flowers.

Lanzi and Tiraboschi mention Margerita Gabassi as

admirable in humorous pieces. She died in 1734, aged seventy-one.

In the Nuova Guida di Torino, Isabella dal Pozzo is mentioned as the painter of a picture in the church of San Francesco, at Turin, dated 1666, and representing the Virgin and Babe surrounded with saints. Lanzi bestows high praise on her. In 1676 she became court painter to the Electress Adelaide of Bavaria.

The schools of Northern Italy recorded the names, too, of Chiara Salmeggia, the painter of Bergamo, and of Maria la Caffa, of Cremona, who worked at the Court of Tyrol; of Camilla Triumfi; and Maria Domenici, a native of Naples, who worked at sculpture in Rome, and died a nun in 1703.

Lucia Scaligeri, a pupil of Chiara Varotari, had a daughter Agnes, also a painter, spoken of by Boschini. Caterina Rusca was a native of Ferrara, and known as an engraver and poetess.

Crayon-drawing seems to have been much in vogue at this time. Giovanna Fratellini, called by Lanzi "an illustrious female artist, from the school of Gabbiani," painted in crayons as well as in oil, miniature and enamel. So famous did she become that, after executing the portraits of Cosmo III. and family—a drawing consisting of fourteen figures in a superb apartment, of the richest architecture, remarkable for its judicious disposition and lovely coloring—her patron sent her throughout Italy to paint the other princes. "Her pencil is light, delicate, and free," writes Pilkington; "her carnations are natural, and full of warmth and life, and as she understood perspective and architecture thoroughly, she made an elegant use of that knowledge, enriching her pictures with magnificent ornaments. Her draperies are gener-

ally well chosen, full of variety, and remarkable for a noble simplicity. Her works rendered her famous, not only in Italy, but in Europe." Her portrait is in the gallery at Florence; she painted herself in the act of drawing her son and pupil, Lorenzo, in whom were centred all her hopes. Under her tuition he made rapid progress in art, but died suddenly, at an early age. His mother never recovered from the blow; life and art had alike lost their charms for her, and she speedily followed him to the grave.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Contrast between the Academicians and Naturalists, and between the French and Spanish Schools of Painting.—Peculiarities of each.—Ladies of Rank in Madrid Pupils of Velasquez.—Instruction of the royal Children in Art.—The Engraver of Madrid.—Every City in the South of Spain boasts a female Artist.—Isabella Coello.—Others in Granada.—In Cordova.—The Sculptress of Seville.—Luisa Roldan; her Carvings in Wood.—The Canons "sold."—Invitation to Madrid. — Sculptress to the King. — Other Women Artists in Spain.—In France Woman's Position more prominent than in preceding Age.—Corruption of court Manners.—Unworthy Women in Power.—Women in every Department of Literature. — Mademoiselle de Scudery. — Madame de la Fayette. — Madame Dacier. — Women in theological Pursuits. — Their Ascendency in Art not so great.—Miniature and Flower Painters.—Engravers. — Elizabeth Sophie Chéron. — A Leader in Enamel-painting. — Her Portraits and History-pieces. — Her Merits and Success.—Her Translations of the Psalms.—Musical and Poetical Talents.—Honors lavished on her.—Love and Marriage at threescore. — Her Generosity to the needy. — Verses in her Praise.—Historical Tableaux. — Madelaine Masson.—The Marchioness de Pompadour.

STRIKING contrasts belong to the history of art in the seventeenth century. A moral, religious, and artistic contrast existed between the academicians and the naturalists; and one as remarkable may be noticed between the French and Spanish schools of painting, corresponding, in fact, to the civil struggle between the two nations for European supremacy. In Spain the enthusiasm for art harmonized with the passionate character of the people; in France, discretion and intellectual taste predominated. The sensuous and rude-

ly natural in Spanish art was combined with the warmest glow of religious feeling.

Velasquez, a son of Andalusia, had a number of scholars in Madrid among ladies of high rank. Donna Maria de Abarca and the Countess of Vill' Ambrosa were celebrated for their skill in taking likenesses, and were highly praised by the poets. The Duchess of Bejar, Teresa Sarmiento, and Maria de Guadalupe, Duchess of Aveiro—also an accomplished linguist and lover of letters—had considerable celebrity as painters. The admiration of Philip IV. for art rendered the instruction therein of the royal children and those of the nobility a necessary branch of education. The Duchess of Alba, celebrated for her beauty and intrigues, gave one of Raphael's master-pieces as a fee to the family physician, who had cured her of a dangerous illness.

Maria Eugenia de Beer was an engraver in Madrid, and we may find in the choir-books of the cathedral at Tarragona creditable specimens of the talent of the painter Angelica, who painted the illuminations with great neatness and skill.

Every city in the south of Spain seemed to be able to boast of a female artist. In Valencia lived Doña Isabella Sanchez Coello, the daughter and pupil of "the Spanish Prothogenes"—Alonzo Sanchez Coello—the first of the great Spanish portrait painters, and the Velasquez of the court of Philip II. Born in 1564, she was the playmate of Infants and Infantas, and she acquired distinction both in music and painting. She married Don Francisco de Herrera, Knight of Santiago. Dying in Madrid in 1612, she was buried with her husband's family in the church of San Juan.

Magdalena Gilarte was a noted painter, and worked in her father's style with spirit and skill. Jesualda Sanchez carried on her husband's business after his death, and painted small pictures of the saints for sale.

In Granada we find Doña Maria Cueva Benavides y Barrados an admired painter, and Anna Heylan an engraver in copper. In Cordova, Doña Francisca Palomino y Velasco, the sister of the painter and art historian of the same name. She flourished about the close of the century.

THE SCULPTRESS OF SEVILLE.

To the school of Seville, in which Spanish art reached its highest development, belongs a fair artist of repute. Luisa Roldan was known as an excellent sculptor in wood. She was born in 1656, and profited by her father's instructions in art, acquiring great skill. After her mother's death, she kept both her household and the studio in orderly operation, attending with successful management to the affairs of both, and keeping busy at work both her servants and her father's pupils.

Roldan was indebted to her for valuable hints. He had carved a statue of St. Ferdinand for the Cathedral, which the canons rejected. Luisa suggested certain anatomical operations with the saw, which were perfectly successful. The canons took the work for a new one, and were satisfied; and the saint was peacefully installed in his chapel. Her chief productions were small figures of the Virgin, or groups of the Adoration of the shepherds, etc., and all were designed and executed with delicacy and grace. She sculptured a Magdalen supported by an angel, the statue giving an exquisite idea of an angel's sweetness and protect-

ing love. It is placed in the hospital at Cadiz. Her small pieces are full of expression.

She married Don Luis de los Arcos, and was invited to Madrid in 1692, through Don Cristobal Ontañon, who had presented several of her works to Charles II. The king was pleased, and ordered a statue of St. Michael, life size, for the church of the Escurial. This Luisa executed with great success, and to the admiration of the connoisseurs. The work elicited complimentary verses from a distinguished poet, and the artist was rewarded by the post of sculptress in ordinary to the king, with a salary of a hundred ducats, paid from the day she arrived at court.

When Charles II. died she had just completed a statue of our Saviour which he had ordered for a convent; its destination was then changed to a nunnery at Sisanto. She died at Madrid in 1704, leaving in the palace treasure a small group, modeled in clay, representing St. Anna teaching the Virgin to read, and attended by angels. Some of her works were placed in the Recolete Convent, and some in the Chartreuse of Paulan.

Doña Isabella Carasquilla was a painter, and married a miniaturist, Juan de Valdes Leal of Cordova. Their daughters Luisa and Maria were highly educated, and painted miniatures. The latter died in 1730, a nun in the Sistercian Convent at Seville.

Rosalba Salvioni, a painter of celebrity, was the pupil of Mesquida. Doña Inez Zarcillo evinced no small taste in drawing and modeling. She was the sister of a sculptor.

Maria de Loreto Prieto, an artist's daughter, possessed extraordinary talent for painting and engraving. Her father was highly esteemed by Charles III.,

and had the oversight of all the coins for the purpose of improving the stamps.

Caterina Querubini, the wife of Preciado, a miniature-painter, enjoyed a pension from the Spanish court, and an honored place in the Academy de San Fernando.

Doña Isabella Farnese, the wife of Philip V., and Angela Perez Caballero, drew exceedingly well, and were members of the Academy in Madrid.

WOMEN ARTISTS IN FRANCE.

In France women had taken a position more prominent than in the preceding century. Even the gallantry prevailing in society, and the corruption of court manners, were promoted by feminine influence. Unworthy women were raised to power, and the history of court favorites from the reign of the knightly Henry IV. to that of the great monarch Louis XIV. forms the most important part of the annals of the empire.

Women took eminent places in every department of literature; in the drama Catherine Bernard was the disciple of Racine, and Mademoiselle de Scudery had many imitators in her poetical romances; while Madame de la Fayette took the lead in a more modern style of fiction. Madame Dacier became celebrated as "the most learned and eloquent of women," and her example helped to spread a love of knowledge and classical attainment among the French ladies. Even theological pursuits had a Jeanne de la Mothe-Guyon to represent mysticism in conflict with the orthodoxy of the court and the state.

In art the ascendency of woman was by no means so great. We may, however, name, as prominent in

portrait and miniature painting, Antoinette and Madelaine Herault; the latter, in 1660, married Noel Coypel. She joined noble virtues to her extraordinary talents. Henriette Stresor and Catherine Perrot may also be mentioned. Catherine Duchemin, a flower-painter, married the famous sculptor Girardon.

Several women were noted as engravers on copper; among them Claudine Bonzonnet Stella has been called the first in France, and practiced the art with her two sisters. Jane Frances and Mary Ann Ozanne, the sisters of a French engraver, worked chiefly in engraving sea-side scenes.

ELIZABETH SOPHIE CHÉRON.

But she who occupies the highest place among all the artists of this period is Elizabeth Sophie Chéron. Born in Paris in 1648, she received instruction from her father in miniature and enamel painting, in which she attained such perfection that she may be regarded as the leader of the host of French artists who devoted themselves especially to this branch. At the age of twenty-six she was admitted a member of the Academy, at the proposal of Charles Le Brun. She was received with distinction; his portrait by her being her reception picture.

Her merits were a fine tone, exquisite taste and harmony in design, and finely-disposed draperies. She often made portraits from memory. Her portraits were so frequently treated in an allegorical manner they might be called historical; and her history-pieces were much admired. She designed much after the antique.

Her father had educated Elizabeth in the strictest principles of Calvinism; but her mother, Marie Le-

fevre, a Catholic, persuaded her to become a member of that church, after a year's seclusion in the community of Madame de Miramion. The difference in faith did not impair her affection to her family. She supported her brother Louis for some time in Italy, whither he went to study painting.

This accomplished artist passed the maturity of life without any of the experiences, with which almost every young girl is familiar, of the tender passion. Her emotions seem to have been altogether spiritual. She translated many of the Psalms into French verse; and they were published with illustrations by Louis. She played admirably on the lute, and was accustomed to practice in the parlor with her nieces and pupils, who performed on different instruments. Louis XIV. gave her a pension of five hundred livres.

The most eminent scholars of the day were her friends and visitors; and in conversation she evinced the highest mental cultivation. Her portraits were chiefly painted as presents to her friends, or as ornaments to her own cabinet. "I have the pleasure," she would say, "of seeing them in their absence."

In spiritual lyrics she was the precursor of J. B. Rousseau, with whom in warmth of feeling she may be compared; and in narrative poetry she acquired much reputation. The Academy dei Ricovrati, in Padua, received her as a member in 1699, under the name of Erato. She possessed beauty and engaging manners, and to all the honors lavished on her she joined the crowning grace of modesty.

The attractions of this gifted being did not depart with the beauty of fleeting youth. At the age of sixty she fascinated the affections of the Sieur Le Hay, a gentleman about her own age, on whom she bestow-

ed her hand, simply with the generous motive, it was said, of promoting his good fortune. Tradition reports that, when they came out of the church after the ceremony had been performed, the bride made a speech to her husband, implying that esteem, not romantic love, had influenced her choice. She is said to have alluded to him, under the name of Damon, in one of her poems.

As of Madame Dacier, it might be said of this artist—the traits of a great and manly nature might be discerned in her face. Her features wore an expression of decision and firmness. Her hair, in her portrait, curls from the top and floats in ringlets. She was remarkable for the modesty and simplicity of her dress. Her large and sympathizing heart made her the protector and benefactor of needy artists, while her social qualities drew around her the brilliant circles that habitually were found at her house, including many of the most gifted and illustrious of that day. Her death took place in 1711, at the age of sixty-three, and she was buried at St. Sulpice. She was lamented by Fermelhuis in a canto of praise. The Abbé Bosquillon wrote the following lines to be inscribed under her portrait:

"De deux talens exquis l'assemblage nouveau
Rendra toujours Chéron l'ornement de la France;
Rien ne peut de sa plume égaler l'excellence
Que les graces de son pinceau."

For different gifts renowned, fair Chéron see,
Ever of France the ornament and pride;
Equaled by none her pen's great works shall be,
Save when her pencil triumphs at their side.

Mademoiselle Chéron made many studies from Raphael and the Caracci. Among her historical tableaux

are enumerated, "The Flight into Egypt"—the Virgin represented in a wearied sleep, with angels guarding the babe; "Cassandra inquiring of a god the doom of Troy;" "The Annunciation;" "Christ at the Sepulchre"—after Zumbo; with "The Demoiselles de la Croix"—her nieces and pupils; and a grand portrait of the Archbishop of Paris, placed in the Jacobin school of the Rue St. Jacques.

Madelaine Masson was the daughter of Anthony Masson, a celebrated engraver, and was born in Paris, 1660. She received instruction from her father, and engraved portraits in his fine style. Among these is the picture of Maria Teresa, Queen of France, and of the Infanta of Spain.

The Marchioness de Pompadour engraved and executed small plates after Boucher and others. She engraved one set of sixty-three prints, after gems by Gay.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Two different Systems of Painting in the North.—The Flemish School represented by Rubens.—The Dutch by Rembrandt.—Characteristics of Rubens' Style.—No female Disciples.—Unsuited to feminine Study.—Some Women Artists of the first Part of the Century.—Features of the Dutch School.—A wide Field for female Energy and Industry.—Painting *de genre*.—Its Peculiarities.—State of Things favorable to female Enterprise.—Early Efforts in Genre-painting.—Few Women among Rembrandt's immediate Disciples.—Genre-painting becomes adapted to female Talent.—"The Dutch Muses."—Another Woman Architect.—Dutch Women Painters and Engravers.—Maria Schalken and others.—"The second Schurmann."—Margaretta Godewyck.—The Painter-poet.—Anna Maria Schurmann.—Wonderful Genius for Languages.—Early Acquirements.—Her Scholarship and Position among the learned.—A Painter, Sculptor, and Engraver.—Called "the Wonder of Creation."—Royal and princely Visitors.—Journey to Germany.—Embraces the religious Tenets of Labadie.—His Doctrines.—Joins his Band.—Collects his Followers, and leads them into Friesland.—Poverty and Death.—Visit of William Penn to her.—Her Portrait.—Her female Contemporaries in Art.—Flower-painting in the Netherlands.—Its Pioneers.—Maria Van Oosterwyck.—Her Birth and Education.—Early Productions.—Celebrated at foreign Courts.—Presents from imperial Friends.—Enormous Prices for her Pictures.—Royal Purchasers.—The quiet Artist at work.—The Lover's Visit.—The Lover's Trial and Failure.—Style of her Painting.—Rachel Ruysch.—The greatest Flower-painter.—Early Instruction.—Spread of her Fame.—Domestic Cares.—Professional Honors.—Invitations to Courts.—Her Patron, the Elector.—Her Works in old Age.—Her Character.—Rarity of her Paintings.—Personal Appearance.

WHILE the academicians and naturalists of the Italian schools contended through the seventeenth centu-

ry, and while in France and Spain the works of art exhibited as great contrasts, modified in each country by national peculiarities, two different systems in the North came into notice. These, as in the time of Von Eyck, had great influence upon the development of art in other lands besides that where they originated. One was the Flemish school, represented by Rubens; the other the Dutch, in which Rembrandt was regarded as the mighty master.

The style of Rubens, brilliant, luxuriant, and full of vigorous life, it may be thought would commend itself peculiarly to the attention of women. This school, however, in which the healthy and florid naturalism of Flemish art reached its highest development, seems to have been without any female disciples of note. The passionate and often intensely dramatic character of the works of Rubens and his scholars, and the physical development of his nude figures, were, indeed, scarcely suited to feminine study, though their fullness of life and warmth of coloring afterward won to imitation an artist like Madame O'Connell. We may also mention Micheline Wontiers, a portrait painter in the first half of the seventeenth century. An engraving was made from one of her productions by Pontius, who busied himself with the works of Rubens. The name of Catherine Pepyn, too, is found inscribed as a portrait painter in the St. Luke's Society of Artists at Antwerp, about 1655.

In Holland, on the other hand, the new school of painting owed its marked features to the political and religious revolution that had been the fruit of the reformed doctrines. This change offered a wide field for the exercise of female energy and genius. With the progress of the new faith kept pace the rapid ad-

vance of literature; the great questions at issue and the more earnest domestic life of the Hollanders furnishing ample materials for thought and description. Painting came under the same influence, and this was evident when the depth and power of feeling in his works marked Rembrandt as one of the greatest masters of all time.

A novel species of the art was called painting *de genre*. Herein life was represented in all its rich and varied forms, and the world and real humanity became objects of attention where hitherto only idealized representations had been tolerated. A new arena was thus opened, in which there was promise of noble achievement, and the rudest and meanest aspects of common life soon appeared capable of being invested with an ideal fascination. The painter *de genre*, armed with the wand of humor, often succeeded in such attempts, and success led to the adoption of that wonderfully poetical chiar' oscuro in coloring, which, till this period, had never attained the same degree of favor either in the North or the South.

This state of things was eminently favorable to female enterprise, and we find, accordingly, in a number of fair artists, evidences of the energetic industry and careful minuteness for which the women of Holland have been particularly noted. However, in the earliest efforts at painting *de genre*, wherein the Flemish artists stood opposed to the schools of Italy, women took no share. These trial specimens usually consisted of some rough piece after nature, such as the drunken boors and rustic women of the elder Breughel, and for a long time the prevailing taste ran on the low, coarse, and fantastic in the models selected. There was more to disgust than to attract cultivated

women in such a fashion, and, notwithstanding their alleged fancy to run into extremes, this will account for the fact that they did not choose to be numbered among those who delighted in such a copying of nature. One we hear of, Anna Breughel, seems to have been a kinswoman of a younger painter of that name.

The earnestness, depth, and intensity given to this species of art by Rembrandt seemed to lie as little within the compass of female fancy, which rather delighted in pleasing delineations of more superficial emotion, than in the concentration of the deepest feelings of nature. Thus few women were found among the immediate disciples of Rembrandt.

But as painting *de genre* accommodated itself more pleasingly to representations of ordinary life and circumstances, and the delicacy of detail that formed the peculiar charm of this species of art was lavished on attractive phases of character, the school became more and more the nursery of female talent.

Literature, at this period, experienced a similar change; and it is interesting to see the same persons pursuing both branches of study. This was the case with the two painters, Tesselschade-Visscher—called the "Dutch Muses," on account of their poetry—with Elizabeth Hoffmann, and the dramatic poet, Catharina Lescaille; also with one of whom we shall presently speak, whose fame traveled far beyond the boundaries of her native land.

Among the older artists of the Dutch school we may mention, in passing, the fruit and flower painter, Angelica Agnes Pakman; Madame Steenwyk, a designer in architecture; and the portrait-painter, Anna de Bruyn. Anna Tessala was eminent as a skillful carver in wood. Concerning Maria Grebber, a pupil of

Savary, Van Mander remarks that she was well skilled both in perspective and in building plans. Maria and Gezina Terburg were sisters of Gerard, and, like him, skillful in genre-painting.

Gottfried Schalken, who introduced a simpler method, and surprising effects of light, was not more celebrated than his sister and pupil, Maria, for productions remarkable for delicacy of execution and tender expression. Eglon van der Neer shared his fame with his wife, Adriana Spilberg. She was born in Amsterdam, in 1646, and was taught by her father, an eminent painter. She excelled in crayons or pastels, though she often painted in oil. Her portraits were said to be accurate likenesses. They were delicately colored, and executed with neatness and care. She was much patronized at the court of Düsseldorf.

Caspar Netscher, one of the best and most pleasing masters in this peculiar style, had a disciple in Margaretta Wulfraat, whose historical paintings—a Cleopatra and a Semiramis—are to be seen in Amsterdam, and who died at a great age early in the eighteenth century.

A still greater interest attaches to artists who also took an active part in the elevation of Dutch literature. Anna and Maria Tesselschade—the daughters of Visscher, already mentioned—belonged to this class; they were also celebrated for their fine etchings on glass. Their literary culture brought them into association with the most eminent scholars of that day.

With them may be ranked Margaretta Godewyck—born at Dort, in 1627, and a pupil of Maas—who attained celebrity both in painting and in her knowledge of the ancient and modern languages. She was called "the second Schurmann," and many praised her as

"the lovely flower of art and literature of the Merwestrom;" that is, of Dortrecht. She painted landscapes and flowers, and embroidered them with great skill. She died at fifty.

Catharina Questier, who resided at Amsterdam, was distinguished for painting, copper-engraving, and modeling in wax, besides having no small consideration accorded to her poetry. Two of her comedies, that appeared in 1655, evince her skill in at least three branches; for the drawings and engravings that illustrated the dramas were entirely her own design and execution.

ANNA MARIA SCHURMANN.

A higher and more enduring fame than all these could command must be accorded to Anna Maria Schurmann, called by the Dutch poets their Sappho and their Corneille. She was born in November, 1607, in Cologne (Descampes says, at Utrecht), of Flemish parents. Her family, like that of Rubens, was Protestant, and her parents fled to Cologne from the persecutions of Alba, remaining till 1615, when they removed to Utrecht.

Even in early childhood the genius of the young girl displayed its bent. At three years of age she began to read, and at seven could speak Latin. Her mother tried to keep her at the needle, but she loved to amuse herself by cutting out paper pictures; she also painted flowers and birds — untaught. A few years later, her taste for poetry and learning languages developed itself. Learning was her passion; the arts her recreation. Being allowed to be present at her brothers' Latin lessons, she soon gained surprising proficiency in that tongue. When she was ten years old, she translated passages from Seneca into French and

Flemish. Her love of study soon led to the acquisition of the Greek. To the classics she added, before long, a knowledge of the Oriental languages. She spoke and wrote the Hebrew, Samaritan, Arabic, Chaldaic, Syriac, Ethiopian, Turkish, and Persian; besides being perfectly well acquainted with the Italian, Spanish, French, English, and German, and speaking every European tongue with elegance.

At the age of eleven this Flemish lassie had read the Bible, Seneca, Virgil, Homer, and Æschylus in the original tongues; at fourteen she composed a Latin ode to the famous Dutch poet Jacob Cats, who became afterward an unsuccessful suitor for her hand. She wrote verses, indeed, in many languages. The knowledge of different tongues greatly aided her theological studies, in which she took the deepest interest from early life. It is said that it was by reading the History of the Martyrs she became imbued with the tendency to religious enthusiasm that so strongly influenced her through life, and led to so strange a career in her latter years.

The astonishing learning of this remarkable woman and her mastery in the languages, caused her opinions to be often consulted by the most erudite scholars of her time. Her judgment was always received with respect; an honorable place was reserved for her in the lecture-rooms of the University at Utrecht; and not unfrequently she took part openly in the learned discussions there carried on. The professors of the University of Leyden had a tribune made, where she could hear without mixing with the audience. With this wonderful erudition Anna Maria combined a rare degree of cultivation in art. The genius that had shown itself in paper-cutting still gave evidence of

strong and resolute activity. She was skilled both in drawing and painting, had a "happy taste in sculpture," and exercised her talents in carving in wood and ivory, as well as in modeling in wax. She carved the busts of her mother and brothers in wood. The painter Honthorst valued a single portrait executed by her, at a thousand Dutch florins. In addition, she has left evidence of her no slight accomplishments in copper-engraving; and she engraved with the diamond on crystal. Taste in music, and skill in playing on several instruments, fill up the list of the amazing variety of endowments bestowed on one of the most gifted of her sex.

We can not marvel that she was called by her contemporaries "the wonder of creation." Not only was she, on account of such varied gifts, regarded with admiration, but she was idolized by her acquaintance for personal qualities. She was in the most intimate literary association with men of distinguished learning like Salmatius, Heinsius, Vossius—who is said to have taught her Hebrew—and others. Princes and princesses came to visit and converse with her, and entered into correspondence with her.

Gonzagues, Queen of Poland, taking a journey to Utrecht in 1645, went to visit Anna Maria, having heard such wonderful things of her. After a long conversation she gave her flattering tokens of her esteem.

The Queen of Bohemia, and the Princess Louise, her daughter, often wrote to her. With a modesty that was as rare as her singular endowments, Anna Maria declined all proffered honors, and it was long before she could be persuaded to publish her literary productions. When the distinguished physician, Jo-

hann van Beverwyk wished to dedicate to her his treatise on the "Advantages of the Female Sex," she sought to withdraw from the intended compliment. In 1636 she was induced to publish a Latin poem, celebrating the foundation of the University of Utrecht. Her "Apology for the Female Sex," and other works followed this.

Anna Maria Schurmann resided many years in her native city of Cologne. According to one authority, part of her time was passed in a country house, where she lived in the utmost simplicity, shunning the attentions of the persons of celebrity who wished to visit her, and dividing her time between her art and her pen. In 1664 she made a journey to Germany in company with her brother; and there first became acquainted with Labadie, the celebrated French enthusiast and preacher of new doctrines. He believed that the Supreme Being would deceive man for the purpose of doing good. He taught that new revelations were continually made by the Holy Spirit to the human soul; that the Bible was not a necessary guide; that observance of the Sabbath was not imperative; that a contemplative life tended to perfection in the character; and that such a state could be attained by self-denial, self-mortification, and prayer. This man was possessed of singular intellectual powers, and fascinating eloquence. He succeeded in gaining many followers, and the mind of Anna Maria, deep and serious to melancholy, and now clouded by grief for the loss of her father and brothers, too readily gave credence to his pretensions.

Abandoning both pen and pencil, she joined the disciples of Labadie, devoting herself to the studies that favored his theological doctrines. To promote

his success, she published her last work, entitled "Eucleria," in 1673, the year before the death of the fanatic. She attended him, and it is said he died in her arms.

In this book she deplores her early devotion to literature and art. Other accounts add that she collected the followers of Labadie—called Labadists—and, continuing to disseminate his tenets, assumed the leadership of the band, and conducted them to Vivert in Friesland. She brought over Elizabeth — Princess Palatine—to these doctrines, and together they opened an asylum for the wandering disciples. True to the doctrines she professed, Anna Maria bestowed all her goods to feed the poor, and sank to the grave in poverty, dying in May, 1678, at the age of seventy-one.

William Penn mentions, in his "Journey in Germany," a conversation he had at Vivert with this wonderful woman in 1677, noticing especially the gravity and solemnity of her tones in discourse.

Anna Maria Schurmann has left behind her not only the renown of her great learning and artistic culture, truly remarkable in one of either sex, but also a reputation for purity of heart and fervor of religious feeling, which can not be disturbed by her mistaken though sincere belief, and the fanatical enthusiasm with which she clung to absurd dogmas. In her portrait her hair is combed back from her forehead, with flowing side locks. The back knot is wreathed with ornaments. A large pointed collar closely encircles her throat. Her features are marked; her eyes keen and expressive; her Roman nose is large.

Among the contemporaries of Anna Maria Schurmann were the painters Clara Peters, Alida Withoos,

Susanna von Steen, and Catharine Oostfries; with the copper-engravers Susanna Verbruggen, Anna de Koher, and Maria de Wilde, who etched a series of fifty pieces—gems in her father's collection—and published them in 1700 at Amsterdam.

It was in the seventeenth century that flower-painting was carried to such perfection among the women of the Netherlands. Constantia of Utrecht and Angelica Pakman may be classed with the pioneers of this beautiful art—this truly feminine accomplishment.

MARIA VAN OOSTERWYCK

was the first eminent artist in this branch, and the precursor of one superior to her—Rachel Ruysch—who, esteemed in her day as the pride and honor of the Dutch school, was, indeed, worthy of being reckoned among those of whom the whole world is proud. Though not so great, Maria is justly numbered among the illustrious women of Holland. She was born at Nootdorp, near Delft, about 1630. She received her early instruction from the distinguished flower-painter, David Heem. Her father was a preacher of the Reformed religion, and took pains in cultivating his daughter's intellectual powers. He did not fail to notice her remarkable inclination to painting, and her dissatisfaction, and even disgust, at the trifles that served to amuse other girls of her age. She always had the crayon in her hand.

Her early productions gained much praise, and it was not long before she obtained such exceeding skill as to become the rival of her teacher. Admiring connoisseurs carried her fame abroad, and she became celebrated at foreign courts. Her works were eagerly sought by the first princes of the time, after Louis

XIV. of France had placed one of them in his magnificent collection. The Emperor Leopold and the empress sent for specimens of her powers, for which she received the portraits of their imperial majesties, set in diamonds, in token of their esteem. Her pieces commanded enormous prices. William III. of England paid her nine hundred florins for a picture, and the sovereigns of Europe seemed to vie with one another in heaping honors and fame on this gifted woman. The King of Poland purchased three of her pictures for two thousand four hundred florins. These sums were paid her with every mark of respect, as presents from her friends rather than professional remuneration.

In the midst of all these honors Maria led a quiet and peaceful life, undisturbed by excitement or change. She was surrounded by a pleasant circle of friends; she worked indefatigably, and was always found in her cabinet. To obtain more time to herself, she went to pay a visit to her grandfather at Delft. One day she received a visit from a young man, who announced himself as William van Aelst, and appeared anxious to see some of her works. His admiration of them was blended with an ardent love for the artist. He at last summoned courage to declare his passion, but Maria replied that she was firmly resolved against matrimony. Her lively suitor, she thought, too, was unsuited to her grave and quiet nature.

Unwilling, however, to crush his hopes too suddenly and treat him with unkindness, she annexed a condition to her acceptance of her wooer, which she imagined would effectually deter him from prosecuting his suit, or at least wear out his constancy. She required that he should work ten hours of every day

for a year. The young man promised readily; but, as she supposed, he had not perseverance enough to keep his word. His studio was opposite Maria's; she watched him from her window, and failed not to mark on the sash the days he was absent from his labors.

At the end of the year William came to claim her promise. "You have yourself absolved me from it," was her reply; and, going to the window, she pointed out to him the record of his idle days. The lover was confounded, and retired disappointed.

Maria painted flowers with an admirable finish and accuracy, and displayed exquisite taste and art in their selection and grouping; she had also wonderful skill in copying their fresh tints, and in the harmonious adjustment of different colors. She took a long while and bestowed much labor in finishing her works, and they are consequently rare.

She died at the age of sixty-three, at the house of her nephew, Jacques von Assendelft, a preacher at Eutdam in Holland.

RACHEL RUYSCH.

Rachel Ruysch (spelled also Ruisch or Reutch) trod in the footsteps of Maria van Oosterwyck, and carried flower-painting to a perfection never before attained. Descampes says her flowers and fruit "surpassed nature herself." It is certain that she succeeded in producing the most perfect illusion; and the tasteful selection of her subject and manner of grouping, disposition, and contrast, rendered the effect more exquisite.

This illustrious artist was the daughter of a famous anatomist, and was born in Amsterdam, 1664. She received lessons in painting from Wilhelm van Aelst,

an artist who ranked with De Heem and Huysum among Dutch flower-painters. He and his rivals were soon equaled by the fair scholar, and thenceforward she took nature for her teacher.

While her fame went abroad with her pictures, Rachel sat and worked in her secluded room; but she could not hide herself from the arrows of the boy-god. She married—Descampes and others say, at the age of thirty — a portrait-painter named Julian van Pool, who fell in love, and introduced himself to her.

She became the mother of ten children. In the midst of domestic cares, and the duties of attending to her offspring, she managed not to neglect the art she loved so much; yet we are informed that her children were admirably brought up. The toil and study must have been immense which, in spite of the interruptions of household employments and the depression of a narrow income, enabled her to attain such excellence that her praises were sung by poets and poetesses, and her fame traveled to every court in Europe. In 1701 the Academical Society of Haye admitted her into membership; her reception picture was a beautiful piece of roses and other flowers. Her celebrity became so great that, in 1708, the Elector John of the Pfalz sent her a diploma, naming her painter in ordinary to his court, and inviting her to take up her residence in his capital. This prince wrote her another letter, accompanying the gift of a complete toilet set in silver, twenty-eight pieces, to which he added six flambeaux of the same metal. He promised to stand godfather to one of her children. When she took her son to Düsseldorf, the elector decorated the babe's neck with a red ribbon, to which was attached a magnificent gold medal.

In the elector's service she produced a number of pictures, most of them for her Mæcenas, who after paying for them always added honorable presents. In 1713, on a second visit to Düsseldorf, she was received with the distinction her great talents merited. The elector sent some of her pictures to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, who admired and placed them among his rich collection of master-pieces. Several of her works were presented to royal personages; some were treasured in the gallery of Düsseldorf, and some excellent pictures were preserved in Munich.

After the death of her friend and patron, the elector, she returned to Holland, and prosecuted her art with unwearied industry. She mourned his loss as her friend and the generous protector of art; but her works met with as great success, and Flanders and Holland even murmured at their being taken to Germany.

The advance of old age could not obscure her rare gifts; the pictures she executed at eighty were as highly finished as at thirty. To genius of the highest order she united all the virtues that dignify and adorn the female character. Respected by the great—beloved even by her rivals—praised by all who knew her—her path in life was strewn with flowers, till at its peaceful close she laid her honors down. She died in 1750, at the age of eighty-six, having been married fifty years and five years a widow.

Her works are rarely seen, from the difficulty of inducing possessors in Holland to part with them. At Amsterdam there are four beautiful pieces. Their chief merits are surprising vigor and a delicate finish, with coloring true to nature. Flowers, fruits, and insects seem full of fresh life.

Rachel's style combined a softness, lightness, and delicacy of touch with a certain grandeur of disposition and powerful effect, which caused the universal recognition of a manly spirit and nobility of feeling in her works. In her portrait her hair is short, with low-necked dress and beads round the throat. The features of the artist, large and strongly marked, bear the same brave, open character that spoke in the grouping and arrangement of her flowers—in the freedom that marked her compositions and was blended with their surprising lightness and grace. In the depth of coloring a delicate poetic fragrance seemed to be infused.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Unfavorable Circumstances for Painting in Germany.—Effects of the Thirty Years' War.—The national Love of Art shown by the Signs of Life manifested.—Influence of the Reformation.—Inferiority of German Art in this Century.—Ladies of Rank in Literature.—A female Astronomer.—The Fame of Schurmann awakens Emulation.—Distinguished Women.—Commencement of poetic Orders. Zesen, the Patron of the Sex.—Women who cultivated Art.—Paintresses of Nuremberg.—Barbara Helena Lange.—Flower-painters and Engravers.—Modeling in Wax.—Women Artists in Augsburg.—In Munich.—In Hamburg.—The Princess Hollandina.—Her Paintings.—Maria Sibylla Merian.—Early Fondness for Insects.—Maternal Opposition.—Her Marriage.—Publication of her first Work.—Joins the Labadists.—Returns to the Butterflies.—Curiosity to see American Insects.—Voyage to Surinam.—Story of the Lantern-flies.—Return to Holland.—Her Works published.—Republication in Paris afterward.—Her Daughters.—Her personal Appearance.—The Danish Women Artists.—Anna Crabbe.—King's Daughters.—The Taste in Art in Denmark and England governed by that of foreign Nations.—Female Artists in England.—The Poetesses most prominent.—Miniaturists.—Portrait-painters.—Etchers.—Lady Connoisseurs.—The Dwarf's Daughter.—Anna Carlisle.—Mary Beale.—Pupil of Sir Peter Lely.—Character of her Works.—Rumor of Lely's Attachment to her.—Poems in her Praise.—Mr. Beale's Note-books.—Anne Killegrew.—Her Portraits of the Royal Family.—History and still-life Pieces.—Her Portrait by Lely.—Her Character.—Dryden's Ode to her Memory.—Her Poems published.—Mademoiselle Rosée.—The Artist in Silk.—Wonderful Effects.—Her Works Curiosities.—The Artist of the Scissors.—Her singular imitative Powers.—A Copyist of old Paintings.—Her Cuttings.—Views of all kinds done with the Scissors.—Royal and imperial Visitors.—Her Trophy for the Emperor Leopold.—Poems in her Praise.—The Swiss Paintress Anna Wasser.—Her Education and Works.—Commissions

from Courts.—Her Father's Avarice.—Sojourn at a Court.—Return home.—Fatal Accident.—Her literary Accomplishments.

WHILE in the Netherlands, under the influence of the national elevation, art grew into a school of peculiar nationality, much less favorable circumstances existed in Germany. It may be said, indeed, that none less favorable could be found in any country. It was not merely that the land had been wasted by the Thirty Years' War, for art and knowledge have been known to bud and bloom amid a severe national struggle. This contest, however, was one hostile to every generous impulse and lofty aspiration, and tended to crush the noble energies that are called forth in other conflicts. It was an internecine and sordid strife; Germans were arrayed against Germans, and hordes of foreign robbers were encouraged to plunder the country desolated by her own children. In the reign of mean and base passions, there was no soil where such flowers might bloom as then made beautiful the Netherlands.

There was wanting, also, such a central point as was afforded in France and Spain by the courts of Versailles and Madrid. All things revolved in a narrow and sordid sphere of individual interest. That Germany, in spite of this disastrous and gloomy condition, should have produced artists, and that even women, with self-sacrificing zeal should have manifested their predilection for the calling, is a proof of the deep love for art implanted in the heart of the nation, showing itself in brilliant flashes during the sixteenth century, and in the midst of troubles not entirely extinguished. The Reformation, while it had inspired Germany with the spirit of a new epoch, at first assumed a position hostile to the arts that had contributed to embellish

the old faith. For three hundred years, by open force, blind fury, and cold contempt, this misapprehension of the true scope of art threatened to destroy what preceding ages had left of excellence; nor did the struggle terminate till the nineteenth century.

Signs of life in art had been first perceived in Germany toward the beginning of the thirteenth century; and there had been progressive stages of improvement. The stiffness and seriousness prescribed by tradition were replaced by softer execution and an easier flow of outline. Flowing drapery and grace marked the earliest attempts to express the artist's own feelings in his works, and a subjective principle was allowed in paintings.

In the revival of art toward the end of the fifteenth century the sacred subjects of earlier ages had been much chosen. Afterward, the artist's own mind and emotions came forth in self-productive energy; and, at a later period, rose into favor the accurate delineations of nature's forms.

The inferiority of Germany in an artistic view, in the seventeenth century, is undeniable; but many were found who longed after the excellence of which other lands could boast. Women there were in abundance who cultivated ornamental literature; noble ladies and princesses patronized poets and courted the muses. Henrietta of Orange, the consort of the great Elector, was one of several royal dames yet remembered in their sacred songs. The lower orders could boast their cultivated women; and the name of Maria Cunitz deserves mention as learned in the science of astronomy.

The fame of Anna Memorata, Fulvia Morata, and Anna Maria Schurmann meanwhile filled the German

women with emulative desire to inscribe their names beside those accomplished persons. Gertrude Möller was learned in the languages, and Sibylla Schwarz in poetry. Even Rist, who excluded women from his literary society, corresponded with the poetess Maria Commer.

This was the beginning of honorary poetic orders, and women were not excluded from these, especially from those established by Zesen. He was the patron and encourager of female genius and enterprise; his pen was dedicated to the service of the sex, and his praises were reciprocated by the grateful fair. In his "Lustinne" he sings of the lady poets of his day.

The female artists of that time seemed, indeed, to lack such generous appreciation; and it may be that the enthusiastic eulogies lavished by poets on each other had a selfish aim. Yet the period was not without a goodly number of women who cultivated art, and it is not improbable that the success of the poetesses had some effect in stimulating their zeal. The example of the illustrious Schurmann, who wore the double wreath of both branches of study, was before their eyes; and the Dutch school had much influence in forming tastes in Germany.

The love of exercising creative power naturally developed itself in various ways. Nuremberg, the seat of the Pegnitzschäfer order of bards; Hamburg, the residence of the chivalrous Zesen; Saxony, where flourished many fair devotees to literature—were not abandoned by the spirit of art. In the first-mentioned city we hear of two paintresses descended from families celebrated for artistic excellence: Susannah Maria von Sandrart, who also did etching in copper; and Esther Juvenel, who drew plans for architecture. To

these may be added the name of Barbara Helena Lange, who earned celebrity by engraving on copper, and carving figures in ivory and alabaster. She was admitted to the Pegnitz order, on account of her poetical talent, in 1679, her poetical name being entered as Erone. In 1686 she married one Kopsch, and with him removed to Berlin, and afterward to Amsterdam.

The names of Maria Clara Eimart and Magdalena Fürst may here be mentioned as flower-painters; that of Helen Preisler as an engraver on copper; and Joanna Sabina Preu as both an engraver and modeler in wax. All these obtained no insignificant reputation.

In Nuremberg also lived, in 1684, Anna Maria Pfründt, born in Lyons. She modeled portraits in wax, some of which were those of persons of high rank, and, adorned with costly drapery and precious stones, gained a wide-spread reputation for the artist.

Augsburgh was also rich in evidences of woman's artistic taste. Susannah Fischer and Johanna Sibylla Küsel excelled in painting, while her younger sisters, Christina and Magdalena Küsel, with Maria Wieslatin, engraved in copper. Others surpassed the Nurembergers in fine carving.

In Regensburgh lived Anna Catharina Fischer, a flower and portrait painter; in Munich, Isabella del Pozzo was appointed court painter by the Electress Adelaide, and the miniature-painter Maria Rieger was employed very frequently by princely personages. Placida Lamme distinguished herself about the same time by painting miniatures and carving pictures, with which she occupied her time in the Bavarian cloister of Hohenwart.

In Hamburg, Mariana Van der Stoop and Diana Glauber were painters by profession, and in Saxony we find a skillful portrait-painter in Margaretta Rastrum, who pursued her art in Leipzig. The above-mentioned Anna Catharina Fischer lived a long time in Halle, with her husband, a painter named Block. Toward the end of this century we hear of Madame Ravemann, who executed a beautiful medal—an exquisite specimen of cutting—for Augustus the Second.

THE PRINCESS HOLLANDINA.

Casting a glance over western Germany, we find the artistic poverty of the land redeemed by a princess who loved the liberal arts—Louise Hollandina, of the Pfalz. She was the daughter of the unhappy Friedrich V., and the sister of the Princess Elizabeth, whose chief celebrity arose from her veneration for the philosopher Descartes; also of the Prince Ruprecht, noted in art history for his drawings and his leaves in the black art. Hollandina, with her sister Sophia, received instruction in painting from the famous Gerard Honthorst, and painted large historical pictures in the style of that master, of which at the present time very little is known. Two of Hollandina's paintings were added to the collection of her uncle, King Charles—one representing Tobias and the Angel; the other, a falconer. An altar-piece by her hand adorns a church in Paris. Lovelace, in his poetry, speaks highly of the abilities of this princess.

Her family originated from the same place that gave birth to Anna Maria Schurmann—the city of Cologne—where that famed artist obtained her early education.

We must not omit to mention Frankfort-on-the-

Main, where, in the middle of the seventeenth century, lived one of the most celebrated women of whom Germany then could boast. This was

MARIA SIBYLLA MERIAN.

She was the daughter of Matthew Merian, the well-known geographer and engraver, and born at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1647. Her father published a topographical work in Germany, in thirty-one folio volumes. Her mother was the daughter of Theodore de Bry, an engraver of repute.

A remarkable circumstance, and one contrary to the usual experience of extraordinary persons, was, that Sibylla devoted herself to the vocation of the artist in opposition to her mother's wishes and in the face of great difficulties. In this respect she differed from most other women artists; for they, as a rule, were led to the study by parental example or domestic training.

From the early childhood of this singular girl she manifested a persevering spirit of research in natural history, with a fondness for examining specimens of vegetable and animal life. It is possible that this natural predilection was owing to one of those accidents that so often determine the course and bent of human intellect. Her mother, shortly before her birth, it is said, took a fancy to make a collection of curious stones, muscles, and different sorts of caterpillars. However this may be, it is certain that the child, at a very early age, showed the same taste, and no maternal reproaches or punishment could keep her from indulging the strange fancy. She would, however, conceal her treasures. At last her step-father, the painter Jacob Marrel, having persuaded the mother to con-

sent, arranged it so that the girl took lessons of the famous flower-painter, Abraham Mignon.

In the year 1665, at eighteen, she married John Andrew Graf, a painter and designer in architecture. The marriage was not a happy one, but she lived with Graf nearly twenty years in Nuremberg, in a lonely and secluded manner, devoted solely to her art, as she herself says in the preface to one of her published works, giving up intercourse with society, and beguiling her time by the examination of the various species of insects, of which she made drawings, and by the study of their transformations.

She painted her specimens first on parchment, and many of those pictures were distributed among amateurs. Encouraged by them, she published, in 1679, a work entitled "The Wonderful Transformations of Caterpillars," a quarto volume, with copper engravings, executed by herself after her own drawings. Another volume appeared in 1684.

The affairs of Graf having become embarrassed, and his conduct being much censured, he was compelled to leave his family and go out of the country. After this separation, Sibylla never assumed her husband's name in any of her publications, but issued them under her maiden name. About 1684 she went to Frankfort, and prepared for a journey to West Friesland with her mother and daughters. There she became possessed with the religious enthusiasm which had driven so many women into strange doings, and joined the sect of the Labadists, taking up her abode at the Castle Bosch.

Sibylla did not yield her energies, however, entirely to the dominion of this kind of phrensy; her old habits of study and research followed her. Butterflies

and worms again occupied her attention, and she soon took a deep interest in all the collections of animals from the East and West Indies which she discovered were within her reach.

Among those persons whose collections were most admired by her was Fridericus Ruysch, a doctor of medicine and professor of botany, and the father of the Rachel Ruysch already noticed. It is not difficult to believe that the example and conversation of a woman so gifted and so devoted to study as Madame Merian had a decisive influence upon the character of the youthful Rachel.

Our heroic and industrious heroine was delighted at the opportunity of examining such interesting collections; for, besides the pleasure her investigations in natural history afforded her, she was stimulated by an inextinguishable desire to know all that could be learned about that department of the animal kingdom. At length, anxious to see the metamorphoses and food of American insects, she determined to undertake that laborious and expensive journey to Surinam which she accomplished in June, 1699. The States of Holland assisted her with the means of travel. Her journey gave occasion to the following lines by a French poet:

> "Sibylla à Surinam va chercher la nature,
> Avec l'esprit d'un Sage, et le cœur d'un Heros."

The place of her destination was Dutch Guiana, often called Surinam, from a river of that name, on which the capital, Paramaribo, is situated. It is said that, one day during her residence there, the Indians brought Madame Merian a number of living lantern-flies, which she put into a box; but they made so much noise at night, that she rose from her bed and opened their prison. The multitude of fiery flames issuing from

the box so terrified her that she immediately dropped it on the ground. Hence came marvelous stories of the strong light emitted by that insect.

She remained in America nearly two years, till the summer of 1701, notwithstanding the unfavorable effect of the climate on her health, and the difficulties thus encountered in the prosecution of her studies. Though strong of will, she could not long bear up against such an enemy, and was obliged to return much sooner than suited her inclinations.

In September she was again in Holland, where her splendid paintings, on parchment, of American insects, excited the greatest admiration among the connoisseurs. They pressed her to publish a work that would open a world of vegetables and animals hitherto unknown; and, in spite of the great expense, she resolved at last, without expectation of a return for her outlay, to engrave her pictures for publication. The reward of her labors was to be in the sale of successive editions. This work was entitled "Metamorphosis Insectorum Surinamensium, etc. The text drawn up by Gaspar Commelin, from the MSS. of the author."

In 1771 a collection of Madame Merian's works was published in Paris, translated into French; and to this day are to be seen engravings, nearly of the size of the original, of the various paintings made by this enthusiastic woman of objects that struck her fancy—caterpillars, butterflies, spiders, snakes, and various kinds of animals and plants—executed with all the luxury of brilliant coloring, and illustrated by choice poetry.

Her great work was entitled "History of the Insects of Europe, drawn from Nature, and explained, by Maria Sibylla Merian." It included a treatise on the generation and metamorphoses of insects, and the

plants on which they feed. Her pictures were not only executed with fidelity, but each insect appeared in its first state with the most pleasing accompaniments. With those metamorphosed from the chrysalis or nymph to the fly or butterfly, were presented the plants and flowers they loved, all correctly and tastefully delineated.

Even after the appearance of her work, in 1705, the persevering artist continued her studies in natural history, in which she was joined by both her daughters, whom she had educated to pursuits of art. Dorothea, the youngest, had accompanied her to Surinam, while the eldest, Joanna Maria Helena, came afterward with her husband, a merchant of Amsterdam, to assist her mother in collecting and painting specimens. It was the mother's intention to publish the pictures made by her daughters in an appendix to her own collected works; but her death, which occurred in January, 1717, prevented this, and the daughters afterward published the results of their labors in a separate volume.

This extraordinary woman, whose labors contributed so much to the improvement and embellishment of the natural history of insects, was little favored by gifts of beauty or personal grace. Her portrait shows hard and heavy-lined features. A curious head-dress, made of folds of black stuff, rises high above the head, and inclines a little to the left. Short, light curls appear above a cambric ruffle, finishing a half-low corsage. She is undoubtedly entitled to a place among great artists.

The history of Madame Merian rounds off that of German female artists belonging to the seventeenth century with an exhibition of more than ordinary interest.

THE DANISH WOMEN ARTISTS.

A glimpse may here be had of the artists of Denmark and England. Anna Crabbe was a painter by profession in Copenhagen before the year 1618. She painted a series of portraits of Danish princes, to which she added a poetical description of each. The daughter of King Christian IV., Eleonora Christina, who married the minister Ulefeld, was not only celebrated for her beauty and intellectual gifts, but for skill in various branches of art—engraving, modeling in wax, and miniature-painting. Her daughter Helena Christina possessed like talents.

Toward the close of the century, Sophie Hedwig, the daughter of King Christian V., became noted as an artist, gaining much reputation by her performances in portrait, landscape, and flower painting.

Neither in Denmark nor in England was any special direction given to art by the national character; on the contrary, in both these countries, the prevailing taste was governed by that of foreign nations—as the Dutch and German.

ENGLISH FEMALE ARTISTS.

In England there were not many women artists, although in literature the sex was not without its share of laurels, and in dramatic poetry and prose romance women contended for appreciation with masculine writers. The poetess Joanna Weston was a great admirer of Anna Maria Schurmann, and took her for a model; but there were no painters who could be compared in merit to the women who cultivated poetry.

As miniature-painters, Susannah Penelope Gibson

may be mentioned; also Penelope Cleyn. The latter was the daughter of a German painter, and her sisters Magdalen and Sarah were also devoted to the art. They painted the portrait of Richard Cromwell's daughter.

Mary More obtained some distinction as a portrait-painter. It was in England that the Princess Hollandina, before mentioned, took lessons in painting, with her sister Sophie, from Gerard Honthorst.

In the noble art of etching Anna and Susannah Lister were regarded as having much skill; they illustrated a work on natural history by their father, in the manner of Madame Merian, by their artistic efforts.

A lady connoisseur and engraver of much taste was the Countess of Carlisle. She perhaps set the fashion afterward followed by so many fair dilettanti, who exercised so much influence in England during the succeeding century.

Susan Penelope Rose, according to Lord Orford, was the daughter of Richard Gibson the Dwarf. She married a jeweler, and became noted for painting portraits in water colors with great freedom. Her miniatures were larger than usual. She died at forty-eight in 1700.

A contemporary of Vandyck was Mrs. Anna Carlisle, who died about 1680. She was celebrated for her copies of the Italian masters. Charles I. esteemed her highly. She once shared with Vandyck a present from their royal patron, of ultramarine; it is said to have cost the king five hundred pounds. This renders it probable that she painted in oil; for the quantity was too large for use in miniatures.

One of her works represents herself teaching a lady

to paint. This artist must not be confounded with the Countess of Carlisle, who was distinguished for her beautiful engravings of the works of Salvator Rosa, Guido, etc.

MARY BEALE,

the daughter of Mr. Craddock, a clergyman, was born at Suffolk about 1632. She received some instruction from Walker, but was a favorite pupil of Sir Peter Lely. She painted in oil, water-colors, and crayons. She acquired much of the Italian style by copying old pictures from Lely's and the royal collection. She copied some of the portraits of Vandyck. Her works were remarkable for vigor of drawing and fresh coloring, with great purity and sweetness. The artist was an estimable and amiable woman; was highly respected, and mingled in the society of the noble and the learned. Her pencil was employed by many personages of distinction. Her husband was an inferior painter.

It was rumored that Sir Peter Lely was romantically attached to his fair pupil; but his love could not have met with return, for he is known to have been reserved in communicating to her the resources of his pencil. He refused to intrust to her one of the important secrets of his art.

Several poems in praise of Mrs. Beale were published; one in particular is remembered, by Dr. Woodfall, in which she is celebrated under the name of "Belasia." Her husband, Charles Beale, had the curious practice of noting in small almanac pocket-books almost daily accounts of whatever related to his wife, her pictures, or himself. He practiced chemistry for the preparation of colors. He bequeathed thirty of

the almanacs, filled with his notes, and records of the praises lavished on his wife's pictures, to a colorman named Carter.

Walpole says Mrs. Beale's portraits were numerous. She painted one of Otway, the poet. The Archbishop Tillotson was her patron, and many of the clergy sat to her. The archbishop's portrait is the first of an ecclesiastic who, quitting the coif of silk, is delineated in a brown wig.

Some have said that she persuaded her friends to sit to Lely, that she might learn his method of coloring. There is no doubt that she rose to the first rank in her profession. One of her sons became a painter. She died at Pall Mall in 1697, aged sixty-five.

ANNE KILLEGREW—

"A grace for beauty, and a muse for wit," as writes one of her admirers—was the daughter of Henry Killegrew, descended of a family remarkable for loyalty, accomplishments, and talent. She proved one of its brightest ornaments. She was born in London, and at a very early age discovered a remarkable genius. She became celebrated both in painting and poetry. One of her portraits was of the Duke of York, afterward James II.; others, of Mary of Modena and the Duchess of York, to whom she was maid of honor. These pieces were highly praised by Dryden. She produced, also, several history-pieces, and pictures of still life. Becket did her miniature in mezzotint, after her own painting; it was prefixed to the published edition of her poems. The painting was in the style of Sir Peter Lely, which she imitated with great success. Her portrait, taken by Lely, has a pleasing expression, though the air is slightly prim. The dress is

low-necked, with beads, and a mantle is fastened at the breast with a brooch. Curls cluster round the face; the back hair is loose and flowing.

Though called "mistress," after the fashion of the time, Anne was never married. She was a woman of unblemished character and exemplary piety. Death cut short her promising career, by small-pox, in 1685—as Wood says, "to the unspeakable reluctancy of her relations"—when she was but twenty-five years of age. She was buried in Savoy Chapel, where a monument is fixed in the wall, bearing a Latin inscription by her father, setting forth her accomplishments, virtue, and piety.

Dryden's ode to her memory was called by Dr. Johnson "the noblest our language has produced." Another critic terms it "a harmonious hyperbole, composed of the fall of Adam, Arethusa, Vestal virgins, Diana, Cupid, Noah's ark, the Pleiades, the fall of Jehoshaphat, and the last assizes." After lauding her poetic excellence, Dryden says:

> "Her pencil drew whate'er her soul designed;
> And oft the happy draft surpassed the image of her mind."

And of her portrait of James II.:

> "For, not content to express his outward part,
> Her hand called out the image of his heart;
> His warlike mind—his soul devoid of fear—
> His high-designing thoughts were figured there."

Notwithstanding such flattery, Anthony Wood says, "There is nothing spoken of her which she was not equal to, if not superior;" and adds, "If there had not been more true history in her praises than compliment, her father never would have suffered them to pass the press."

Her poems appeared after her death in a thin quarto

volume, prefaced by the ode and the Latin epitaph. Among her history-pieces were "St. John in the Wilderness," "Herodias with the Head of John the Baptist," and "Two of Diana's Nymphs." The melodious eulogizer of her graces and gifts remarks of the queen's portrait:

"Our phœnix queen was portrayed too, so bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take so right;
Before, a train of heroines was seen,
In beauty foremost, as in rank a queen."

THE ARTIST IN SILK.

Mademoiselle Rosée, born in Leyden in 1632, deserves a place among eminent artists for the singularity of her talents. Instead of using colors, with oil or gum, she used silk for the delicate shading. It can hardly be understood how she managed to apply the fibres, and to imitate the flesh-tints, blending and mellowing them so admirably. She thus painted portraits, as well as landscapes and architecture. Michel Carré, who saw one of her portraits, says, "It can scarcely be believed it is not done by the pencil." One of her pieces brought five hundred florins. It represented the decayed trunk of a tree, covered with moss and leaves. On the top a bird has made her nest. The shading and the sky in the distance left nothing to be desired for coloring and truthful effect. The Grand-Duke of Tuscany purchased one of her finest pieces, which is yet preserved among the curiosities of his collection. She was never married, and died at the age of fifty, in 1682.

THE ARTIST OF THE SCISSORS.

Joanna Koerten Block is regarded by the Dutch as one of their most remarkable female artists. She was

born in Amsterdam in 1650, and manifested a taste for the fine arts in her childhood. She learned music and embroidery, and how to model fruits and figures; she also understood coloring, and engraved with a diamond on crystal and glass with surprising delicacy. She also painted in oil and water colors in a novel manner. Possessing a rare art in blending colors, she copied pictures so wonderfully that they could hardly be distinguished from the originals. This faculty of imitation she carried to such perfection, that it was believed among her contemporaries that, had she devoted herself exclusively to this kind of work, she would have equaled the great masters. She gave up, however, after a while, the cultivation of this singular talent for the development of another still more extraordinary, for which she has obtained a place among the great artists of her country.

All that the engraver accomplishes with the burin, she was able to do with the scissors. Her cuttings were indeed astonishing. Country scenes, marine views, animals, flowers, with portraits of perfect resemblance, she executed in a marvelous manner. This novel style of making pictures out of white paper created not a little sensation, and ere long the matter became spread abroad widely, and excited the curiosity of all the courts of Europe. Even artists could not help admiring her skill in this strange art, and not one came to Amsterdam without paying her a visit.

The Czar Peter the Great, princes of royal blood, and nobles of the highest rank paid their respects to the simple Dutch maiden, and examined her works with pleased curiosity. The Elector Palatine offered a thousand florins for three small pieces cut by her, but the offer was declined as not liberal enough.

The Empress of Germany ordered a piece executed as a trophy of the arms of the Emperor Leopold I. The design showed the crown and imperial arms upheld by eagles, and surrounded by laurel wreaths, garlands of flowers, and appropriate ornaments. This was executed in a wonderful manner, and for it the fair artist received four thousand florins.

The portrait of the emperor, cut by Joanna, is preserved in his imperial majesty's cabinet at Vienna. Queen Mary of England, and other royal personages, wished to decorate their cabinets with the works of this artist. She cut many portraits, with which the sitters were pleased and astonished. The Latin, German, and Dutch verses composed in her honor would fill a volume. She had in her working-room a volume in which were registered the names of her illustrious visitors, the princes and princesses and other great personages writing their own. It is the same curious register in which Nicholas Verkslie saw the portraits of illustrious persons, appended each to the proper signature. This interesting addition is said to have been made by Adrien Block, the artist's husband. He published a series of vignettes from her pieces.

Joanna died in 1715, at the age of sixty-five. Her taste and design were marked by correctness and delicacy, and she was original and unique in the style of work to which she devoted herself. When her pieces were put over black paper, the effect was that of an engraving or pen-drawing. Neatness, clearness, and decision were her prominent characteristics.

Her portrait, coarsely engraved, is published by Descampes. She had a noble style of face, with strongly marked features. The hair is dressed in a point in front; the neckerchief and dress are worn in antiquated style.

Among the distinguished artists of the seventeenth century we must not omit

ANNA WASSER.

She was born in Zurich, Switzerland, in 1676, and is esteemed by the Swiss as one of their most eminent painters. Her father was Rudolph Wasser, a member of the Grand Council of Zurich, and artist of the foundation of the Cathedral. She very early evinced a remarkable faculty for learning languages, and at the age of twelve was familiar with Latin and French, and acquainted with the general literature of those tongues. Her rapid progress in belles-lettres astonished every body, and gave the promise of wonderful attainments; but the bent of her genius was for art. She took lessons of the painter Joseph Werner, and had no sooner learned to handle a pencil, than she could think of nothing else. When thirteen years old she made a copy of Werner's "Flora" in Bern, which convinced all her friends that she was destined by nature for an artist. The painter himself praised her correct design and perfect imitation of his coloring, and advised her father to send her to Bern to study. She spent three years in the school; at first employing herself in oil painting, but finally abandoning that for miniatures. By the time her education was completed she had reached a perfection little short of that of her teacher.

Returning to Zurich, she devoted herself to art as a profession. Her productions were taken to England, Holland, and Germany, where they were greatly admired, and her contemporaries extolled her as a second Schurmann. There was scarcely a court in the German empire from which she had not commissions.

Those of Baden-Durlach and Stuttgard disputed which should possess the greatest number of her works. The Duke of Wurtemberg, Eberhard Louis, and his sister, the Margravine von Durlach, sent her large portraits to be painted in miniature.

While Anna's fame spread throughout Germany, her very success tended to throw difficulties in the way of her artistic progress. Her father was pressed with the care of a large family, and thought his interests would be favored more by multiplying the number of his daughter's works, than by allowing her time to finish them. He urged her continually to new enterprises. Thus depressed and tied to sordid cares, Anna lost her spirits and fell into a melancholy that threatened to destroy her health. Happily, at this time, the court of Solms Braunfels made her favorable proposals of employment. She accepted the invitation, went there with one of her brothers, and soon found she would be enabled to indulge her taste for elaborating and perfecting her paintings. She rapidly regained her cheerfulness, and became the delight and admiration of the circles in which she moved. Again her father's avarice disturbed this agreeable state of things. He sent her an abrupt summons to return home, where he expected her to do more work for his benefit. She obeyed the command, but on the journey, made in such haste, she got a severe fall, the effects of which terminated her life in 1713, at the age of thirty-four.

Fuseli possessed a painting in oil done by Anna Wasser at the age of thirteen. He gave her praise for correctness of outline, and for spirit of coloring. She appears to have excelled most in pastoral and rural pieces, which it was her delight to paint. Her

compositions were marked by great ingenuity, and were finished with exquisite delicacy.

Her literary accomplishments procured her the friendship of the most eminent scholars of her day in Germany; such as Werner, Meyer, Hubert, Steller, etc., and she corresponded with many celebrated persons. Among her female friends was Clara Eimart, already mentioned among German artists. Her manners were gentle and dignified, and her character was pure and blameless. To filial obedience she would at any time sacrifice her own inclinations; indeed she often carried her devotion to excess.

The portrait given of her shows delicate and sharply defined features. The hair is worn in Grecian style, with ringlets at the side, and braids falling on her neck. She appears surrounded with flowers, with baskets of fruit beside her.

Maria Theresa van Thielen, and her two sisters, the daughters of an artist of noble family, were instructed by him in flower-painting, the first excelling also in portraits.

CHAPTER X.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

General Expansion and Extension of Art-culture.—More Scope given to the Tendencies originated in preceding Age.—Reminiscences of past Glories of Art active during the first half of the Century.——The Flemish and Italian Schools in vogue.—Eclecticism.—Influences of the French School mingled with those of the great Masters.—The Rococo Style.—The Aggregate of Woman's Labor greater than ever before.—Not accompanied by greater Depth.—Less Individuality discernible. — The greatest artistic Activity among Women in Germany.—In France next.—In Italy next.—In other Countries less.—Rapid Growth of Art in Berlin.—In Dresden.—Scholarship and literary Position of Women during the first half of the Century.—Poets and their Inspirations.—Princesses the Patrons of Letters.—Nothing new or striking in Art.—A Revolution in the latter half of the Century.—Instruction in Art a Branch of Education.—Dilettanti of high Rank.—Female Pupils of Painters of Note.—Mengs and Carstens.—Carstens the Founder of modern German Art.—His Style not adapted to female Talent.—A lovely Form standing between him and Mengs.—A female Stamp-cutter.—An Artist in Wax-work.—In Stucco-work.—In cutting precious Stones.—Barbara Preisler.—Other female Artists.—Fashionable Taste in Painting.—Marianna Hayd.—Miniaturists.—Anna Maria Mengs.—Her Works.—Miniature and Pastel-painting.—Flowers and Landscapes a Passion.—Imitators of Rachel Ruysch and Madame Merian.—Celebrities in Flower-painting.—Copper-engraving. Lady Artists of high Rank.—Other Devotees to Art.

DURING the greater part of the eighteenth century we find rather a general expansion and extension of taste and cultivation in the arts, than a concentration of effort or a more rich and earnest development of talent. The period gave more scope to the tendencies that had been originated and determined in a preced-

ing age. Connoisseurs fed upon reminiscences of the past glories of art, and no new ideas were brought to the world's notice till the first half of the century had rolled away.

The Flemish and Italian schools were in vogue, slightly modified, but, on the whole, scarcely changed in any essential particular; or a blending of diverse styles produced some artists who hardly deserve notice for their individual merits. A spirit of eclecticism may, indeed, be traced in the productions of the best masters of this time. The sovereigns in the domain of art had then passed away, and with the influence they still exercised was mingled that of the French school. The brilliancy and glow of Titian and Paul Veronese, the deep poetic feeling of Giorgione, the purity and tenderness of Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci, the rugged grandeur of Michael Angelo, the soft, transparent loveliness of Correggio, the bright beauty of Guido and Albano, and the power and passion of the Caravaggio school, disputed the consideration of amateurs with the light and lively style, the graceful mannerism of a Watteau and a Bouché, and something of the reflective character of the German Raphael Mengs, or that of Carstens and of Dietrich.

The finished and ornate manner of France especially became popular over all the countries of Europe, exercising the same influence, in a measure, upon art that it had upon literature. Hence originated the style that has been aptly termed the Rococo—wanting in depth and warmth, indeed, but having a certain completeness of technical detail productive of happy effects.

The fresh life and earnest vigor that had marked the earlier schools were paralyzed in this, and we do

not wonder that a better condition followed the reawakening of artistic feeling.

It is not to be denied that the aggregate amount of woman's labor in the domain of art was greater during the eighteenth century than in any preceding one; indeed, the number of female artists far surpassed the collected number of those known from earliest history. So vast an increase was not according to the proportion of other vocations. It is also true that, in their efforts, as in those of the men of this period, the extension was not accompanied by greater depth, and less individuality was discernible in the talent and skill which became more generally diffused; hence the well-grounded complaint that the time was deficient in great men. Nevertheless, the sum of ability and knowledge had not diminished, though, in its manifold branchings and divisions, such might appear to be the case.

We find, therefore, a certain uniformity and mediocrity among numerous women artists of the eighteenth century, rather than eminent talent in special instances. Yet this was not wholly wanting, while the standard of excellence was elevated, and a more general spirit of emulation prevailed.

Contrary to the experience of preceding ages, we discover the greatest evidence of artistic activity among women in Germany; next to that, in France; then in Italy. The Netherlands and England may be classed together, while Spain and the Scandinavian countries are at the minimum in this respect. These proportions are not owing to chance, but correspond with the general development of art among the nations at this time.

The aspect of female culture also corresponded with

national characteristics. The decorative was of rapid growth and early bloom in Prussia; Berlin, hardly mentioned heretofore, became suddenly alive with energetic talent superior to that which displayed itself in any other German city. Art sprang into luxuriance, too, at the Electoral court, and Dresden claimed no insignificant rank in the scale. France meanwhile sustained her old renown; while Nuremberg and Munich should not be slighted. But the Austrian and Rhine countries had less reason to boast; and many cities of northern Germany were in like poverty of women artists.

During the first half of the eighteenth century, the order of things differed not essentially from the close of the seventeenth; in fact, the same influences predominated, both in literature and art. The Pegnitzschäfer and other poetical orders were still in existence; the sacred poems composed by noble ladies had their imitations; female authors wrote after the established fashion, while they entered on a wider field, and partook of the new spirit breathed into German poetry. Women then became not only creators in the realm of fancy and imagination, but exercised a controlling influence, by their relations of friendship and intimacy with distinguished literary characters. Meta arose beside her Klopstock; Herder sought inspiration from his bride; by Wieland stood Sophie Delaroche; Schiller was aided by Caroline Wolzogen and Madame von Kalb; Goëthe by Madame von Stein. Princesses and the noble ladies of the land gave their patronage and protection to letters, and sought to gather round them the choice spirits of their day. This, in the beginning of the century, did Sophie Charlotte, the great Queen of Prussia; and

Amalia von Weimar thus aided the richest development of German mind.

Though nothing new or striking can be said to have been accomplished in art by women during the first half of this century, the latter part witnessed a revolution in which they greatly aided to spread and deepen the growth of new ideas. It became necessary to the complete education of ladies of the higher classes, that they should possess some knowledge of art. Hagedorn mentions the fact that a teacher who could give instruction in drawing and painting could much more readily obtain a situation than one ignorant of those branches. Fashion and custom enjoined not only a degree of knowledge, but also of skill, on those who wished to be thought accomplished. There were many aristocratic dilettanti, and a few royal ladies emulated the fame of the princely dames of an older time in the pictorial crafts.

Among these may be mentioned, Anna Amalia, of Brunswick; the Archduchesses Charlotte and Maria Anna, of Austria; Duchess Sophia, of Coburg-Saalfeld; the Margravine of Baden-Durlach; the Princess Victoria, of Anhalt-Bernburg, and Elizabeth Ernestine Antonia, of Saxe-Meiningen; besides the excellent Elizabeth Christina, of Brunswick, who sought to promote the restoration of art and the advance of knowledge, for the love of Frederick, her royal husband, and who will ever be honored as the ornament of a house that henceforward showed itself ready to foster and appreciate the liberal arts.

We observe here, as before, that many painters of note had female pupils or assistants, who endeavored to carry out the ideas they originated. Dietrich, esteemed one of the best masters of the eclectic school of

the eighteenth century, had his enthusiasm shared by his two sisters; Tischbein, who cultivated the French style, as Dietrich did the Dutch, found appreciative companions and co-laborers in his wife and daughter; and there were other women who strove to ennoble the eclectic system by greater purity of tone and a more ardent study of the antique. Oeser had several female pupils; and two sisters worked in modest retirement beside the greatest artist of this style—Antoine Raphael Mengs—having been taken through the same course of severe study and exercise by their pedantic father.

Carstens obtained and brought to perfection what Mengs toiled to reach and realize. The grand and comprehensive ideas of Winkelmann found in him a harmonious development. Averse to the reflective, which formed the chief characteristic of Mengs and Oeser, he was steeped in the inspiration caught from the antique ideal, and, without becoming a copyist of any style, was able to reproduce the seed from the fruitful soil of his own endowments. He may be called the founder of modern German art. His grand, bold, and ingenious style did not particularly commend itself to female talent; we do not find, therefore, that he had any disciples of the softer sex.

Between Carstens and Mengs, however, stands a lovely female form, in age midway betwixt them, as in the peculiar bent of her genius; less minute and reflective than Mengs, less grand and impressive than Carstens. It is Angelica Kauffman, the gem of all the women artists of this period; preserving the forms of the antique in her own delicate, elegant, and charming style; wielding her power with such gracious sweetness that all who behold are attracted to render the homage of heartfelt admiration.

It was now that fresh vitality was infused into German art by a contemplation of the antique, while the forms of humanity and nature were observed with greater freedom. Chodowiecki pursued this system, and was one of the most successful artists *de genre;* while his daughter, his pupil, Mademoiselle Bohren, and Kobell's scholar, Crescentia Schott, were instrumental in preparing the way for the advance of painting in the style lately introduced.

If we turn now from a general and hasty survey to the notice of particular branches, it becomes a duty to record the names of some women who practiced the most difficult and laborious of the plastic arts. One of these was stamp-cutting. One who first evinced skill in this kind of work was Rosa Elizabeth Schwindel of Leipzig, who plied her art in Berlin at the commencement of the eighteenth century. A beautiful medal of Queen Sophia Charlotte, executed by her, is preserved. She was accomplished also in the cutting of gems and in modeling in wax. In wax-work, Elizabeth Ross of Salzburg, Dorothea Menn of Cologne, and Madame Weis, probably of Strasburg, were noted. As a stone-cutter, Charlotte Rebecca Schild of Hanau worked in Paris. Rosina Pflauder, in Salzburg, assisted her husband in stucco-work.

In the same kind of work, as well as in painting, Maria Juliana Wermuth of Gotha displayed both industry and skill. In cutting precious stones Susanna Maria Dorsch gained some celebrity. She was born at Nuremberg in 1701, and married the painter Solomon Graf, taking the noted painter and engraver, J. J. Preisler, for her second husband. The kind of work in which she excelled had been practiced by her father and grandfather, and her application was remark-

able. A vast number of gems were cut by her hand, and her industry was not without its reward in the gaining of great reputation. Medals were stamped in honor of her.

Her daughters, Anna Felicitas and Maria Anna Preisler, employed themselves in the same kind of work, without possessing, however, the variety of talent or achieving the brilliant success of Barbara Julia, the daughter of Johann Daniel Preisler of Nuremberg. She was skilled in various branches of art; she could model in wax, and work in ivory and alabaster, and added painting and copper-engraving to the list of her accomplishments. She married a painter named Oeding, and died in Brunswick before 1764. Several women, who were well known at the time as modelers in wax, and who occupied themselves in engraving and stone-cutting, might be named. Amid a number of names, necessarily passed over, may be added those of the beautiful and variously-gifted Mary Anna Treu of Bamberg, and her relative, Rosalie Treu, the wife of the painter Dom, who afterward went to take the veil in a convent at Mentz, giving up her resolution four days before the completion of her novitiate, to return to the world and her native Bamberg.

Henriette Felicitas Tassaert, the daughter of the famous painter, painted in pastel, and engraved in copper admirably. Mademoiselle Nohren, a pupil of Chodowiecki in Berlin, became a member of the academy.

It was natural that the greater number of artists of this period should betake themselves to painting. We will glance first at some branches of this, cultivated especially by women who did not achieve any thing noteworthy in historical and genre painting. The fashionable taste of the day ran much upon miniatures

and pastel portraits, and many women made themselves accomplished in this species of work, as well as in enamel-painting, as far less study and application were required than in the higher branches of the art.

Marianna Hayd, a somewhat celebrated miniature-painter, was born in Dantzic in 1688. She pursued her profession in Berlin, and, after her marriage in 1705 to the painter Werner, in Augsburg, her talents procured for her the honor of a call to the electoral court of Saxony in Dresden, where she received an appointment, and died in 1753.

Another fair artist in miniatures was Anna Rosina Liscewska, who also worked in Berlin, where she was born in 1716. She achieved no mean success, and in 1769 was admitted a member of the academy in Dresden.

The same city was adorned by the elegant labors of Anna Maria Mengs, whom Dr. Guhl calls "the most gifted of the three sisters," and who is styled by Fiorillo "the daughter of the Raphael of his age." She received early instruction from her father; came to Dresden in 1751, and devoted herself to painting—chiefly portraits. She made her first journey to Rome in 1777, and there married a copper-engraver, Manuel Salvador Carmona. She had many children, but continued to exercise her art while taking care of them. She produced several pastel and miniature paintings. Her chief works, done for the King of Spain and the Infant Don Luis, are in Madrid, in the Academy of San Fernando, of which she was chosen a member. She died in Madrid, 1793.

As miniature and pastel painting are peculiarly adapted to female hands by the delicate and cleanly handling required, so flowers and landscapes seem to

present objects and scenes of beauty congenial to the taste of the sex. It can not be wondered at, therefore, that these branches found several cultivators. Flower and landscape painting became a passion among the German women who could be classed as amateurs or connoisseurs. Hagedorn mentions, in his work on painting, as a distinguished patroness of these, a Countess von Oppendorf. With her may be named the Countess von Truchsetz-Waldburg, the Princess Anna Paar, and others of no special note. Maria Dorothea Dietrich, the sister of the Dresden painter, and Crescentia Schott, already mentioned, labored professionally in the art.

Many were the fair painters who imitated the famous Rachel Ruysch. The representation of animals and objects in natural history became a favorite style, and the celebrity of Madame Merian stirred up many of her sex to emulate her success. The influence of example wrought as powerfully here as in every other matter.

In the early part of this century lived at Lubeck Catharina Elizabeth Heinecke, born in 1685, an enthusiastic patroness of flower-painting, and the mother of "the famous Lubeck child." We may mention also, amid a cloud of artists to be passed unnoticed, a family at Nuremberg, named Dietsch, that included three sisters of talent and accomplishment. Catharina Treu, born at Bamberg in 1742, obtained celebrity in the same line. She studied in Düsseldorf, attracted thither, doubtless, by the works of Rachel Ruysch, and received the appointment of cabinet-painter from Karl Theodore at Mannheim. Thence she returned to Düsseldorf to take the place of professor in the academy of art in that place.

To the same period belongs Caroline Frederika Friedrich, the first female pensionnaire who exercised her art as member of the academy in Dresden. Gertrude Metz of Cologne was also a disciple of Rachel Ruysch in Düsseldorf. Of a remaining host we name only the sisters Anna and Elizabeth Fuessli (Fuseli), who painted in the style of their father, and copied from nature the flowers and insects of Switzerland.

Copper-engraving was at this period practiced by a great number of women, and patronized by many fair and princely dilettanti. The Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, already named, possessed skill in this branch. We may now leave all these, to look at the women who distinguished themselves in the more commanding and elevated styles of historical and genre painting. Here appears more evidence of individuality in the treatment of particular subjects.

Place must be accorded first to ladies of the highest rank. Anna Amalia of Brunswick was a noted painter. Maria Anna, Archduchess of Austria, and daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, occupied her leisure hours in genre-painting and etching, and by her skill obtained considerable repute. Charlotte, Archduchess of Austria, was a member of the academy at Vienna, and as Queen of the Two Sicilies received instruction in Naples from Mura. The Duchess Sophia of Coburg-Saalfeld, besides her paintings, left some proofs of her skill in engraving toward the close of the century.

To these illustrious names may be added others who, like those royal dames, devoted themselves to art, and gained high appreciation from connoisseurs. Maria Elizabeth Wildorfer of Innspruck was busied in the same profession a long time in Rome, where she

poems, and Maria Lenngren by her dramatic productions; but only one artist of merit appears—the painter Ulrica Frederika Pasch, who, in 1773, was elected a member of the Academy at Stockholm.

In Denmark, where many women cultivated the muses, gaining celebrity for lyric and dramatic productions, a flower-painter, C. M. Ryding, and an engraver on copper, Alexia de Lodde, may be mentioned, as well as Margaretta Ziesenis, who devoted herself to painting portraits and historical pieces, and was somewhat famous for her copies in miniature, such as that of Correggio's Zingarella.

A much richer harvest opens in the Netherlands, in which the number of women pursuing art as a profession was not less than it had been in the preceding century. Among the Belgians the name of the sculptress Anna Maria von Reyschoot of Ghent must not be omitted.

MARIA VERELST.

Maria Verelst was born in 1680, at Antwerp. She was the daughter of the painter Herman Verelst, and belonged to a family abounding in celebrated artists. She received instruction from her uncle, Simon Verelst, and was highly esteemed, not only for her very uncommon skill in small portraits, while she attempted historical pieces successfully, but also for her attainments in the languages and music. She went with her father to London, then, as before and afterward, the rendezvous of foreign talent, and died there in 1744.

Descampes mentions a curious anecdote of her proficiency in the languages. During her residence in London, one evening at the theatre, she chanced to sit

near six German gentlemen of high rank. They were struck with her beauty and distinguished air, and expressed their admiration in conversation with each other, in the most high-flown terms which the German language could supply. The lady turned and addressed them in the same tongue, observing that such extravagant praise in the presence of a lady conveyed to her no real compliment. One of them soon after repeated his encomium in Latin. She again turned, and, replying in the same language, said, "It was unjust to deprive the fair sex of that classic tongue, the vehicle of so much true learning and taste."

With increased admiration the strangers begged permission to pay their respects in person to a lady so singularly endowed. Maria answered that she was a painter by profession, and lived with her uncle, Verelst the flower-painter. They did not lose time in availing themselves of the opportunity of seeing the fair artist and her works. Each of the gentlemen sat for his portrait, for which he gave liberal compensation. The story spread abroad, and proved an introduction for Maria into the best society.

Walpole remarks of this artist that she painted in oil both large and small portraits, and drew small history-pieces. She spoke Latin, German, Italian, and other languages fluently.

In Protestant Holland women artists are found in still greater numbers. Here the same favorable circumstances which had in former ages brought art to early bloom existed with little change. As women assumed an influential position in literature, so they did in the pictorial arts.

The religious spirit that animated many breathed in the hymns and odes of Petronella Mocas, and in the

didactic poetry of Lucretia van Merken; Elizabeth Wolff made herself known by her poetical epistles; and the national drama, the fair fruit of the seventeenth century, had a votary in the Baroness von Launoy, who made translations from Tyrtæus. In like manner did women show their enterprise in the branches of study which belong to our subject.

HENRIETTA WOLTERS.

Henrietta Wolters of Amsterdam gained no inconsiderable fame as a miniature-painter. She was the pupil of her father, Theodore van Pee, and was early accustomed to copy from Van der Velde and Vandyck. The miniature portraits afterward painted by her were so perfect in finish and execution, that the Czar Peter the Great, who seems to have become acquainted with her during his journey incognito through Holland, offered her a salary of six thousand florins as court-painter if she would remove to his capital. She received as much as four hundred florins for a single picture. She declined the imperial invitation, and remained in her home, where, having lived with her husband, the painter Wolters, since 1719, she died in 1741.

Passing over several of little note as artists, though among them are numbered the Princess Anna of Orange and Cornelia de Ryk, we may pause to mention Christina Chalon, who was born in Amsterdam in 1749, and received her education with another artist, Sarah Troost. She painted chiefly in gouache scenes from country life and family groups, and is said to have learned the engraver's art so young that she engraved a picture when only nine years old. She died at Leyden in 1808.

Caroline Scheffer belongs to the close of this century. She was the daughter and pupil of a painter, Ary Lamme, and married another, J. B. Scheffer of Mannheim, with whom she lived long in Amsterdam and Rotterdam. After her husband's death, in 1809, she went to Paris with her two sons, Ary and Henry, to give them the advantage of the best instruction in painting. They did credit to the care of this good and affectionate mother in the fame they acquired, and returned her devotion with due tenderness and filial love. She died at Paris in 1839.

To these names should be added those of several women who devoted themselves especially to landscape and flower painting—two branches in which Holland could boast artists of skill and renown. Among these are Elizabeth Ryberg, who lived in Rotterdam; Maria Jacoba Ommegank, and Alberta ten Oever of Gröningen, some of whose landscapes, in the manner of Ruysdael and Hobbema, were seen in the exhibition of 1818. Anna Moritz, Susanna Maria Nymegen, and Cornelia van der Myin, are named by Dr. Guhl.

Elizabeth Georgina van Hogenhuizen, a dilettante, born in Hague in 1776, became a disciple of Rachel Ruysch, and gave promise of attaining to a kindred celebrity, had not her life been cut short in the bloom of eighteen.

Among engravers on copper, who employed themselves with the pencil as well as the graver, may be mentioned Maria Elizabeth Simons; she engraved several pictures from Rubens and Van der Velde in the early part of the century.

In England, the political greatness of the nation and the appreciation of art among the nobility, more

than any natural predisposition of the people, proved favorable to the progress of a cultivated taste, and rewarded talent from other countries. Corresponding to the improvement in the prospects of art, we find a number of women occupied diligently in its pursuit.

A writer in one of the British reviews observes: "The profession of the painter would seem, in many respects, peculiarly fitted for woman. It demands no sacrifice of maiden modesty nor of matronly reserve; it leads her into no scenes of noisy revelry or unseemly license; it does not force her to stand up to be stared at, commented on, clapped or hissed by a crowded and often unmannered audience, who forget the woman in the artist. It leaves her, during a great portion of her time at least, beneath the protecting shelter of her home, beside her own quiet fireside, in the midst of those who love her and whom she loves. But, on the other hand, to attain high eminence, it demands the entire devotion of a life; it entails a toil and study, severe, continuous, and unbroken." There is enough in this twofold truth to account both for the number of women artists and the failure of many to reach the distinction they aimed at.

The assiduous cultivation of literature among ladies of the higher class in the eighteenth century is sufficiently attested by productions that yet remain for popular admiration. The names of Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Montague, Clara Reeve, Fanny Burney, Harriet and Sophia Lee, Mrs. Cowley, etc., posterity will not willingly let die; and the improvement in general education owes much to the beneficial influence of women who labored for this end, and strove also to introduce into society a less frivolous tone of manners and a more pervading respect for morality and religion.

Mrs. Trimmer, Hannah More, Mrs. Barbauld, are remembered with gratitude as having done their part in the good work; as also Elizabeth Smith, who added to her literary acquirements extraordinary talents and accomplishments both in music and painting.

It was after the introduction of a new manner by artists who had partaken of the inspiration of Carstens —such as Flaxman and Fuseli, near the close of the century—that the greater number of English female artists came into notice. It is necessary to mention only the most prominent. One third, at least, of the entire body in England were distinguished chiefly as amateurs, while in France the contrary was true, very few having been noted among the artists of this period.

First let us pay some attention to the sculptors. In the early part of the century Mrs. Samon modeled figures and historical groups in wax. It is said that the world-renowned Siddons was accustomed to amuse herself occasionally by attempts in sculpture. Lady E. Fitzgerald, Miss Ogle, Mrs. Wilmot, and Miss Andross, were also noted for their attempts in sculpture. But the place of pre-eminence, above all who had appeared down to the later years of the eighteenth century, belongs to Mrs. Damer.

ANNE SEYMOUR DAMER.

A rarer honor it is to a nation to be able to boast of a successful artist of aristocratic origin than of a celebrated statesman. The subject of this sketch was descended from families of the best blood of England. Born in 1748, she was the only child of Field Marshal Henry Seymour Conway (brother to the Marquis of Hertford) and Caroline Campbell, only daughter of

John, the fourth Duke of Argyle, and widow of the Earl of Aylesbury and Elgin. "Her birth entitled her to a life of ease and luxury; her beauty exposed her to the assiduities of suitors and the temptations of courts; but it was her pleasure to forget all such advantages, and dedicate the golden hours of her youth to the task of raising a name by working in wet clay, plaster of Paris, stubborn marble, and still more intractable bronze."*

The foundation of a pure and correct taste was laid in her superior education. She devoted herself early to study, and acquired a knowledge of general literature rare among women; became well acquainted with the history and arts of the nations of antiquity, and with the standard authors of England, France, and Italy. Her cousin, Horace Walpole, was greatly pleased with her enthusiasm, and took delight in directing her studies.

She had long been accustomed to gaze with admiration on the few beautiful pieces of ancient sculpture which she had opportunity of seeing, and she felt in her own soul that inspiration which is almost always the prophecy of success. It is said the bent of her genius was discovered by an adventure with David Hume, the historian. When eighteen or twenty years old, Anne was walking with him one day. They were accosted by an Italian boy, who offered for sale some plaster figures and vases. The historian examined his wares, and spent some minutes talking with the little fellow. Miss Conway afterward rallied Mr. Hume in company upon his taste for paltry plaster casts. He replied, with a touch of sarcasm, that the images she had viewed with such contempt had not

* Allan Cunningham.

been made without the aid of both science and genius, adding that a woman, even with all her attainments, could not produce such works. The young lady formed a determination from that moment to convince her monitor of his mistake.

She procured wax and modeling tools, worked in secret, and in a short time finished a head—some say a portrait of the philosopher, which she presented to him in no small triumph.

"This is very clever," observed Hume. "It really deserves praise for a first attempt; but, remember, it is much easier to model in wax than to chisel a bust from marble."

The persevering girl was resolved to compel the satirist to the admission that a woman could do more than he had supposed. Without any announcement of her design, she supplied herself with marble and all the necessary implements of labor. It was not long before she had copied out in marble, roughly perhaps, but faithfully, the head she had modeled in wax. She placed it before the historian, who was actually surprised into admiration, though he found something still to criticise in the want of fine workmanship and delicate finish. His fault-finding probably went far to stimulate her to new exertions. From this time the impulse of genius was strong within her, and she was firmly resolved even to seclude herself from the brilliant society by which she was surrounded for the purpose of devoting her life to the pursuit she found so congenial to her taste.

It could not long be concealed from the world of fashion that the admired Miss Conway had forsaken the mask and the dance, and was working, like any day-laborer, in wet clay; that she moved amid sub-

dued lights; that her glossy hair was covered with a mob cap to keep out the white dust of the marble, while an unsightly apron preserved her silk gown and embroidered slippers; that her white and delicate fingers were often soiled with clay, or grasped the hammer and the chisel. The strange story ran like wildfire among the circles of her acquaintance. Several titled ladies had wielded the pencil and the brush, but scarcely one could be remembered who had taken to sculpture. It may well be imagined that the spirited girl found pleasure in showing her independence, and that she was animated by a noble ambition to carve out for herself with the chisel a place among the honored among artists, worthy of a descendant of the Seymours and the Campbells. Works of genius seemed more than coronets to her; and noble actions, than Norman blood!

She now took lessons in modeling and the elemental part of sculpture, from Cerrachi—the same conspirator who was brought to the guillotine for plotting against Napoleon—while she perfected herself in the practical part of working in marble in the studio of the elder Bacon, and studied anatomy with Cruikshanks. She produced a number of ideal heads and busts, and some figures of animals, executed with skill; but her progress was slow, and she produced no work of note till seven years after her marriage.

At the age of nineteen she bestowed her hand upon the Hon. John Damer, the eldest son of Lord Milton, and the nephew of the Earl of Dorchester. This marriage proved a sad drawback to the improvement of our young artist. Damer—"heir in expectancy to thirty thousand a year—was at once eccentric and extravagant. Those were the days of silk, and lace, and

embroidery, and he adorned his person with all that was costly, and loved to surprise his friends and vex his wife by appearing thrice a day in a new suit." He furnished for Miss Burney, remarks Mrs. Lee, "in her celebrated novel of Cecilia, a character in real life—Harrington, the guardian of her heroine." He became the prey of tailors and money-lenders in London; his extravagance daily increased, and he scattered a princely fortune in a few years. In nine years this unhappy union was terminated by the suicide of the husband, who shot himself with a pistol, in the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, in August, 1776. His wardrobe, which was sold at auction, is said to have brought fifteen thousand pounds—perhaps half its cost.

The widow, left childless, availed herself of her recovered freedom to take journeys with the object of gaining new ideas in the art she loved. She traveled through France, Spain, and Italy, renewing her studies in sculpture. At this time it was the fashion for ladies to take a warm interest in politics. Mrs. Damer became an ardent partisan of the Whig cause, and active in helping to carry elections.

Mrs. Lee observes: "Gentlemen have no objection to ladies being politicians if they take the right side: to wit, that to which they themselves belong; and Mrs. Damer conscientiously adopted the opinions of the Whig party. At that time Great Britain was waging war with her American colonies. She took the part of the rebellious subjects, warmly espoused our cause, and bravely advanced her opinions." She was a warm friend of Fox.

Walpole thus speaks of his cousin's works, which soon acquired her fame as a sculptor: "Mrs. Damer's busts from the life are not inferior to the antique. Her

shock dog, large as life, and only not alive, has a looseness and softness in the curls that seemed impossible to terra-cotta; it rivals the marble one of Bernini in the royal collection. As the ancients have left us but five animals of equal merit with their human figures—viz., the Barberini goat, the Tuscan boar, the Mattei eagle, the eagle at Strawberry Hill, and Mr. Jenning's dog—the talent of Mrs. Damer must appear in the most distinguished light." Cerrachi gave a whole figure of Anne as the Muse of Sculpture, preserving the graceful lightness of her form and air.

The poet Darwin says:

> "Long with soft touch shall Damer's chisel charm;
> With grace delight us, and with beauty warm."

After 1780, she produced several fine specimens of sculpture, both in marble and terra-cotta. She made a group of sleeping dogs, in marble, for the Duke of Richmond, her brother-in-law, and another for Queen Charlotte. She presented a bust of herself, in 1778, to the Florentine Gallery, and executed several of her titled lady relatives, which were esteemed as works of great merit, and still adorn the galleries of noble connoisseurs. Two colossal heads of her workmanship, representing Thames and Isis, were designed for the keystones of the bridge at Henley.

Envy was busy, as it generally is, in disputing the claims of this noble lady to the entire authorship of her celebrated productions; but, though they exhibit a varied character, there was no proof that she availed herself of more assistance than is usual for all sculptors, both in modeling and marble-work. Subordinate hands are always employed in preparing the model and removing the superfluous material.

Mrs. Damer complied with the fancy of the day in

idealizing the portraits of some of her friends into muses and deities. To please her fast friend, Horace Walpole, she presented him with two kittens in marble, wrought by herself, as an addition to the curiosities of his villa. Still more endearing than their relationship was her agreement with him in political opinions.

She had lost her father at the time she went abroad in 1779. The seas were filled with the armed vessels of France, America, and Great Britain, and there was some danger in crossing the Channel. The sculptress was protected, it is true, by her sympathy with the Transatlantic "rebels" and by her character of artist. However, the vessel in which she sailed encountered a French man-of-war, with which a running fight was kept up for four hours. But "the heroic daughter of a hero" manifested both sense and coolness. The French prevailed; the packet struck its colors within sight of Ostend; but Mrs. Damer was not detained in captivity.

She now devoted herself more assiduously to the study of classic authors, with the view of entering more fully into the feeling and character of antique sculpture. She kept notes of her reflections as she contemplated the works of art in Italy, with the remarks of critics. She was bent on accomplishing some great work, the glory of which should eclipse the lustre of her hereditary dignity. She had more ambition to become distinguished as a sculptor than as the descendant of the high aristocracy of Britain.

Returning from Italy and Spain, she took part in the election that terminated in the triumph of Charles Fox. Mrs. Crewe and the lovely Duchess of Devonshire joined her in canvassing for their favorite, the

Whig candidate, "rustling their silks in the lowest sinks of sin and misery, and, in return for the electors' 'most sweet voices,' submitting, it is said, their own sweet cheeks to the salutes of butchers and bargemen."

An old elector said to Cunningham: "It was a fine sight to see a grand lady come right smack up to us hard-working mortals, with a hand held out, and a 'Master, how d' ye do?' and laugh so loud, and talk so kind, and shake us by the hand, and say, 'Give us your vote, worthy sir—a plumper for the people's friend, our friend, every body's friend.' And then, sir, if we hummed and hawed, they would ask us for our wives and children; and if that didn't do, they'd think nothing of a kiss—ay, a dozen on 'em. Kissing was nothing to them, and it came all so natural."

It is recorded, also, that Mrs. Damer was fond of private theatricals, and recited poetry and personated characters in plays performed at the Duke of Richmond's and elsewhere. Her talents in high comedy won deserved applause, and many of our actresses would be eclipsed by her performance in the standard old pieces. But though she took part in such entertainments for the pleasure of others, her own delight was in sculpture alone. Her busts in bronze, marble, and terra-cotta became ornaments to the rich collections of her friends. Her statue of the king in marble was established in the Edinburgh Register Office. She consecrated a monumental bust to the memory of the countess her mother, whose pieces of needle-work had equaled the finest paintings. She formed a design to perpetuate the memory of a noble act by Lord William Campbell, her uncle, he having once leaped from a boat into the Thames, and dived down sixteen feet, to

save the life of a drowning man. This work was never finished in marble.

Mrs. Damer's heroes, out of her own family, were Fox, Nelson, and Napoleon; and she was acquainted with them all. She executed the busts of the first two, and it was one of her fancies to record in a small book the remarks of "the Napoleon of the waves" during his conversations with her. During her visit in France she formed a friendship for the Viscountess Beauharnais; and many years afterward a French gentleman brought her a letter from the wife of the First Consul, with a splendid present of porcelain. She was invited to Paris by her former friend, who desired to present her to Napoleon. The latter asked her for a bust of Fox, which Mrs. Damer brought to the emperor on a subsequent visit to Paris. The emperor presented her with a splendid snuff-box and his portrait set with diamonds.

Walpole died in 1797, bequeathing to this daughter of General Conway for her life, his Gothic villa of "Strawberry Hill," with its rich and rare contents—books and artistic curiosities — and two thousand pounds a year to keep the place in repair. It has "become famous from its connection with the studies of the accomplished author of the Castle of Otranto." Here Mrs. Damer was happy in entertaining her friends, not only with feasts of good things at her table, but with private theatrical performances, in which she often took part. Joanna Baillie, the matchless Siddons, Mrs. Garrick, Mrs. Berry and her daughters, were among her chosen companions. The classic villa, however, had been entailed upon Lord Waldegrave, and Mrs. Damer was induced to give it up to him ten years previous to her own death. She purchased

York House in the neighborhood, the birth-place of Queen Anne. This was her summer residence, her winter house being in Park Lane.

As she approached the close of life, and saw the heroes of her early enthusiasm pass away, her love of sculpture increased. She thought the art might be made to render important aid in the civilization and religious improvement of Hindostan and the Indian isles, and often talked with Sir Alexander Johnston of substituting Christian subjects in sculpture for the idols of heathenism in those regions. She was, unfortunately, no longer young enough for such an enterprise; yet the idea was a noble one. She executed the bust of Nelson in marble for a present to the King of Tanjore—a Hindoo sovereign of power and influence in the south of Asia. That specimen of her skill may have tended to disseminate in that remote nation a desire for statuary by British artists.

A list of thirty of her works has been published. A beautiful bust of herself, executed by her in marble, was in the collection of Richard Payne Knight, and was bequeathed by him to the British Museum. Her group of "The Death of Cleopatra," represented the closing scene of Shakspeare's tragedy. The Queen of Egypt, having failed to excite the pity of Octavius Cæsar, and resolved to follow her departed love, has applied the "venomous worm of Nile" to her breast. The words

> "Come, mortal wretch,
> With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
> Of life at once untie,"

are embodied in the expression.

This tasteful composition was modeled in basso-relievo, and was engraved by Hellyer as a vignette title to the second volume of Boydell's Shakspeare.

Mrs. Damer's health declined in the spring of 1828, and on the 28th of May she departed this life, in her eightieth year. She left to her relative Sir Alexander Johnston all her works in marble, bronze, and terra-cotta, and her mother's needle pictures, with directions that her apron and tools should be buried in her coffin, and that her manuscript memoranda and correspondence should be destroyed. She was interred in the church of Tunbridge, Kent.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be respecting the genius and works of this sculptress, there can be none in pronouncing her an extraordinary woman. She would have been called "strong-minded" in our day, for she sent a friendly message to Napoleon on the eve of Waterloo, canvassed an election for Fox, and entertained Queen Caroline during her trial! In her estimation, genius and generous impulse were above the conventionalities of birth and fashion. It is difficult to estimate fairly the productions of a favored child of wealth and splendor, and one eminent for learning and wit. Her works have been severely criticised, and those who most admire her independent career, are disposed to deny her the possession of great originality and such a practical knowledge of art as would enable her to finish with a good degree of perfection. It has been remarked, however, that her conception was generally superior to her execution.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Mary Moser.—Nollekens' House.—Skill in Flower-painting.—The Fashions.—Queen Charlotte.—Patience Wright.—Birth in New Jersey.—Quaker Parents.—Childish Taste for Modeling.—Marriage.—Widowhood.—Wax-modeling.—Rivals Madame Tussaud.—Residence in England.—Sympathy with America in Rebellion.—Correspondence with Franklin.—Intelligence conveyed.—Freedom of Speech to Majesty.—Franklin's Postscript.—"The Promethean Modeler."—Letter to Jefferson.—Patriotism.—Art the Fashion.—Aristocratic lady Artists.—Princesses Painting.—Lady Beauclerk.—Walpole's "Beauclerk Closet."—Designs and Portrait.—Lady Lucan.—Her Illustrations of Shakspeare.—Walpole's Criticism.—Other Works.—Mary Benwell and others.—Anna Smyters and others.—Madame Prestel.—Mrs. Grace.—Mrs. Wright.—Flower-painters.—Catherine Read and others.—Maria Cosway.—Peril in Infancy.—Lessons.—Resolution to take the Veil.—Visit to London.—Marriage.—Cosway's Painting.—Vanity and Extravagance.—The beautiful Italian Paintress.—Cosway's Prudence and Management.—Brilliant evening Receptions.—Aristocratic Friends.—The Epigram on the Gate.—Splendid new House and Furniture.—Failing Health.—France and Italy.—Institution at Lodi.—Singular Occurrence.—Death of Cosway.—Return to Lodi.—Maria's Style and Works.

MARY MOSER.

THIS lady, a member of the Royal Academy in London, is mentioned by the biographers of Nollekens as "skillful in painting flowers, sarcastic when she held the pen." She liked to visit the illiterate Nollekens, at whose house, with a cup of tea, she occasionally enjoyed the company of Dr. Johnson. Smith does not hesitate to charge her with having set her cap at Fu-

seli, "but his heart, unfortunately, had already been deeply pierced by Angelica Kauffman."

She was the daughter of a German artist in enameling, but was educated in England. She was truly wonderful in flower-pieces. The tasteful decorations of some new apartments in Windsor Palace were executed by her hand.

While in London she wrote thus to her friend Mrs. Lloyd:

"Come to London and admire our plumes; we sweep the sky! A duchess wears six feathers, a lady four, and every milkmaid one at each corner of her cap! * * * Fashion is grown a monster; pray tell your operator that your hair must measure just three quarters of a yard from the extremity of one wing to the other."

Queen Charlotte took particular notice of Miss Moser, and for a considerable time employed her for the decoration of one chamber, which her majesty commanded to be called Miss Moser's room, and for which the queen paid upward of nine hundred pounds.

PATIENCE WRIGHT.

This extraordinary woman, as Dunlap rightly calls her, was born, like West, among a people who professed to eschew all that is imaginative or pictorial. Her parents, who were Quakers, lived at Bordentown, New Jersey, where Patience Lovell was born in 1725. Her uncommon talent for imitation was shown long before she had an opportunity of seeing any work of art. The dough meant for the oven, or the clay found near her dwelling, supplied her with materials out of which she moulded figures that bore a recognizable resemblance to human beings, and, ere long, to the persons with whom she was most familiar.

She married Joseph Wright of Bordentown in 1748. He lived only nineteen years. Before 1772 the lady had gained not a little celebrity in some of the cities of the United States for her astonishing likenesses in wax. A widow, with three children dependent on her for support, she was obliged to seek a larger field for her efforts. The prospect of success in London was good, and to London she went.

There is testimony in English journals of the day that her works were thought extraordinary of their kind. She bade fair to rival the famous Madame Tussaud. Her conversational powers and general intelligence gained her the attention and friendship of several among the distinguished men of the day. Though a resident of England, her sympathies were engaged in behalf of her countrymen during the struggle of the American Revolution. It is said she even rendered important aid to the cause by sending to American officers intelligence of the designs of the British government. She corresponded with Franklin while he was in Paris; and as soon as a new general was appointed, or a squadron began to be fitted out, he was sure to know it. She was often able to gain information in families where she visited, and to transmit to her American friends accounts of the number of British troops and the places of their destination.

At one time she had frequent access to Buckingham House, and was accustomed to express her sentiments freely to their majesties, who were amused with her originality. The great Chatham honored her with his visits, and she took the full-length likeness of him, which appears in a glass case in Westminster Abbey.

The following is the postscript to one of Franklin's

letters, offering service should she return to America through France:

"My grandson, whom you may remember when a little saucy boy at school, being my amanuensis in writing the within letter, has been diverting me with his remarks. He conceives that your figures can not be packed up without damage from any thing you could fill the boxes with to keep them steady. He supposes, therefore, that you must put them into post-chaises, two and two, which will make a long train upon the road, and be a very expensive conveyance; but, as they will eat nothing at the inns, you may the better afford it. When they come to Dover, he is sure, they are so like life and nature, that the master of the packet will not receive them on board without passports. It will require, he says, five or six of the long French stage-coaches to convey them as passengers from Calais to Paris; and a ship with good accommodations to convey them to America, where all the world will wonder at your clemency to Lord N——, that, having it in your power to hang or send him to the lighters, you had generously reprieved him for transportation."

Mrs. Wright was sometimes called "Sibylla," as she professed to foretell political events. In a London magazine of 1775 she is called "the Promethean modeler," with the remark: "In her very infancy she discovered such a striking genius, and began making faces with new bread and putty to such an extent that she was advised to try her skill in wax."

Her likenesses of the king, queen, Lord Temple, Lord Chatham, Barry, Wilkes, and others, attracted universal attention. Critics gave her credit for wonderful natural abilities, and said she would have been a

miracle if the advantages of a liberal education had fallen to her lot. Noticing her quick and brilliant eyes, their glance was said to "penetrate and dart through the person looked on." She had a faculty of distinguishing the characters and dispositions of her visitors, and was rarely mistaken in her judgment of them.

Dunlap farther speaks of "an energetic wildness in her manner. While conversing she was busy modeling, both hands being under her apron."

Her eldest daughter married Mr. Platt, an American; she inherited some of her mother's talents. She became well known in New York about 1787 by her modeling in wax. The younger was the wife of Hoppner, the rival of Stuart and Lawrence in portrait-painting. The young lady's sweet face may be recognized in some historical compositions. The British Consul at Venice, mentioned by Moore in his Life of Byron, was the grandson of Mrs. Wright.

Mrs. Wright lost favor with George III. by her earnest reproofs for his sanction of the war with America. She went to Paris in 1781, but was in London in 1785, when she wrote to Jefferson that she was delighted that her son Joseph had painted the best likeness of Washington of any painter in America. Washington himself said he "should think himself happy to have his bust done by Mrs. Wright, whose uncommon talents," etc.

She wished not only to make a likeness of the hero, but of those gentlemen who had assisted at signing the treaty of peace. "To shame the English king," she says, "I would go to any trouble and expense, to add my mite to the stock of honor due to Adams, Jefferson, and others, to send to America." And she

offered to go herself to Paris and mould the likeness of Jefferson. She wished to consult him how best to honor her country by holding up the likenesses of her eminent men, either in painting or wax-work; and hinted at the danger of sending Washington's picture to London, from the enmity of the government and the espionage of the police; the latter, she observes, having "all the folly, without the ability, of the French."

The exercise of artistic accomplishment was now so popular, that culture in painting, drawing, and etching became general in the education of young ladies. The fashion of patronizing the arts, too, was in vogue among women of the highest rank. Lady Dorothea Saville painted portraits and drew admirable sketches. Lady Louisa de Greville and her sister Augusta were ardent connoisseurs. The Countess Lavinia Spencer was celebrated for her skill in etching; and Lady Amherst, Lady Temple, and Lady Henry Fitzgerald, were noted artists.

Two princesses of the royal family took pleasure in painting. Princess Elizabeth drew with taste and skill. She engraved a "Birth of Love" after Tomkins, and produced several original specimens of great beauty. One of her fancy-pieces was "Cupid turned Volunteer," which appeared, in 1804, in a series of prints engraved with poetical illustrations. The designs were beautiful. Three years later, a series of twenty-four etchings by her royal highness was published. They evinced spirit and taste, and a deep feeling for the beautiful.

Charlotte Matilda, afterward Queen of Wurtemberg, drew and painted landscapes after the manner of Waterloo.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

Lady Diana Spencer, the wife of Topham Beauclerk, and the daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, was celebrated as an amateur artist, and produced drawings that gained the enthusiastic admiration of Walpole. In 1776 he built a hexagonal tower, which he called "Beauclerk Closet," as it was constructed "purposely for the reception of seven incomparable drawings by Lady Diana, illustrating scenes in his 'Mysterious Mother.'" They were conceived and executed in a fortnight. In 1796 the lady produced designs for a translation of Bürger's ballad of "Leonore," by her nephew, published in folio the following year. Lady Diana also finished a series of designs for a splendid edition of Dryden's Fables in folio. These show that she possessed an elegant and fertile imagination, with a truly classic taste. In her portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, the nymph-like grace of the figure is like what a Grecian sculptor would give to the form of a dryad or river-goddess.

She died in 1808, at the age of seventy-four.

MARGARET, COUNTESS OF LUCAN,

possessed a remarkable talent for copying miniatures and illuminations. She completed a series of embellishments of Shakspeare's historical plays, in five folio volumes, now preserved in the library at Althorp. For sixteen years she devoted herself to the pursuit, indulging in "the pleasurable toil" of illustrating that great work. She commenced this enterprise when fifty years of age, and ended it at sixty-six. Walpole says: "Whatever of taste, beauty, and judgment in decoration, by means of landscapes, flowers, birds, her-

aldic ornaments and devices, etc., could dress our immortal bard in a yet more fascinating form, has been accomplished by a noble hand, which undertook a Herculean task, and with a true delicacy and finish of execution that has been rarely equaled."

Lady Lucan also copied the most exquisite works of Isaac and Peter Oliver, Hoskins, and Cooper; "with genius," says her admiring friend, "that almost depreciated those masters;" and "transferring the vigor of Raphael to her copies in water-colors." She died in 1815.

The Countess of Tott exhibited in 1804 her portrait of the famous Elfi Bey. Lord Orford speaks of Mrs. Delany's skill in painting and imitating flowers with cuttings of colored paper. This lady is mentioned by Madame d'Arblay, in her Diary, as the queen's friend, the wife of Patrick Delany, who was the intimate friend of Dean Swift.

Among a host of minor women artists may be mentioned Mary Benwell, who painted portraits and miniatures in oil and crayons, exhibited from 1762 to 1783. She married Code, who was in the army, and purchased rank for him. He was stationed at Gibraltar, where he died. Mrs. Code retired from her profession in 1800. Miss Anna Ladd, skilled in the same branch, died in 1770. Agatha van der Myn also painted flowers, fruits, and birds in England.

Anna Smyters, the wife of a sculptor and architect, acquired celebrity for her miniatures and water-color paintings. One, representing a wind-mill with sails spread, a miller with his sack on his shoulder, a carriage and horse, and a road leading to a village, was complete, of a size so small that it could be covered by a grain of corn.

Miss Anna Jemima Provis was said to have made known to some English artists the receipt for coloring used by the great Venetian masters. It had been brought from Italy by her grandfather.

Mrs. Dards opened a new exhibition with flower-paintings, in the richest colors. They were exact imitations of nature, done with fish-bones.

Mrs. Hoadley, wife of the Bishop of Winchester, was well skilled in painting. Caroline Watson was eminent in engraving. She was born in London, 1760. Receiving instruction from her father, she engraved several subjects in mezzotinto and in the dotted manner. Her productions were said to possess great merit. Miss Hartley, who etched admirably, preceded her.

Maria Catharine Prestel was the wife of a German painter and engraver. She aided him in some of his best plates, particularly landscapes. The marriage was not happy, and the pair separated. Madame Prestel came to England in 1786, where she engraved prints in a style surpassed by no artist for spirit and delicacy. She made etchings, and finished in aquatinta in a fine picturesque manner. She died in London in 1794.

Mrs. Grace exhibited her works seven years in the Society of Artists. They were chiefly portraits in oil, rather heavy in coloring. She attempted a historical subject in 1767: Antigonus, Seleucus, and Stratonice. Her residence was in London.

Mrs. Wright, the daughter of Mr. Guise—one of the gentlemen of his majesty's Chapel Royal at St. James's, and master of the choristers at Westminster—was a successful painter in miniature. She married, unfortunately, a French emigrant, who shortly afterward left her, and went to France, where he died. Her sec-

ond husband was Mr. Wright, a miniature-painter. She died in 1802.

Fiorillo also mentions Betty Langley, Miss Noel, Miss Linwood, Miss Bell, Madame Beaurepas, and the eldest daughter of Smirke the academician.

Walpole mentions Elizabeth Neal as a distinguished paintress, who went to Holland. She painted flowers so admirably, that she was said to rival the famous Zeghers.

Among English flower-painters should not be forgotten Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, Miss Gray, Anna Ladd, Anna Lee, and Mary Lawrence, who busied herself with a splendid work on roses—painting and engraving the illustrations.

Catherine Read painted beautiful family scenes, and obtained considerable reputation as a painter of portraits, both in oil and crayon. A crayon, in the possession of a lady of New York, was recognized as hers by an eminent American painter. She lived near St. James's, and frequently sent pieces to the exhibition. Several mezzotint prints after her pictures were published. In 1770 she went to the East Indies, staid a few years, and returned to England. Her niece, Miss Beckson, also an artist, who went with her to the East Indies, afterward married a baronet.

Some of Anna Trevingard's pictures were engraved. Miss Drax and Miss Martin engraved from Tomkins and Der Petit; Miss Morland and Catharine Mary Fanshawe drew and engraved twenty pictures of historical scenes. The zealous and industrious Mary Spilsbury's studies from country life, and particularly those in which she represented her rural scenes and sports of children, have been reproduced in engravings.

It is certainly surprising that engraving and flower-

painting did not boast at this time a greater number of distinguished followers.

It now becomes our task to linger a moment over the history of a paintress whose genius and attainments won for her an enviable reputation, and whose life experience illustrates the condition and circumstances of art amid the higher classes of English society.

MARIA COSWAY.

Maria Hadfield was the daughter of an Englishman who became rich by keeping a hotel in Leghorn. It is said he lost four children in infancy, and detected a maid-servant in the avowal that she sent them to heaven out of love, and meant that the fifth, Maria, should follow the rest. The woman was imprisoned for life, and the child was sent to a convent to be educated. There she received lessons in music and drawing, in common with other branches. Returning home, she devoted herself to painting, and the acquaintance she afterward formed at Rome with Battomi, Mengs, Maron, and Fuseli, with her contemplation of the works of art in churches and palaces, contributed to the farther development of her talents.

At her father's death she formed the resolution of entering a cloister, but her mother persuaded her to accompany her first to London. There the young girl became acquainted with the interesting and popular Angelica Kauffman, who easily prevailed on her to relinquish all idea of taking the veil.

The change of resolution was followed not long afterward by Maria's marriage with Richard Cosway, a portrait and miniature painter, who occupied a high position, and whose soft, pliant, and idealized style was well adapted to please rich patrons whose van-

ity desired the most favorable representation. In his carefully-finished miniatures the most ordinary features were transformed into beauty, and pale, watery eyes were made to sparkle with intellectual expression. This faculty of beautifying rendered him the favorite of the wealthy and aristocratic. He was, moreover, a member of the Academy, and had the honor of being called a friend by the Prince of Wales, circumstances which contributed still more to make him the "fashion." But, unfortunately, he had not good sense enough to wear these honors meekly. Vanity led him into ridiculous extravagances. He dressed in the extreme of the mode, and kept his servants costumed in the like absurd manner; he gave expensive entertainments, and succeeded in drawing around him a number of frivolous young sprigs of nobility, who would do him the favor of drinking his Champagne and scattering his money at play, and the next morning would amuse their "set" by laughing heartily over the pretensions of the "parvenu."

Such was the situation of Cosway when he fell in love with Maria Hadfield, wooed, and won her, and took his wife to his magnificently furnished house. Maria was very young, and, having come recently from Italy, was inexpert both in the English language and English customs. Her fashionable husband chose to keep her strictly isolated from all society till she should learn to appear with dignity and grace in the distinguished circles where he meant she should move.

Meanwhile he caused her to complete her artistic education, and to practice on the lessons she received. Her miniatures soon gained such appreciation that the highest praise was awarded to them of all that appeared at the Royal Academy exhibitions. Maria was

even pointed out in the street as the successful artist. Then arrived the time when, in Cosway's opinion, she was fitted to become the central point of attraction in his house for the brilliant society he loved.

Very soon the talk every where was of the young, beautiful, and gifted Italian. Cosway's receptions were crowded, and half the carriages at his door contained sitters ambitious of the honor of being painted by the hand of his lovely wife. Her portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire in the character of Spenser's Cynthia raised her to the pinnacle of reputation.

Cosway, however, was too prudent, and, at the same time, too proud to permit his wife to be esteemed a professional painter, for he knew well that her productions would have greater value as the work of an amateur. To be painted by her was thus represented and regarded as a special favor; and costly presents were frequently added to the customary payments for her pictures.

In another matter the husband was more indulgent. Maria was passionately fond of music, and he permitted her to exercise her gift of song at the brilliant companies invited to his magnificent abode. This completed the enchantment. Visitors came in such numbers that the house would scarcely contain them; and all who were fashionable, or had any aristocratic pretensions, were sure to be found in Cosway's drawing-rooms. There would be the poet whose latest effusion was the rage in high circles; the author of the last sensation-speech in Parliament; any rising star in art, or any hero of a wonderful adventure; in short, all the lions of London were gathered in that place of resort, to see and to be seen, and, above all, to listen to the charming Cosway. The Honorable Mrs. Da-

mer, Lady Lyttleton, the Countess of Aylesbury, Lady Cecilia Johnston, and the Marchioness of Townshend, were Maria's most intimate friends, and were usually present to add splendor to her receptions; while among the men were General Paoli, Lords Sandys and Erskine, and his royal highness the Prince of Wales, the foreign embassadors being also invited upon special occasions.

The mansion in Pall Mall was soon found too small to accommodate such an influx of visitors, and to display its master's works and finery. A new one was taken in Oxford Street.

Several of Cosway's biographers mention the fact that the figure of a lion beside the entrance put it into some wag's head to stick on the door an epigram that had a severe point, as the foppish little painter was "not much unlike a monkey in the face:"

> "When a man to a fair for a show brings a lion,
> 'Tis usual a monkey the sign-post to tie on;
> But here the old custom reversed is seen,
> For the lion's without, and the monkey's within."

The artist left the house in consequence of this foolish joke, and fitted up another in the same street, with the magnificence of a fairy palace. The author of "Nollekens and his Times" says:

"His new house he fitted up in so picturesque, and, indeed, so princely a style, that I regret drawings were not made of the general appearance of each apartment; for many of the rooms were more like scenes of enchantment, penciled by a poet's fancy, than any thing perhaps before displayed in a domestic habitation. His furniture consisted of ancient chairs, couches, and conversation-stools, elaborately carved and gilt, and covered with the most costly Genoa velvets; es-

critoirs of ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; and rich caskets for antique gems, exquisitely enameled, and adorned with onyxes, opals, rubies, and emeralds. There were also cabinets of ivory, curiously wrought; mosaic tables set with jasper, blood-stone, and lapis lazuli, having their feet carved into the claws of lions and eagles; screens of old raised Oriental Japan; massive musical clocks, richly chased with ormolu and tortoise-shell; ottomans superbly damasked; Persian and other carpets, with corresponding hearth-rugs, bordered with ancient family crests, and armorial ensigns in the centre; and rich hangings of English tapestry. The carved chimney-pieces were adorned with the choicest bronzes, models in wax, and terra-cotta; the tables were covered with old Sèvre, blue Mandarin, Nankin, and Dresden China; and the cabinets were surmounted with crystal cups, adorned with the York and Lancaster roses, which might probably have graced the splendid banquets of the proud Wolsey."

But splendor, fashionable position, success as an artist, and the friendship of princes and nobles could not make Richard Cosway happy. He saw the sneers lurking beneath the smiles of his aristocratic guests, and he heard the rumor that he was accused by other artists of using his talents to flatter the great, whose fleeting favor could not, after all, confer upon him lasting reputation. Maria's health, too, began to fail; and, as the London climate was no longer endurable for her, her husband took her to travel on the Continent. They went to Paris and Flanders. One day, as they walked in the Gallery of the Louvre, Cosway pointed to the naked wall, and said his cartoons would look well in that place. He presented them to the French king,

who accepted and hung them up, giving the painter in return four splendid pieces of Gobelin tapestry, which Cosway presented to the Prince of Wales.

With improved health, Mrs. Cosway returned to England and resumed her brilliant parties. But her spirits again failing, she accompanied her brother to Italy, expecting her husband to join her.

Three years' residence in that soft clime quite restored her health, and she set out on her return to London. A new and terrible trial awaited her there: she was called to mourn the death of her only daughter.

Again she departed for France, and, after the breaking out of the war between that country and England, pursued her journey to Italy. She established at Lodi a college for the education of young ladies on a plan she had arranged for a similar institution at Lyons.

On the establishment of peace she returned to England, and became the tender nurse of her invalid husband, trying to solace the weary hours which were passed in weakness and pain.

Upon Mrs. Cosway's return, Smith informs us, "she had caused the body of their departed child, which her husband had preserved in an embalmed state within a marble sarcophagus that stood in the drawing-room of his house in Stratford Place, to be conveyed to Bunhill Row, where it was interred, sending the sarcophagus to Mr. Nollekens, the sculptor, to take care of for a time. It is a curious coincidence that the same hour this sarcophagus was removed from Mr. Nolleken's residence, Mr. Cosway died in the carriage of his old friend, Miss Udney, who had been accustomed, during his infirm state, occasionally to give him an airing," and had taken him out that morning, as the weather was fine.

Maria heard the sound of the returning wheels, and, hastening down to receive her husband, found only his lifeless corpse. He had died suddenly, upon a third and last attack of paralysis, July 4, 1821, at the advanced age of eighty.

The widow returned to Lodi, where her ladies' college was still flourishing. The place was endeared to her by many happy memories, and there she was loved and respected by a large circle of friends. She died in 1821.

In her style Mrs. Cosway appears to have taken much from Flaxman and Fuseli. In many of her works something fantastic is embodied, which is associated with more of the wild and terrible than we usually find in the creations of a mind at ease. No doubt her inconsolable grief for the loss of her child was the cause of this unfeminine peculiarity. She originated compositions from Virgil and Homer, as well as from Spenser and Shakspeare.

The engraving from a portrait of Maria Cosway represents her in the bloom of youth, with a profusion of light hair dressed after the then prevailing mode. The fresh and delicate loveliness of the face is most attractive, and there is a wonderful beauty in the large, soft eyes, and the artless innocence that beams in their expression. The celebrated Mrs. Cowley, in a letter to her, thus speaks of her portrait: "If you can draw every body as justly as the fair Maria Cosway, you will be the first portrait-painter in the kingdom."

She painted a portrait of Madame Le Brun. One of her latest works was a picture representing Madame Recamier as a guardian angel watching a slumbering child. "The Winter's Day," in twelve pieces, was a series by her, and she also published a book of

drawings jointly with Hopner. Her "Lama," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1788, showed a female figure reclining by a stream; and the striking likeness to Mrs. Fitzherbert caused no little sensation.

MADAME TUSSAUD.

Madame Tussaud's famous wax-work collection was first opened in Paris about 1770, by M. Courcius, her uncle. Though consisting then chiefly of busts, with a few full-length figures, it attracted much attention as a novelty; and Louis XVI. was wont to amuse himself by placing living figures, costumed, among the wax ones. In 1802 Madame Tussaud opened her exhibition in London; afterward visiting all the large towns in Great Britain. Her rooms were large and splendidly decorated, and her figures were magnificently dressed—some in their own royal robes, with crowns, stars, orders, and regal finery. Among the historical groups is one of Henry VIII. and his family. The exhibition is still kept up in the largest saloon in Europe, more than forty persons being kept constantly employed in the care of it.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Close of the golden Age of Art in France.—Corruption of Manners.—Influence of female Genius.—Reign of Louis XVI.—Female Energy in the Revolution.—Charlotte Corday.—Greater Number of female Artists in Germany.—Reasons why.—French Women devoted to Engraving.—Stamp-cutters.—A Sculptress enamored.—A few Paintresses.—The Number increasing.—Influence of the great French Masters.—Sèvres-painting.—Genre-painting.—Disciples of Greuze.—Portrait-painting in vogue.—Caroline Sattler.—Flower-painters, etc.—Engravers.—Two eminent Paintresses.—Adelaide Vincent.—Marriage.—Portraits and other Works.—The Revolution.—Elizabeth Le Brun.—Talent for Painting.—Her Father's Delight.—Instruction.—Friendship with Vernet.—Poverty and Labor.—Avaricious Step-father.—Her Earnings squandered.—Success and Temptation.—Acquaintance with Le Brun.—Maternal Counsels to Marriage.—Secret Marriage.—Warnings too late.—The Mask falls.—Luxury for the Husband, Labor and Privation for the Wife.—Success and Scandal.—French Society.—Friendship with Marie Antoinette.—La Harpe's Poem.—Evening Receptions.—Splendid Entertainments.—Scarcity of Seats.—Petits Soupers.—The Grecian Banquet.—Reports concerning it.—Departure from France.—Triumphal Progress.—Reception in Bologna.—In Rome.—In Naples.—In Florence.—Madame Le Brun's Portrait.—Goethe's Remarks.—New Honors.—Reception at Vienna.—An old Friend in Berlin.—Residence in Russia.—Return to France.—Loyalty.—Her Pictures.—Death of her Husband and Daughter.—Advanced Age.—Autobiography.—An emblematic Life.

THE golden age of French literature and art came to a close with the life of Louis XIV. A shadow only of that fortunate epoch lingered during the years succeeding, and the general corruption of manners soon obliterated even that. But in the reign of Louis XV.

were glimpses of a better state of things, and the influence of female genius and merit was apparent, as a long list of names in literature can testify. Vice held sway, however, in the latter years of this monarch, and hypocrisy became the only homage paid by the court to virtue.

The sceptre passed into the hands of Louis XVI., a feeble prince, whose virtues were those of the man, not the sovereign. When the throne was shattered, and revolution broke out, the women of France regained their energy. They were heroines under the sway of the Decemvirs. What self-sacrifice, for example, can outshine that of Charlotte Corday—the greater than Brutus? And what was begun by a woman, a woman completed: Madame Cabarrus shared in the glory of those great events! Those days had writers, too, whom posterity has crowned with the garland woven by their contemporaries.

In comparing woman's progress and her cultivation of art in France with those of other nations, and especially the German, we may notice important differences. The number of female artists was far greater in Germany, perhaps because many cities in that land were central points, affording employment to labor, and appreciation to those who devoted themselves to the profession; whereas in France Paris alone was the great rendezvous. There were, also, several branches of art cultivated in Germany which in France were little practiced by women, such as landscape-painting, for instance. The French women devoted themselves much more to engraving than in Germany; in fact, engravers formed the majority of female artists in France, where, moreover, female effort was more in a strictly business line than in any other country. With

this professional devotion among the women engravers in France, it follows that there were few amateurs; while, on the other hand, those in Germany and England who handled the implements of art as dilettanti were very numerous.

Glancing over the prominent Frenchwomen who enjoyed a reputation among their contemporaries during the eighteenth century, we may notice the stamp-cutters Marie Anne de St. Urbin and Elise Lesueur, with the sculptress Mademoiselle Collot, who afterward married Falconnet, and assisted him in the completion of the statue of Peter the Great. She was said to be enamored of the czar, and to have executed the finest bust of him extant. The female painters of this period are but little known. In the early part of the century, Lucrece Catherine de la Ronde and Elizabeth Gauthier engraved after Edelinck and Langlais. Marie Catherine Herault accompanied her husband, the painter Silvestre, to Dresden; and Geneviéve Blanchot, and the Dames Godefroy and Davin, among others less noted, complete the list during the first half of the century.

The number of devotees to art, however, was rapidly increasing, as the ateliers of Regnault, David, and Redouté could bear witness, when they became central points of reunion for female enterprise and study.

The influence of those celebrated men, whose fair scholars have exercised their talents in the nineteenth century, brought more into vogue the tender and emotional kind of genre-painting, shown by Greuze and Fragonard to be so well adapted to the taste and the feeling of woman. Marguerite Gérard, the sister-in-law and pupil of Fragonard, in this manner painted scenes of domestic life and family groups with much

grace and repose. A Madame Gérard has been mentioned as a dilettante, who possessed a large fortune, and had a hotel furnished with facilities for painting Sèvres. Her splendid cupboards of polished mahogany were gilded and bronzed, and their contents looked like a rich collection for the gratification of taste rather than for sale. She purchased some pieces for sixty and eighty louis-d'ors. A pair of vases, not very large, painted with sacred subjects, sold for twenty-six thousand livres.

The genre style was practiced by Mademoiselle Duquesnoy and Madame Gois. Greuze's manner was also imitated by his wife, Anna Gabrielle, with Marie Geneviéve Brossard de Beaulieu, who had the honor of membership in the Academies of Paris and Rome.

Other disciples of this school entered into their profession after the commencement of the nineteenth century; and they, with the pupils of Regnault, Redouté, and David, belong to a later period than that under discussion.

Portrait-painting was more in vogue than any other kind, and that almost altogether in oil; while miniature-painting, so much in favor among the women of Germany, was in France much less practiced. Among those who gained some celebrity, Caroline Sattler deserves mention. She studied in Paris, and was not only received as a member of the Academy in that city, but was honored with the title of Professor. Some time afterward she gave her hand to a merchant named Tridon, and went to live in Dresden.

Landscape-painting was practiced by very few women. In flower-painting Madeleine Françoise Basseporte was noted. She was born in 1701, received her instruction from Aubriet, and in 1743 succeeded him in

his official appointment in the *Jardin des Plantes*. She painted a series of pieces for the collection of the Duc Gaston d'Orleans, which are still exhibited as masterworks of art.

Madame Kugler, the wife of Von Weyler, painted the portraits of distinguished persons in ivory, and had fine pieces, in enamel and pastel, in the exhibition in 1789. She was employed by the government, and worked after her husband's plans. For twelve years she was distinguished for her labors.

Mesdames Charpentier, Surigny, Capet, Bruyère, Michaud, Davin, Mirnaux, Anzon, and Benoit—who painted the emperor—were also well known as artists.

Susanna Silvestre came of a French family of painters. She copied heads and portraits after Vandyck.

As to the class of women, already noticed, who embraced the profession of engravers, they were almost innumerable; yet it is difficult to select any who merit special attention. One of the number—Marguerite Leconte—about the middle of the century was a member of Art-academies in Rome, Florence, and Bologna, and enjoyed a position of high distinction. Geneviéve Naugis, born in Paris in 1746, worked before she became the wife of Regnault. She copied plants from nature, and engraved in copper; she also copied history-pieces after different masters.

Fanny Vernet engraved the pictures painted by her husband, Charles Vernet; and, in her son Horace, gave to French art one of its greatest ornaments.

Elizabeth Clara Tardieu was the wife of an eminent French engraver, and was accustomed to practice the art herself with success.

Mary Magdalen Hortemels, the daughter of a French engraver, and the wife of Cochin, was a noted engraver.

She executed with the point and finished with the graver, in a light and pleasing style. Several of the plates for Monicart's treatise on the pictures, statues, etc., at Versailles were done by her.

Marie Rosalie Bertaud and Louise Adelaide Boizot were excellent engravers.

Anne Philibert Coulet was an ingenious engraver of landscapes and marine views; she wrought in a delicate and pleasing style.

We will now throw back a look upon two female painters, who won for themselves a nearly equal renown, and who are admirably adapted—each in her own personal history, and the view of her early efforts—to be representatives of the condition and characteristics of French art at that period; and, withal, of the prevalent state of society. These women are Adelaide Vincent and Louise Elise Le Brun.

ADELAIDE VINCENT.

Adelaide Vertus Labille was born in Paris in 1749, and received her earliest lessons in painting in that city, from J. E. Vincent, of Geneva. This artist had come to Paris a short time before her birth, had gained consideration as a painter of miniature portraits, and was received a member of the Academy. Adelaide's teacher in pastel-painting was at first Latour; but when the son of her childhood's master—François Antoine Vincent, who had shared her studies in his father's atelier, as a boy, three years older than herself—came back to Paris, she determined to join him both in the pursuit of art and the journey of life. Her first husband had been M. Guyard; her second was the younger Vincent.

Adelaide painted a great number of portraits, among

which those of artists were most noted. One of these —the portrait of the sculptor Gois—won the prize offered by the Academy, and gained for the fair artist such celebrity that even the works of her famous rival Madame Le Brun were thought inferior to it.

A distinguished mark of appreciation was the appointment of Madame Vincent as regular member of the Academy; this took place on the 31st March, 1781. When the storm of the Revolution burst upon France she adhered to the party of her husband, whose attachment to the royal family caused him to live in continual hostility with the republican painter David. One of her works was a large picture, in which the figures were of life size, representing herself before the easel, and her pupils around her; among them Mademoiselle Capet, the Duchess of Angoulême, and several other members of the royal family, by whom she was greatly esteemed and frequently employed.

Another of her greatest productions represents the reception of a member into the Order of St. Lazarus, by Monsieur, the king's brother, grand master of the order, who had given her the appointment of court painter. This picture was destroyed during the Revolution, and its loss caused the artist so much vexation that she would rarely touch the brush afterward. Among her subsequent productions, a portrait of her husband was celebrated at the time.

This accomplished woman, crowned with honors by her contemporaries, both as an artist and in social life, and esteemed by a large circle of friends, died in 1803.

ELIZABETH LE BRUN.

The other distinguished artist alluded to is Marie Louise Elizabeth Vigée, who, under her married name, Le Brun, is widely known as one of the most celebrated women belonging to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

She was born in Paris, April 16th, 1755. Her father was a skillful portrait-painter, and, amid the sports of childhood in her home, she became acquainted with the principles that form the ground-work of this art. She showed very early both disposition and talents for painting. When only seven or eight years of age she drew a sketch of a bearded man, which when her father saw, recognizing it as a token of the presence of genius, he exclaimed, rapturously, "You shall be a painter, my daughter, or there never was one!"

Elizabeth long remembered this occurrence, and, in her memoir of herself, speaks of the deep impression made upon her childish feelings by the praises her father lavished on this early production.

The lessons she received at home were soon found insufficient for her rapidly-developing talent. She was introduced, as a pupil in drawing, to Briard, a painter of considerable merit, who excelled in outline and sketching. Her teacher in coloring was Davesne, after whom a picture of Marie Antoinette as Dauphine of France was engraved. The celebrated Joseph Vernet, then in the midst of his brilliant career, gave her valuable advice, and always took a fatherly interest in the gifted child. Her own father died when she was only thirteen years old, but her mother permitted her to continue her studies of the great masters in the public galleries.

Here the maiden copied from the mighty works of Rubens, from the portraits of Rembrandt and Vandyck, and from the delicate and charming female heads of Greuze. Thus the ground-work was laid of her future eminence as a colorist, and it was not long ere she was sufficiently advanced to make considerable profit out of her labors.

Her father had left no property at his death, and her mother had been too long accustomed to a brilliant and luxurious Parisian life not to feel privations sorely. She sought the means of indulgence in her accustomed pleasures by availing herself of the talents of her daughter, who now found herself obliged to support the family with her earnings.

Even when the mother entered into a second marriage, some years later, the condition of things was not improved. Madame Vigée, wedded to a rich jeweler, found herself disappointed in the expectation of increased means to minister to her vanity and extravagance. From the day of the bridal the husband showed himself so avaricious and penurious, that he refused to furnish his wife and step-daughter even the necessaries of life.

The labors of our poor little Elizabeth were again in requisition; and though her old friend Vernet advised her to give her parents only an allowance from her earnings, and reserve the remainder for her own use, all she could procure was taken from her and spent, either in the purchase of articles for the family, or for the gratification of her mother's unbounded fondness for dress, promenades, and public amusements.

Wherever the youthful maiden appeared she was noticed for her extreme beauty, as well as talked about for her wonderful talents, and the general interest in

her professional career seemed to go hand in hand with admiration of her rare personal loveliness. She tells us, in her memoirs, of several men enamored of her, who bespoke portraits from her hand in the hope, during the sittings, of making progress in her favor; but her love for art, as well as the principles of morality and religion in which she had been reared, rendered her proof against all such attempts to undermine her virtue.

When only fifteen years old she painted a portrait of her mother, which proved so admirable a piece of work that Vernet counseled her to present it to the Academy with an application for admission. Elizabeth's extreme youth prevented her being received as a member, but she was permitted, a few years later, to be present at all the public sittings of the Academy.

It was about this time that she became acquainted with Jean Baptiste Pierre Le Brun, a painter and picture-dealer, who was then considered one of the first connoisseurs of Europe. He paid devoted attention to the lovely young artist, inducing her to visit his rare and rich collection for the purpose of study, while he manifested the deepest interest in her success. Six months after his introduction he became a suitor for her hand. She says, in her autobiography,

"I was far from the thought of marrying M. Le Brun, although he possessed a handsome face and agreeable person; but my mother, who imagined him very rich, never ceased urging me not to refuse so advantageous a proposal. So at length I yielded; but the marriage was only an exchange of one kind of trouble for another. Not that M. Le Brun was a bad-hearted man. His character showed a mixture of softness and vehemence; and his complaisance to ev-

ery one made him popular. But he was unhappily too fond of the society of disreputable females, and this degrading propensity led him to a passion for gaming that ruined both of us in point of fortune. So completely had he run through all we possessed, that in 1789 I had not twenty francs for my journey out of France, although my earnings had amounted to more than a million."

The marriage, which on the husband's part was a mere matter of speculation, for he relied on the talents of his bride to rid him of his creditors, and enable him to live in ease and luxury, was one of those alliances common in Paris in the reign of Louis XV. The experience of our heroine was characteristic of the times. Le Brun had been previously engaged to the daughter of a wealthy Dutch picture-dealer, with whom he had transacted business. He begged his wife to keep their marriage a secret till his former business arrangements were satisfactorily adjusted. Madame consented, although she was placed in a most painful position, being beset with warnings and entreaties from her friends, urging her not to enter into a union sure to be productive of unhappiness—when, alas! the mischief was already accomplished. The Duchesse d'Aremberg predicted misery as the result of such a marriage; the court jeweler, Auber, a friend of her youth, advised her "rather to tie a stone round her neck and throw herself into the river than to commit such a piece of folly and madness."

The young wife, however, still kept her faith in the excellence of her beloved. At last the completion of his business arrangements enabled him to declare the marriage publicly, and very soon it appeared that all these warnings were but too well founded. Le Brun

first took possession of all the hard-earned property of his wife, and compelled her to increase her income by taking pupils. The sole advantage this accession of means procured for her was the more active and incessant employment that prevented her from feeling too bitterly the disappointment of her hopes of happiness in domestic life. Her husband took the money paid for her pictures and lessons to squander it on his own selfish indulgences. He occupied the first floor of the house, furnished in magnificent style, and surrounded himself with costly luxuries; while his wife was obliged to content herself with the second story, and with very plain living. Such a state of things in married life, however, was not unusual toward the close of the reign of Louis XV., and it excited no surprise.

While matters stood thus, Le Brun obtained the credit of being an indulgent husband by the indifference he showed in allowing even persons of questionable character to visit his wife, while he seldom appeared in her circles, and by his disregard of sundry cautions and rumors on the subject. Scandal, which rarely spares an ill-used wife, unless the austere seclusion of her life be more than hermit-like, whispered terrible things of Madame Le Brun, and she was even accused of owing the large sums paid for her pictures more to personal favors than to her merit as a painter. Conscious of innocence, she was wont to complain to her husband of such injustice, and he would answer, jestingly,

"Let people talk. When you die I will put up a lofty pyramid in my garden, inscribed with a list of the portraits you have painted, and then the world will know how you have come by the money you have made."

Such mocking sympathy was all the return for her confidence and earnest appeals for protection from the unworthy husband who continued to live in luxury at her expense.

When twelve thousand francs were sent Elizabeth for a portrait of the son of Princess Lubomirska, Le Brun appropriated to his own use the entire sum except two louis-d'ors, which he gave his wife out of it.

With feelings wounded, and alienated from him by such treatment, Madame Le Brun at length appears to have resolved to make herself as happy as possible in her own way. French society was then corrupted to the core, and it was difficult to move in it without partaking of the contamination. It was especially so for one whose education had been superficial, and who had never learned to emulate the example of those pure devotees to art who had found in that a power to preserve and guide them, even amid the intrigues and dissipation of the circles that surrounded them.

Madame Le Brun had obtained the favor and intimate friendship of persons of very high rank. Marie Antoinette not only sent to her for her picture, but was accustomed to ask her to sing with her, the painter being almost as celebrated for her "silver voice" as for her professional merits. The public honors lavished upon her aided to make her labors profitable.

On one occasion, at a sitting of the French Academy, La Harpe recited a poem in honor of female genius. When he came to the lines—

> "Le Brun—de la beauté le peintre et le modèle,
> Moderne Rosalba, mais plus brillante qu'elle,
> Joint la voix de Favart au sourire de Vénus—"

the whole assembly rose, not even excepting the Duchesse de Chartres and the King of Sweden, and

the fair artist was stunned with a burst of enthusiastic applause.

Her admission into the Academy, which had been hitherto prevented by personal jealousies and other hinderances, now took place, on the presentation of her own portrait, in 1783. This picture she had painted after the famous one by Rubens—"*Le chapeau de paille*"—which she had seen the year before when on a visit to Belgium. Her work was so admirable that Vernet, her ever faithful friend, saw at once that he could by its means procure the immediate enrollment of her name among the members of the Academy.

In the "poor dwelling" to which M. Le Brun's extravagance consigned her, she managed to hold every week an evening reception, notwithstanding the limited accommodations. Her house became the rendezvous for all the celebrities of Paris, and for much of its beauty and high rank. Curious stories were afloat in regard to her expenditures in entertaining the dignified personages who visited her. It was said that her table was covered with gold plate; that her apartments were warmed with aloes-wood, and even that she kindled her fire with bank-notes. The absurdity of such rumors may well lead one to doubt others in the *chroniques scandaleuses* of the day, more nearly affecting her reputation.

It is certain, however, that she received guests of the highest distinction, and that her receptions were crowded to excess. The want of chairs often compelled her visitors to seat themselves on the ground. Madame Le Brun herself describes, with evident pleasure in the recollection, the embarrassment of the fat old Duc de Noailles, who one evening had to stand a long time, on account of the scarcity of seats.

Music was generally a part of the entertainment, and the fair hostess, though she had paid little attention to the superior cultivation of that art, sang most charmingly. Grétry, Sachini, and Martini here rehearsed scenes from the new operas before their representation; Garat, Azevedo, Richer, and Madame Le Brun supplied the vocal music, while the instrumental would be furnished by Viotti, Jarnowich, Maestrino, Cramer, Hülmandel, and Prince Henry of Prussia, brother to Frederick William III. He was said to be a celebrated amateur.

The *petits soupers* which usually terminated these delightful *soirées*, and to which only a few favored guests were invited, became renowned throughout France. They were said to be brilliant in Attic elegance and Parisian luxury. The popular Delille, the piquant author Le Brun, who first flattered the royal family and then became the Pindar of the Revolution; the luxurious Boufflers, the Vicomte de Segur, were among the frequenters of this sanctuary of the muses and the graces. The suppers, indeed, had a European celebrity.

One day the brother of Madame Le Brun read aloud from the travels of Anacharsis a description of an ancient Grecian banquet. The fancy came into the lady's head of arranging one of her suppers in imitation of the feasts of the luxurious Aspasia.

The cook was immediately furnished with receipts for Greek sauces; the "little" supper-room was changed into a classic banqueting-hall, and a table made according to the antique fashion was set in the middle of the room, surrounded with Grecian draperied couches. A request was sent to the Comte de Pezay, who lived in the same building, for an antique

mantle of regal purple, while the Marquis de Cubières was levied on for a golden lyre, on which he was skilled in playing.

Le Brun—not the husband, but the poet—was arrayed by the fair hands of the artist—whose taste in picturesque costume none could question—with the purple robe and a classic wig, adorned with a laurel wreath. He was thus fitted to bear his part as Pindar or Anacreon! Some young ladies, noted for their beauty, were dressed in Greek tunics, with classic coiffures, to figure as Athenian maidens; while the gentlemen guests underwent a corresponding transformation.

Those favored with invitations to this select entertainment took their places to the music of the golden lyre, and the classic air composed by Gluck,

"Le Dieu de Paphos et de Gnide,"

while the Pindar of the evening sang Anacreontic odes.

Among the delicacies that covered the board were eels and birds dressed with Greek sauces and garnished with honey-cakes; figs, and olives, and grapes of Corinth. Two beautiful slaves—Mademoiselle de Bonneuil and Mademoiselle Le Brun—served the guests with Cyprian wine, in cups brought from buried Herculaneum.

Two guests arrived late—the Comte de Vaudreuil and the financier Boutin—who had not been prepared for the surprise. They stood still, dumb with amazement, at the threshold, and seemed to think themselves transported to Athens in her day of intellectual glory!

The next day the classic banquet given by Madame Le Brun was the talk of all Paris. She was entreated to repeat the entertainment, but with proper tact de-

clined. Some of her acquaintances took offense at the refusal and at their own exclusion, and revenged the slight (as she says) by slandering her to the king. It was averred the supper had cost twenty thousand francs, and Cubières had much ado to undeceive his majesty.

The story and the fame of the banquet traveled over the Continent; by the time it had reached Rome the cost had swelled to forty thousand; and in Vienna, the Baroness Strogonoff assured Madame Le Brun, it was reported she had spent sixty thousand. In St. Petersburg it was naturally as much as eighty thousand. "The fact is," says Madame Le Brun, "the little affair cost me only fifteen francs." She may be relied on as to her share of the expense, although the cost to others may have been somewhat greater.

Such exaggerated rumors, and the gossip growing out of them, caused some disagreement in the general estimation of Madame Le Brun's talents and character. The homage she had received and continued to receive from the nobility, with her appointment as painter-in-ordinary to the queen, and the favors heaped on her by the court, helped to render her obnoxious to a people among whom attachment to royalty and aristocratic forms began to be regarded as a crime.

France was on the eve of that Revolution which was destined to uproot the existing order of things, and the woman whom Marie Antoinette had made her companion was not likely to escape without opprobrium. Besides, had she not, in 1774, before her marriage, published a work entitled "*Amour des Français pour leur roi?*"

When the Revolution broke out, Madame Le Brun

perceived that she could no longer remain in France. The law protecting artists, and permitting them to travel in their vocation, was available for her departure.

She resolved to go to Italy, and, with poignant grief, bade adieu to her home and friends. But the journey commenced so sadly proved a triumphant progress, crowned with tokens of respect and homage.

In Bologna she was at once declared a member of the Academy. At Rome she was welcomed by a deputation of artists, who went to meet her; while the painter Menageot, who had just been appointed director of the French Academy, assigned her apartments in the palace of the institution.

In Naples she was received with marks of distinction by the queen, the sister of Marie Antoinette, and here several residents of rank sat to her for their portraits—among others, the beautiful Lady Hamilton, whom the artist painted as a Bacchante reclining on the sea-shore. This picture was highly praised, and spread far and wide the fame of Madame Le Brun.

In Florence she was requested to paint a portrait of herself for the collection of originals to which reference has already been made. She finished the portrait for this gallery, where it was placed in 1790, two years after that of Angelica Kauffman had been added to the collection.

Goethe says of the portrait of Angelica Kauffman, comparing it with that of Madame Le Brun in the same gallery: "It has a truer tone in the coloring; the position is more pleasing, and the whole exhibits more correct taste and a higher spirit in art. But the work of Le Brun shows more careful execution; has more vigor in the drawing, and more delicate touches.

It has, moreover, a clear, though somewhat exaggerated coloring. The Frenchwoman understands the art of adornment; the head-dress, the hair, the folds of lace on the bosom—all are arranged with care, and, as one might say, *con amore*. The piquant, handsome face, with its lively expression, its parted lips disclosing a row of pearly teeth, presents itself to the beholder's gaze as if coquettishly challenging his admiration, while the hand holds the pencil as in the act of drawing. The picture of Angelica, with the head gently inclined, and the soft, intellectual melancholy of the countenance, evinces higher genius, even if, in point of artistic skill, the preference would be given to the other."

From a comparison of the two portraits, a contrast might be drawn in the contemplation of the lives and characters of the two artists. But we will return to Madame Le Brun, whom we find pursuing the journeys she made as a conqueror, receiving new honors and new tributes wherever she passed.

After visiting Florence and Parma, where she was elected a member of the Academy, she went to Venice, Verona, and Milan. Italy—the land where the fairest fruits of female genius in painting had been found—seemed eager to pay the homage of admiration to the gifted daughter of another clime. Compliments and felicitations were showered upon her by the countrymen of a Sirani and a Robusti.

She came at length to Vienna, where the Count Kaunitz received her with friendly welcome, and immediately introduced her at court. A golden harvest here awaited her efforts, and gallant attentions from persons in high places were not wanting. The Prince de Ligne—a type of the cavaliers of the *ancien régime*,

whom she had known in former years at the court of Versailles—devoted himself to her service, and sang her praises in amatory verses.

Visiting Berlin, she found an old friend in the person of Prince Henry, and had a very favorable reception at court. Thence she went to St. Petersburg, where she lived some years in a brilliant circle of society under the protection of the Empress Catherine II. and Paul I.

The honors heaped upon her were crowned in 1800 by her election to membership in the Academy of Arts; but, notwithstanding the favor in which she stood with the imperial family and the nobility, and the influx of wealth that grew out of their kindness and the extended appreciation of her paintings, the condition of her health at last obliged her to quit Russia. The entreaties of the emperor and empress could not prevail upon her to remain longer than 1801.

In July of that year she returned to Berlin and received the honor of being chosen a member of the Academy. Orders for portraits were not wanting, but her short stay made it impossible to undertake them. Passing through Dresden she returned to the native land for which her heart had ever pined, arriving in safety at Paris in the winter of the same year.

The misfortunes of the Bourbons had filled her breast with sympathizing grief wherever the news had reached her. She remained true to them through all reverses, living to witness both the restoration and second and final exile of that royal line. This loyal feeling manifested itself even in her relations to the imperial family, when they were in possession of the throne.

Her picture of "Venus binding Love's wings" had been engraved in Paris by Pierre Villu, in 1787. In London she was attacked by the painter Hoppner, who depreciated her works, and charged her with mannerism. She succeeded, nevertheless, in obtaining distinguished patrons. Two pieces that spread her renown were, a knee-piece of the Prince of Wales, and one of the Signora Grassini in a classic character. The draperies are luxuriant and rainbow-colored.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, when questioned by Northcote on the merits of two of her portraits, pronounced them "as fine as those of any painter," and he would not except Vandyck, though his remark has been attributed to a generous unwillingness to interfere with the brief summer of her popularity. After a residence of three years in England she came to Paris to paint the portrait of Madame Murat.

At Coppet, whither she went on a journey into Switzerland in 1808–9, she painted a portrait of Madame de Staël, which aided much in spreading her reputation. Having returned from this tour, she purchased a country-seat near Marly, which became, as her house in Paris had been, the resort of a highly cultivated and brilliant society. Especially at the period of the Restoration, ~~public attention~~, influenced by that of the court, seemed ~~turned~~ to Madame Le Brun with greater earnestness than ever.

The husband of this accomplished woman died in 1813, and five years afterward she lost her only daughter. Her death was followed by that of the brother to whom Madame Le Brun was so much attached. These multiplied afflictions weighed heavily upon her desolate heart. She sought consolation in renewed ~~devotion to her~~ art, and worked in her profession as

assiduously as ever, notwithstanding the infirmities of advanced age. When eighty years old she painted the portrait of her niece, Madame de Riviere, and so remarkable for vigorous coloring and lively expression was this picture that it has been preserved among the best specimens of her powers in their prime of energy.

About this time, in 1835, she gave the world her autobiography, in the work entitled "Souvenirs." In this memoir she enumerates the paintings which she had at that time executed during her life. She had finished six hundred and sixty-two portraits, fifteen large compositions, and two hundred landscape-pieces, sketched during her travels in England and Switzerland.

She had nearly completed her eighty-seventh year at the time of her death, March 30th, 1842. Her long life had been as richly productive in earnest labor as in the reward of success, and in manifold enjoyment. It may, indeed, be regarded, in its rare bloom and vigor, as a type of that brilliant period, gay and luxuriant on the surface, but concealing numerous imperfections, which preceded the French Revolution, and led, as a natural consequence, to that tremendous outbreak.

CHAPTER XV.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Women Artists in Spain.—Their Participation a Test of general Interest.—Female Representatives of the most important Schools. —That of Seville.—Of Madrid.—The Paintress of Don Quixote. —Ladies of Rank Members of the Academy.—Maria Tibaldi.— Two female Artists besides two Poetesses in Portugal.—The Harvest greater in Italy.—Few attained to Eminence.—Learned Ladies.—Female Doctors and Professors.—Degrees in Jurisprudence and Philosophy conferred on them.—Examples.—The Scholar nine Years old.—A lady Professor of Mathematics.—Women Lecturers.—Comparison with English Ladies.—Brilliant Devotees of the Lyre.—Female Talent in the important Schools of Art.— Women Artists in Florence.—Engravers and Paintresses.—In Naples.—Kitchen-pieces.—In the Cities of northern Italy.—In Bologna.—Princesses.—In Venice.—Rosalba Carriera.—Her childish Work.—Her Genius perceived.—Instruction.—Takes to Pastel-painting.—Merits of her Works.—Celebrity.—Invitations to Paris and Vienna.—Visit from the King of Denmark.—Invited by the Emperor and the King of France.—Portrait for the Grand Duke of Tuscany.—The King of Poland her Patron.—Unspoiled by Honors.—Her moral Worth.—Residence in Paris.—Her Pictures.—The Lady disguised as a Maid-servant.—Want of Beauty. —Anecdote of the Emperor.—Rosalba's Journal.—Visit to Vienna.—Presentiment of Calamity.—The Portrait wreathed with gloomy Leaves.—Blindness.—Loss of Reason.—Death and Burial. —Her Portrait.—Other Venetian Women.

A GLANCE at the women artists of the romantic South will close this general survey of the eighteenth century. In Spain we find few worthy of mention. Since the commencement of the Bourbon dynasty interest in art had ceased to be the essential element in the national life that it had been under the sway of

the house of Hapsburg throughout the seventeenth century. And in the Peninsula the truth was made apparent that the participation of women is a test and measure of the general interest in the studies and products of art prevailing among any people.

The most important schools, however, were not entirely without female representatives. Linked with that of Seville, we hear the name of the portrait-painter, Maria de Valdes Leal; her father and tutor, Don Juan de Valdes, after the death of Murillo, was regarded as the first living master of this school.

That of Madrid had among its disciples Clara and Anna Menendez, the latter being remembered as the painter of a series of scenes from Don Quixote. To the same school belong Donna Barbara Maria de Hueva, and Donna Maria de Silva, Duchess of Arcos, both celebrated for their skill in drawing, and members of the Academy of San Fernando, as were also Anna Menendez, and the painter Anna Perez of Navarre. Maria Felice Tibaldi, born in 1707, painted in oil, and also miniatures and pastels. She possessed great skill in drawing from life and copying historical pieces. A work of her husband, Pierre Subleyras, "The Apostolic Supper," was copied by her in miniature. Pope Benedict XIV. sent her for it a thousand scudi, and placed it in his collection at the Capitol. After the death of her husband Maria supported herself and her children by her talents.

To these may be added Maria Prieto, the daughter of a distinguished *médailleur;* she practiced both painting and engraving, but died in her twentieth year at Madrid, in 1772.

Portugal, at this period, was justly proud of two women whose poetical talents had won no small celeb-

rity, Magdalena da Gloria and the Countess de Vimiero. Beside them we may note two artists of eminence, Doña Isabel Maria Rite of Oporto, and Catarina Vieira of Lisbon; the former of high repute as a miniature-painter, the latter noted for several church pictures which she painted after the designs of her brother, Don Francisco Vieira de Mattos.

In Italy the harvest of names was greater, but fewer women attained to eminence during this century than in either of the two that had preceded it. Of women of poetical genius there was no lack at this period; and more than ever—though such are not wanting in the early annals of the principal Italian cities—learned ladies abounded. Female doctors and professors were far more in plenty than they promise to be in America in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Such phenomena were not rare in the classic Italian clime as women occupying the chair, not only of music, drawing, and modern tongues, but of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, mathematics, and astronomy. They took degrees as doctors in jurisprudence and philosophy; for example, Maria Victoria Delfini, Christina Roccati, and Laura Bassi, in the University of Bologna, and Maria Pellegrina Amoretti, in that of Pavia. Anna Manzolini, in 1758, was Professor of Anatomy in Bologna; and Maria Agnesi—who, when only nine years of age, had delivered at Milan a Latin address on the "Studies of the Female Sex"—was appointed by the Pope to the professorship of mathematics in the same university at Bologna.

It was not then esteemed unfeminine for women to give lectures in public to crowded and admiring audiences. They were freely admitted members of learned societies, and were consulted by men of pre-emi-

nent scientific attainments as their equals in scholarship; yet, a British reviewer remarks, "It is doubtful whether the far-famed Novella was a better Greek scholar than Mrs. Browning; or Maria Porcia Vignoli, whose statue long adorned the market-place of Viterbo, more learned in natural sciences than Mrs. Somerville."

Among the more brilliant devotees of the lyre may be mentioned, in passing, Emilia Ballati and Giulia Baitelli, who emulated the fame of Petrarch, and Laura Vanetti, in whose poems Metastasio discerned the very soul of the bard of Love.

But we must not linger over names, even of the artists who belong to our special field of observation. None of the important early schools failed in the eighteenth century, to be able to boast the ornament of female talent. In Florence, Violanta Beatrice Siries, after a prolonged course of study in Paris under Boucher and Rigaud, was noted as a portrait-painter. In the same branch of the profession, Anna Boccherini and Anna Galeotti were highly esteemed.

In copper-engraving, Catarina Zucchi and Laura Piranesi acquired some celebrity. As engravers, we hear of Livia Pisani, Violanta Vanni, and Teresa Mogalli, the last also skilled in painting.

In encaustic painting, Anna Parenti-Duclos was well known toward the close of the century. Maria Felicia Tibaldi was distinguished in Rome for her talents as a painter no less than for her virtues as a woman; and her sister, Teresa, belongs to the same category, with Rosalba Maria Salviani and Caterina Cherubini. In miniature-painting, Bianca and Matilda Festa excelled; the latter holding the professor's chair in the Academy of San Luca.

The wreaths of poetry and painting were intertwined around the brow of Maria Maratti, the daughter and pupil of the celebrated Carlo Maratti, and the wife of the poet Zappi. The like was true of Anna Victoria Dolora, who died at a great age in 1827, in a Dominican convent.

Naples boasted at this period a famous mathematician in Maria Angela Ardinghelli. Three gifted sisters, Maria Angiola, Felice, and Emmanuela Matteis, were also noted here; with the distinguished Angelica Siscara and Colomba Garri, who practiced flower and genre painting, and produced a series of kitchen-pieces, in which they sought to idealize by artistic adornment the ordinary occupations of the frugal and industrious housewife.

The cities of northern Italy had their share of energetic women. Turin, Milan, Bergamo, Roveredo, Carpi, and Parma produced artists whose fame was limited to a narrower circle than those of Bologna and Venice, where, especially in the former city, the shadow of past glories seemed to linger.

Professor Anna Manzolini modeled excellent portraits in wax, and Clarice Vasini obtained no small celebrity as a sculptor, being a member of the Academy.

Lucia Casalini, Bianca Giovannini, Barbara Burini, Eleonora Monti, Anna Teresia Messieri, Rosa Alboni, and Teresa Tesi, belonged to Bologna, and elevated the renown of its women for painting. They aspired to imitate the example of Elizabetta Sirani.

Carlotta Melania Alfieri is mentioned as accomplished in literature, music, and painting.

Laura Vanetti, praised as a linguist, musician, and philosopher, also excelled in painting. In the begin-

ning of this century the Princess Elizabeth of Parma, afterward married to the King of Spain, was a famous dilettante. Another Princess Elizabeth, the wife of the Archduke Joseph of Austria, was, in 1789, on account of her pastels, admitted to membership of the Academy in Vienna.

In Venice, on the other hand, the fair students of art zealously emulated the fame of Maria Robusti. This "city of the sea" had many daughters who did well in painting, though even their names are now forgotten. She gave birth to one, however, whose fame was destined to spread into a wider circle, and to renew even in foreign lands the ancient lustre of the Italian name in art. This gifted being stands almost alone in the century as one who will be remembered by posterity with admiration.

ROSALBA CARRIERA.

Rosalba Carriera was born in Venice in 1675. Her father held an office under government, which occupied his whole time; but he, as well as his father, had been a painter. He loved art, and encouraged his child in her early fancies. Her first childish work was at point de Venise lace. She seemed to care little for the ordinary amusements of young people, but passed her leisure time in drawing. She tried to copy one of her father's designs for the head of a sonnet. A student of art, who chanced to see this piece of work, showed it to his master, who instantly perceived the genius of the child artist; and, foreseeing the excellence to which she would attain, and wishing to encourage her to persevere, gave her other designs to copy.

Rosalba was desolate when this friend left Venice;

but a Venetian banker, who had noticed her proficiency, lent her some heads in pastel of Baroche. These studies vastly improved her; and her father, then satisfied of his daughter's possession of rare talents, consented that she should take lessons from Antonio Nazari, who was eminent as a pastel-painter. The cavalier Diamantini, distinguished for the freshness of his pencil, also gave her instruction.

Her most valuable knowledge of the technical part of painting, which gave her the mastery and command of her art that marked her productions, was acquired under the tuition of Antonio Balestra. Finally, she obtained from her kinsman, Antonio Pellegrini, a knowledge of the details of miniature-painting, to which the advice of a lady friend first directed her, and in which branch she acquired rare skill. She would willingly have pursued this, but the weakness of her sight compelled her to abandon it, and take to pastel-painting, in which she obtained the greatest celebrity—attaining, Zanetti says, the highest grade of perfection.

Her miniatures were noted particularly for severe accuracy of drawing, united with rare softness and delicacy of touch; they had the perfection of proportion, and the brilliancy and warmth of coloring for which her pastels were remarkable. Her tints were blended with great tenderness; her heads had a lovely expression of truth and nature.

Her talents met with due appreciation and honor while yet in their bloom of promise. She was celebrated in her native city as the "companion of the muse of painting," and "the ornament of her sex and of the Venetian school." Zanetti speaks of her with high praise in his "Storia della Pittura Veneziana."

Works evincing her extraordinary ability were shown at most of the courts of Europe. She was invited to Paris and Vienna to practice her profession there, and was elected to membership in the academies of Paris, Bologna, and Rome. Her miniature and pastel paintings were sent to the institutions which conferred this honor upon her. The King of Denmark came to Venice, and, having heard of Rosalba, expressed a curiosity to see her. After consulting Balestra, she presented to her royal visitor some portraits of Venetian ladies of rank whom he had admired, receiving from his majesty in return a very costly diamond. She also played and sang for his amusement with her two sisters, one of whom performed on the violin.

She was invited by royalty to paint the Emperor Charles and the imperial court; also the King of France. The Grand-Duke of Tuscany placed her portrait in his gallery; it is painted in pastel, with one of her sisters. The style is noble and sustained; the expression is true, and the flesh-tints are so admirable, the face seems scarcely to want a soul. Augustus III., King of Poland, was her special patron; and in Modena she painted portraits of the reigning family.

None of these, or similar honors, had power to turn her head nor to corrupt her heart. Although a daughter of Venice, then the most luxurious and licentious city in Europe, the deep seriousness, and even enthusiastic melancholy of her character—dispositions that find expression in many of her works—kept her aloof from contact with vice, and her moral purity and worth were as conspicuous and as universally recognized as her genius. Her own house at Venice was adorned with portraits and original compositions.

This valuable collection she sold at a high price to the King of Poland, who placed them in a special cabinet of his palace in Dresden.

In the bloom of her career and her fame, Rosalba accompanied her brother-in-law Pellegrini to France. She remained a year at the house of M. Crozat. Two portraits of the king were done by her in pastel, and one in miniature, besides a victoire for a snuff-box which his majesty gave to Madame de Ventadour.

Several groups and demi-figures, designed by Pellegrini and executed by Rosalba, are preserved in Paris, with many heads in pastel done for Crozat. Many of her symbolical pictures—such as the Muses, Sciences, Seasons, etc. — were purchased by English travelers. Her crayon-drawings were distinguished by softness and life-like freshness. She became a member of the Paris Academy in October, 1720. Her tableau de reception was a Muse in pastel. The connoisseurs esteemed her portraits for their perfect likeness, delicacy of touch, wonderful lightness, peculiar grace, and admirable coloring and expression. They were unrivaled of their kind.

An anecdote has been mentioned of a lady of rank who wished to study painting under Rosalba, but knew she could not be prevailed on to take pupils. The lady presented herself in the disguise of a maid-servant, and desired employment at the house of the distinguished paintress. Rosalba was pleased with her appearance, and at once engaged her services. While faithfully performing her tasks, the lady incessantly watched the proceedings of the artist; and, by dint of careful observation, succeeded in learning much of the art. Rosalba noticed the extraordinary quickness of her maid in these matters; and, willing to give to na-

tive talent all the aid in her power, invited the girl to observe her while painting, and gave her valuable instruction. The secret was at last discovered. The lady became afterward an artist so skillful in miniatures, that she received an appointment from a German prince as painter at his court.

An Italian writes concerning her: "Nature had endowed Rosalba with lofty aspirations and a passionate soul, and her heart yearned for that response which her absence of personal attractions failed to win. She was aware of her extreme plainness; and had she ignored it, the Emperor Charles XI. enlightened her, when, turning to Bertoli, a court artist, who presented her in Vienna, he said, 'She may be clever, Bertoli mio, this painter of thine, but she is remarkably ugly.' But Rosalba, even if annoyed, could well afford to smile, for Charles XI. was the ugliest of men."

While in France, Rosalba wrote a journal which was entitled "Diario degli anni 1720 e 1721. Scritto da Rosalba Carriera." It appeared in Venice in 1793, with notes by Giovanni Vianelli, who had a fine collection of her paintings.

From Paris she went laden with honors to the imperial court at Vienna, where, besides the emperor and empress, she painted the archduchesses and others of the court. The King of Poland had a number of her pastels, which were highly valued.

Zanetti remarks: "Much of interest may be said of this celebrated and highly-gifted woman, whose spirit —in the midst of her triumphs and the brightest visions of happiness—was weighed down with the anticipation of a heavy calamity. On one occasion—when she had painted a portrait of herself, with the brow wreathed with gloomy leaves, significant of

death—her friends asked why she had done this. She replied that the representation was an image of her life, and that her end would be tragic, according to the meaning here shadowed forth. This portrait was afterward in the possession of Giambattista Sartori, a brother of her famous pupil Felicità Sartori. He preserved it as a sacred relic. His sister married Von Hoffmann, and painted with much success at the court of the Elector of Saxony.

It seemed, indeed, that the presentiment of a fast approaching and terrible affliction, amid the strict seclusion in which Rosalba lived, had taken possession of this noble and gifted spirit. It might be that her solitary existence tended to sadden her temperament, and deepen its natural inclination to melancholy. The forewarning, of which even in youth she felt conscious, was mournfully fulfilled ere she had long passed her prime. Before she was fifty years of age she became totally blind, as she had feared. Her mind struggled long with weakness and incurable sorrow, but sank at last, and the light of reason too departed.

The latter part of her life was a blank, yet she lingered to old age, dying in Venice, on the 15th of April, 1757. Amid the universal expression of unaffected sorrow and commiseration, she was buried in the church of San Sista a Modesta. She left considerable property. Her grave is still pointed out to the traveler as the last resting-place of one whose genius was an ornament to Venice.

Many of her works have been engraved. The Dresden Gallery has the largest collection, numbering one hundred and fifty-seven pieces.

The engraving of Rosalba's portrait shows a youthful face, with a pleased expression of childish inno-

cence. The hair is brushed back from the forehead on the top, but curls cluster around the face on the sides; earrings are worn, and the corsage is low. The eyes are dark, the forehead is high, and the whole head has a graceful air.

Like Rosalba Carriera, Ippolita Venier was a native of Venice, though she lived at Udina with the painter her father. In 1765 she painted the Adoration of the Kings, for a church in the sea-born city. Felicità Sartori was a pupil of Rosalba, and worked in Dresden, whither she went with her husband.

Apollonia de Forgue, born in 1767, assisted her husband, Seydelman, with his pictures. She was a member of the Academy in Dresden.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

More vigorous Growth of the Branches selected for female Enterprise. — Progress accelerated toward the Close of last Century. — Still more remarkable within the last fifty Years. — Great Number of Women active in Art. — Better intellectual Cultivation and growing Taste.—Increased Freedom of Woman.—Present Prospect fair. —Growing Sense of the Importance of Female Education.—Women earning an Independence. — The Stream shallows as it widens. — Few Instances of pre-eminent Ability. — Fuller Scope of the Influence of the French Masters in the nineteenth Century.—David, the Republican Painter.—His female Pupils.—Angélique Mongez. —Madame Davin and others. — Disciples of Greuze. — Female Scholars of Regnault.—Pupils of the Disciples of David.—Pupils of Fleury and Cogniet.—Madame Chaudet.—Kinds of Painting in Vogue.—The Princess Marie d'Orleans.—Her Statue of the Maid of Orleans.—Her last Work.—Promise of Greatness.—Sculpture by Madame de Lamartine. — "Paris is France." — Painting on Porcelain.—Madame Jacotot and others.—Condition of Art in Germany. — Carstens. — Women Artists. — Maria Ellenrieder.— Louise Seidler.—Baroness von Freiberg.—Madame von Schroeter. —Female Artists of the Düsseldorf School.—The greatest Number in Berlin.—Rich Bloom of Female Talent in Vienna and Dresden. —Changes in Italy.—Prospect not fair in Spain and Scandinavia. — In England, Sculpture and Painting successfully cultivated. — Fanny Corbeaux.—Superior in Biblical Scholarship.—The Netherlands in this Century.—Encouragement for Women to persevere. —Dr. Guhl's Opinion.—History the Teacher of the Present.

WITH the foregoing glimpses, the sketch of woman's active efforts in art during the eighteenth century may be closed; completing our bird's-eye view of her share in those ennobling pursuits during a history covering over two thousand years. As we approach the present time, the various branches in which her

enterprise has been influential develop into more distinct and vigorous growth. It may now be interesting to notice the indications of our own—the nineteenth century.

The progress of female talent and skill, accelerated toward the close of the preceding age, has become more remarkable than ever within the last fifty years. The number of women engaged in the pursuits of art during that time far exceeds that of the whole preceding century.

This accession is probably owing, in a great measure, to the more general appreciation of art, growing out of better intellectual cultivation, and to the growing taste for paintings and statuary as ornaments of the abodes of the wealthy. But it is due, in some degree, to the increased freedom of woman—to her liberation from the thraldom of old-fashioned prejudices and unworthy restraints which, in former times, fettered her energies, rendered her acquisition of scientific and artistic knowledge extremely difficult, and threw obstacles in the way of her devotion to study and the exercise of her talents. We have seen that, the more enlarged is the sphere of her activity among any people, the greater is the number of female artists who have done and are doing well, by their sustained and productive cultivation of art.

At the present time, the prospect is fair of a reward for study and unfaltering application in woman as in man; her freedom—without regarding as such the so-called "emancipation," which would urge her into a course against nature, and contrary to the gentleness and modesty of her sex—is greater, and the sphere of her activity is wider and more effective than it has ever been. The general and growing apprehension of

the importance of female education will gradually lead to dissatisfaction with the superficial culture of modern schools, and to the adoption of some plan that shall develop the powers of those who are taught, and strengthen their energies for the active duties of life. Many advantages besides these have encouraged the advancement of women as artists beyond any point reached in preceding ages. We may thus find an increasing number of young women who, bent on making themselves independent by their own efforts, spare no pains to qualify themselves as teachers in various branches of art.

The same observation we made in regard to the increase of art scholars in the last century is true of the present. The stream which has widened has grown shallower in proportion; and while the cultivation of taste and talent has become more general, and many more have attained a respectable degree of skill, there are few instances of pre-eminent ability, or of original genius. This seems a law of the world of art, as well as that of poetry and science; and it holds good no less among men than women. We must look, therefore, for not many remarkable examples of talent.

We have already seen something of the influence of Carstens and David in the bent and direction given to female talent; but these had not full scope till the beginning of the nineteenth century. David was inspired by a more earnest feeling than had breathed in the frivolous and conventional style of a former period; and the depth and vigor, and more careful execution he brought into vogue, greatly improved the taste of his day. He may be called the Republican painter, laying the ground-work of French art as it now exists.

David himself had a goodly number of female pupils, and some of them displayed no inconsiderable talent. Among them may be enumerated Constance Marie Charpentier, who, besides, enjoyed the advantage of instruction under Gérard and Lafitte, with Angélique Mongez, at first the pupil of David, then of Regnault. She painted a large picture entirely in the classic style of David. Her painting—the figures life size—represented "Ulysses finding young Astyanax at Hector's Grave." The design is correct of the antique costume, the disposition is excellent, and a free and light touch is noticed. So large a picture had rarely been exhibited in Paris by a woman. This artist, however, lacked originality and self-reliance, and seemed to follow David too slavishly. Another large picture was "Alexander weeping at the Death of the Wife of Darius." The connoisseurs gave her the credit of a grand style, but thought her coloring hard.

To these may be added Madame Leroulx and Madame Davin. The latter received instruction, also, from Suvé and Augustin, and obtained the gold medal for her miniatures and genre-paintings. Nanine Ballain was noted for her genre-paintings; and Marie Anne Julie Forestier, for her romantic ones in this style and for her classic pictures.

Contemporary with these were some female artists who painted in the manner of Greuze; as Constance Mayer, afterward a disciple and friend of Prudhon; Madame Elie, and Philiberte Ledoux; the first well known for her portraits, the latter for her scenes and child-pictures. We may mention, in passing, Madame Villers, whose numerous works were marked by truth and pleasing expression. One of her pieces, "A Child asleep in a Cradle," carried away by a flood, while a

faithful dog plunges in to save it, with eager expression, is very striking and graceful.

Regnault, the rival of David, had the honor of many more female scholars. One of them, Madame Anzon, painted large pictures in 1793. Sophie Guillemard sent to the Exhibition, in 1802, "Alcibiades and Glycerion," and, two years later, her "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife." After this, Claire Robineau produced historical pictures and landscapes, and Rosalie de Lafontaine her delicate genre-paintings. Aurore Etienne de Lafond and Eugénie Brun obtained medals for their master-pieces in miniature-painting. Madame Lenoir painted Sage's portrait, and was much esteemed. A host of names might be added, were a mere list desirable.

The disciples and imitators of David also numbered women among their pupils. Drolling's daughter, Louise Adéone, studied under his direction; her first husband was Pagnierre the architect. Fanny Robert was trained in Girodet's atelier; Abel de Pujol taught Adrienne Marie Louise Grandpierre Deverzy; and Gérard finished some of David's scholars, as Eléonore Godefroy, who exhibited portraits and copies from her master after 1810, and Louise de Montferrier, Comtesse de Hugo, whose genre-paintings were brought to the Exhibition nine years later. Madame von Butlar, of Dresden, studied under this master in 1823.

These were the latest masters in serious historical painting till Robert Fleury and Léon Cogniet, who could perhaps boast the greatest number of gifted female pupils. We should mention here Jeanne Elizabeth Gabiou, the wife of Antoine Denis Chaudet, born in 1767, and dying about 1830. She was a pupil of her husband, and painted "A Child Teaching a Dog

to Read," with many charming little pieces of the kind; excelling, too, as a portrait-painter. The empress bought one of her pictures.

The majority of French women artists of this period busied themselves with portraits. Flower-painting was also much in vogue, and miniature and porcelain painting furnished continual employment for female industry and talent.

In modeling and sculpture France has produced some excellent artists since the commencement of the present century.

MARIE D'ORLEANS.

One in particular, of illustrious station and royal blood, too early snatched away by death, has conferred lustre upon the whole class by whom the difficult and delicate art has been cultivated.

Marie of Orleans, the daughter of Louis Philippe, is thus mentioned in Mrs. Lee's "Sketches."

"She was born at Palermo in 1813, and was married in 1837 to Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg. Her health was impaired, and she went to Pisa in the hope of recovering, but died there in 1839. Her statue of the Maid of Orleans is of the size of life, and is placed at Versailles; it is full of animation and spirit. But her last work, an angel in white marble, seems to be the result of inspiration. It is in the chapel of Sablonville, on the sarcophagus of her brother. It may be deeply lamented that the Princess Marie did not live to give additional proofs of the capability of her sex for works of sculpture. Her early death frustrated the efforts of a genius which bade fair to compete with the graceful forms of Canova or Flaxman."

Mrs. Lee says, "We were much gratified by seeing

a font in the church St. Germain de l'Auxerrois in Paris, by Madame Lamartine, the wife of the poet and historian; the font is surrounded by marble angels, who rest on its margin. It is a beautiful record of her taste, ingenuity, and benevolence."

Paris at this period, more emphatically than ever, was the centre of active efforts among artists. "*Paris —c'est la France*" was an expression as true as in the literary and political life of the nation. This was advantageous for the development of talent, and the advance of skill in details; bringing rival merits more keenly into conflict, and furnishing the student with more varied means of instruction.

Painting on porcelain became much practiced by French women in the early part of the present century. Amélie Legris was skilled in it, as well as in painting in oil, miniatures, and aquarell.

Madame Jacotot was noted for her beautiful paintings on porcelain. She was sent to Italy by the French government to copy the paintings of Raphael. She lived in style, was in much society, and was distinguished for her wit.

Madame Ducluzeau is the wife of a physician, and has gained considerable celebrity as an artist. The Comtesse de Mirbel painted miniatures. Louis Philippe, and many persons of his court, and the nobility, sat to her. She was employed to copy paintings for cadeaus to royalty.

Madame Aizelin had some charming pieces in pastel in the Paris Exhibition, 1857. Transparency of tissue was never better rendered than in her gauze drapery. Madame Fontaine, a pupil of Cogniet, excelled in the department of still-life. Mademoiselle Augustine Aumont had twelve panels, giving the flowers of each

month. Miss Mutrie, Mademoiselle Alloin, pupil of Rosa Bonheur, and many other women, were praised for beautiful groups of fruit and flowers. In this branch, as in portraits, miniatures, and porcelain-painting, the palm of excellence is awarded to lady artists. The productions of Madame Herbalin were conspicuous for delicacy and purity of execution and coloring.

Casting a glance at the condition of art at this period in Germany, it is noticeable that women took part with enthusiasm in almost every branch. We have observed the grounding of modern art in this country by Carstens. He went back to the purer forms of the antique, as his French contemporary, David, had done; and his restoration of purity, vigor, and tenderness, found earnest sympathy among his fair countrywomen. A style expressing the heart's deepest feelings, and the religious veneration which had become traditional, could not fail to meet the aspirations of noble-minded female artists.

Among artist-women who flourished at the close of the eighteenth and in the present century we may mention Mademoiselle Sonnenschein, who died in 1816, a member of the Academy in Stuttgard. We should not drop, among minor names, that of Sophie Ludovika Simanowitz, born Reighenbach, whose portrait of Schiller is well known.

Magdalena Tischbein, a flower-painter, the daughter of a noted artist, married the court painter Strack, of Oldenburg, in 1795.

The Princess of Saxe-Meiningen was noted for her beautiful pictures illustrating Bible history.

Mary Anna Bösenbacher, of Cologne, an engraver, was engaged in the service of the Elector Max Francis.

Barbara Krafft, born Steiner, of Iglau, painted a number of genre-pictures of life size, and in this branch was the precursor of Madame Jerichow-Baumann. She died in Bamberg, in 1825, aged sixty.

One who was busy in Rome at this time was Maria Ellenrieder. She had before visited the Academy in Munich for the purpose of educating herself in historical painting. In her works she sought to revive the spirit of ancient German art, and her longings drew her to the city which has long been the resort of ambitious art-students, where we find her in 1820. Among her productions are many altar-pieces, representing the Holy Family. Some have been lithographed. Since 1825 she has lived in Germany, where she has completed many works, and has practiced the art of etching.

Louise Caroline Seidler was at the same time in Rome. Born in Jena, she studied painting in Munich under Professor Von Langer, afterward going to Italy to profit by the works of Pietro Perugino and Raphael. She received the appointment of court painter in Weimar, and executed several pictures that belong to the romantic genre school. A splendid fruit of her study of the old masters is a collection of heads taken from celebrated pictures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. These were lithographed by Von Schmeller, and published in Weimar in 1836.

Among the German artists in Rome at the same period was Electrine Stuntz, afterward Baroness von Freiberg. She was the daughter of a landscape-painter of Strasburg, and devoted herself to historical pieces. She was in the Eternal City during 1821 and the following year, and was elected an honorary member of the Academy of San Luca, occupying a position

similar to that held by Angelica Kauffman. Her works have a serious character, and Madonna pictures abound in them. About 1823 she was married to Baron von Freiberg, and thenceforward divided her cares between her family and her art. Several of her etchings were greatly admired, and brought her high reputation.

Madame Caroline von Schroeter belongs to the same period. She became distinguished in Rome in 1826 by her beautiful miniature-paintings, and was there chosen member of the Academy of San Luca.

A few female artists belonged to the Düsseldorf school, while in Weimar they were indefatigable in supporting the ancient reputation. But the greatest number is to be found in Berlin. The impetus there given in various departments of learning, and the patronage of royal connoisseurs, with the superior cultivation of the people, had the happiest effect, and brought out the richest bloom of female talent. No branch of modern art has there been neglected by women, and several have displayed a genius for sculpture. Dilettanti of the highest rank have turned their attention to painting; and those who have pursued art as a profession, from dignified history-pieces down to flowers and landscapes, have met with encouraging success. In flower-painting and arabesques some very important improvements have recently been made.

In the other cities of Germany, where women have successfully engaged in such pursuits, less has been done. Few have taken to the profession in Vienna, though Dresden has maintained the old repute in this particular, and her Academy is to this day a genial nursery of female talent.

Italy, the birthplace of the fine arts, has experienced

the change common to all mundane things, and the participation of her women in art is by no means so great and significant as in earlier ages. Yet a few names may be ranked with those who have gone before. Turin, Milan, and Rome have each produced fair artists of distinction in various branches, and their success promises to open the way to future enterprise.

Not so fair is the prospect in Spain and among the Scandinavian nations. In England, on the other hand, both sculpture and painting have been successfully cultivated during the present century. We may mention, in passing, Fanny Corbeaux, an artist and distinguished Biblical scholar, born in 1812. When she was only fifteen years of age her father suddenly lost his property, and became indigent. The daughter had received only superficial instruction in drawing, but determined to use her small skill to support her father and herself. With the ardent spirit of youth she threw herself into the undertaking, sparing herself no severe labor, and so well directed were her efforts that, before the end of the year, she obtained a silver medal for water-color drawings. Within the next three years she received another similar token of approbation, and the gold medal of the Society of Arts.

All this time she had been her own instructor. She afterward painted small pictures in oil and water-colors, but confined herself chiefly to portraits. Her superiority in Bibilical scholarship was shown by a valuable series of letters on the Physical Geography of the Exodus. She published another series entitled "The Rephaim."

Fanny is described as being small, with figure slightly bent, but cheerful and charming in manner. Her

mother, living with her, is said to be lively and agile in movement.

Miss Merrifield is the author of a treatise on the Art of Painting.

A "Society of Female Artists" was established in London in 1857. Among its members, and now secretary to the association, is Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, the wife of the English Consul at Teneriffe. She has great celebrity as a water-color artist. Her style is dashing and vigorous, but highly finished; her coloring bright, transparent, pure, and sparkling, though something deficient in depth and middle tint. Mrs. Murray has lately published a book entitled "Sixteen Years of an Artist's Life, etc." She says of herself: "A vagabond from a baby, I left England at eighteen, independent, having neither master nor money. My pencil was both to me, and, at the same time, my strength, my comfort, and my intense delight." Honorable Mrs. Monckton Mills, Miss Louisa Rayner, Miss Florence Caxton, and others, are mentioned with praise. Mrs. Benham Hay is known as the illustrator of Longfellow's Poems; and Barbara Leigh Smith, an admirable writer, is an excellent artist. Of Miss Mutrie's work Mr. Ruskin says: "It is always beautiful;" and Miss Howitt and Mrs. Carpenter are noted as artists. Many whose names are now beginning to be familiar have hardly yet done justice to their own powers.

The Netherlands have done their share during the present century, preserving the old Dutch reputation, and producing a number of women who have made themselves independent by the exercise of skill in different departments of art.

The encouragement Goëthe has given, in his observations on the women artists of his day, is applica-

ble to those of the present. They have taken more firm hold, and manifested yet more ability in the profession. If many of them have been deficient in creative power, they have shown themselves capable of the highest excellence in the tender, the graceful, the pathetic, the ideal, and in the delicacy and quick perception, which often achieves so much, as by intuition. Dr. Guhl regards the indications of the present age as exceedingly promising, and urges women to enlarged ambition and activity. Severe exertions are demanded, but when was any success worth having commanded without them? The time is now ripe for their emulation of their most eminent rivals of the other sex, not by laying aside womanly delicacy, but by labors entirely consistent with that true modesty which will ever be the most attractive ornament of the sex. History is the great teacher of the present; and what we have seen of the achievements of by-gone ages is so full of encouragement, that it is but reasonable to look for still greater triumphs in the wider arena now opened, than have yet crowned the genius or the persevering industry of woman.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Felicie de Fauveau.—Parentage.—Her Mother a Legitimist.—The Daughter's Inheritance of Loyalty.—Removals.—Felicie's Studies.—Learns to Model.—Resolves to be a Sculptor.—Labor becoming to a Gentlewoman.—Her first Works.—Early Triumphs.—Social Circle in Paris.—Evening Employments.—Revival of a peculiar Taste.—Mediæval Fashions.—The bronze Lamp.—Equestrian Sketch.—Effect of the Revolution of 1830.—The two Felicies leave Paris.—A rural Conspiracy.—A domiciliary Visit.—Escape of the Ladies.—Discovery and Capture.—The Stratagem at the Inn.—Escape of Madame in Disguise.—Imprisonment of Mademoiselle.—Works in Prison.—Return to Paris.—Politics again.—Felicie banished.—Breaks up her Studio.—Poverty and Privation.—Residence in Florence.—Brighter Days.—Character of Felicie.—Personal Appearance.—Her Dwelling and Studio.—Her Works.—The casting of a bronze Statue.—Industry and Retirement.—"A good Woman and a great Artist."—Rosa Bonheur.—Her Birth in Bordeaux.—Her Father.—Rosa a Dunce in Childhood.—Her Parrot.—Rambles.—The Spanish Poet.—Removal to Paris.—Revolution and Misfortune.—Death of Madame Bonheur.—The Children at School.—Rosa detests Books and loves Roaming.—Remarriage of Bonheur.—Rosa a Seamstress.—Hates the Occupation.—Prefers turning the Lathe.—Her Unhappiness.—Placed at a Boarding-school.—Her Pranks and Caricatures.—Abhorrence of Study.—Mortification at her Want of fine Clothes.—Resolves to achieve a Name and a Place in the World.—Discontent and Gloom.—Return home.—Left to herself.—Works in the Studio.—Her Vocation apparent.—Studies at the Louvre.—Her Ardor and Application.—The Englishman's Prophecy.—Rosa vowed to Art.—Devoted to the Study of Animals.—Excursions in the Country in search of Models.—Visits the *Abattoirs*.—Study of various Types.—Visits the Museums and Stables.—Resorts to the horse and cattle Fairs in male Attire.—Curious Adventures.—Anatomical Studies.—Advantages of her Excursions.—Her Father her only Teach-

er.—The Family of Artists.—Rosa's pet Birds and Sheep.—Her first Appearance.—Rising Reputation.—Takes the gold Medal.—Proclaimed the new Laureat.—Death of her Father.—Rosa Directress of the School of Design.—Her Sister a Professor.—"The Horse-market."—Rosa's Paintings.—Bestows her Fortune on others.—Her Farm.—Drawings presented to Charities.—Demand for her Paintings.—Her Right to the Cross of the Legion of Honor.—The Emperor's Refusal to grant it to a Woman.—Description of her Residence and her Studio. — Rosa found asleep. — Her personal Appearance.—Dress.—Her Character.—Her Industry.—Mademoiselle Micas.—Mountain Rambles.—Rosa's Visit to Scotland.—Her Life in the Mountains. — At the Spanish Posada. — Threatened Starvation. — Cooking Frogs. — The Muleteers. — Rosa's Scotch Terrier.—Her Resolution never to marry.

FELICIE DE FAUVEAU.

FELICIE was born in Tuscany, but was taken, when an infant, to Paris, where her education commenced. Her parents were persons of much intelligence and culture. Her mother had great taste for music and painting, and it was from her that her daughter's talents received their first direction and encouragement. The family favored the aristocrats and Legitimists, and endured much in the cause of the Bourbons. Madame de Fauveau's eyes had opened on the terrors of the guillotine, and she was as proud of those memories of exile, proscription, and the scaffold as most persons are of honor and titles. Her chivalrous loyalty looked on them as dignities, and the privilege of suffering for the family to which she was devoted was cheaply earned in her eyes by the ruin and exile of her own.

The daughter shared in the mother's chivalrous sentiments, and her cherished ideas of monarchy and Romanism became perceptible in her conversation and works, while her self-sacrificing spirit of loyalty remained the same amid many vicissitudes. Owing to

pecuniary losses, her parents were compelled, while she was yet very young, to remove successively to Limoux, Bayonne, and Besançon. While at Bayonne, in 1823, she met with many partisans in the war then raging on the frontiers of Spain—men whose loyalty amounted to fanaticism, and whose piety belonged to the ancient time of the Crusades; from these her youthful imagination must have received powerful and indelible impressions.

Her studies were varied and profound; ancient history, classic and modern languages, heraldry, and archæology received her devoted attention. The feudal and chivalric traditions of the Middle Ages were explored with eagerness by her, and she reproduced and utilized the knowledge thus acquired. During her residence in Besançon, she executed some oil-paintings which were much praised; but she seemed to feel that canvas was not the material which would most fully express her ideas. She had then received no instruction in modeling. One day, in her walk, she paused before the shop of one of the workmen who carve images of virgins and saints for village churches. Impelled irresistibly, she entered and made inquiries as to the method of work, learning thus the secrets of modeling in clay or wax, and of carving wood or gold. It then appeared that her vocation was decidedly for the plastic art. She had the faculty of coloring with skill, and might have been a great painter, had she not resolved to be a sculptor. Her taste led her to adopt the mediæval manner, and she took Benevenuto Cellini for her prototype, occupying herself with art in both its monumental and decorative character.

At the death of her father, the family—consisting

of the widow, two sons and three daughters—was in some distress. Felicie determined to devote her talents to their support. Some of her friends objected that such employment was unbecoming one who belonged to a noble family. "Unbecoming!" said she, drawing herself up with a noble pride; "*Sachez qu'un artiste tel que moi est gentilhomme.*"

The first work she exhibited was a group from Scott's novel, "The Abbot." Encouraged by its brilliant success, she produced a basso-relievo, consisting of six figures—Christina of Sweden and Monaldeschi in the fatal gallery of Fontainebleau. This work was in the Exposition des Beaux Arts, and it received from Charles X. in person the gold medal awarded by the jury. The dramatic energy of the group, the expression of the figures, and the beauty of the minor details won universal admiration, and it was hailed as offering the brightest promise of future excellence. The triumphant artist was then a girl in the bloom of early youth; and, flattered and delighted at the appreciation she met with, it is not to be wondered at that her resolution to adhere to the career she had chosen was steadfast and immovable.

Felicie remained in Paris with her family till 1830. Her mother's house was the centre of a charming circle of persons of high rank, of cultivated women, and of accomplished artists, such as Scheffer, Steuben, Gassier, Paul Delaroche, Triqueti, Gros, Giraud, etc. So distinguished and agreeable was the mother, so sensible and so witty was the conversation of the daughter, that their society was coveted and prized. The friends assembled of an evening in their drawing-room would gather round a large centre-table, and improvise drawings in pencil, chalk, and pen and ink; or

would model, in clay or wax, brooches and ornaments, sword handles and scabbards, dagger-hilts, etc. The young lady wished to revive those famous days when sculpture lent its aid to the gold and silver smith, the jeweler, the clock-maker, and the armorer. To her may be chiefly attributed the impulse given to this taste in Paris—a taste that infected England also, reviving mediæval fashions for ornaments, and also mediæval feelings and aspirations, which at last found expression in Puseyism in religion, and pre-Raphaelism in art.

She executed, for Count Portalès, a bronze lamp of singular beauty, representing a bivouac of archangels armed as knights. They are resting round a watch-fire, while one, St. Michael, is standing sentinel. It is in the old Anglo-Saxon style. Round the lamp, in golden letters, is the device, "*Vaillant, veillant.*" Beneath is a stork's foot holding a pebble, a symbol of vigilance, surrounded by beautiful aquatic plants. The work was poetically conceived, and executed with great spirit and finish. She also commenced a work which she called "a monument to Dante," and sketched an equestrian statue of Charles VIII. On returning from the expedition to Naples, it was said, the monarch paused on the ascent of the Alps, and turned to take a last farewell of the beautiful country —"wooed, not wed"—which he so unwillingly abandoned. The sculptress was most successful in rendering this expression of sadness and yearning. The *pose* of the horse was natural, yet commanding; and the work would doubtless have been a master-piece; but, unfortunately, the model had to be destroyed, on the breaking up of her studio.

Mademoiselle de Fauveau had now acquired an

eminence and gained a celebrity which must have satisfied the most ambitious. She was incessantly occupied with commissions for most of the private galleries in France; and a place was promised her among those great artists who are employed to adorn public monuments, and whose works enrich public collections. She was to have modeled two doors for the gallery in the Louvre, after the manner of Ghiberti's Gates of Paradise; a baptistery and pulpit in one of the metropolitan churches had been already spoken of, when the revolution of 1830 broke up this calm and noble existence, and ended her career in Paris.

To Mademoiselle de Fauveau, with her extreme opinions, this revolution was a personal calamity. She had identified the glory and greatness of France with the elder branch of the Bourbons. The times for her were evil and out of joint; she abhorred the Paris which had overthrown what she considered a legitimate, to set up a pseudo royalty, and she longed, with all the concentration and single-mindedness of her character, for an opportunity of leaving the city. This soon presented itself. Among other noble and distinguished persons who were proud of their acquaintance with this gifted woman, were members of the Duras family. The married daughter, who bore the beloved but fatal name of La Roche Jacquelein, sympathized entirely with the opinions and feelings of her namesake, Felicie. She invited the artist to leave Paris, and accompany her on a visit to her estates in La Vendée. During this visit, which was at first considered a mere relaxation from severe labor and study, riding, shooting, and hunting took the place of designing, modeling, and casting. But, after a while, a more

serious purpose was contemplated, and a loftier end proposed. Mademoiselle de Fauveau found herself in the thick of a political conspiracy. A regular *chouannerie* was organized, and our poetical artist distinguished herself by her spirit, energy, and determination. To this day the peasantry in that part of France always speak of her as "*la demoiselle.*"

The authorities at last took umbrage, and a domiciliary visit was made to the chateau. The two ladies, warned in time, escaped, and took refuge in a neighboring farm-house. But arms and ammunitions were found in the chateau, with compromising letters and treasonable symbols. Orders were given to pursue and arrest the fugitives. The farm-house was searched in vain; the peasants were questioned, but their fidelity was unimpeachable. Unfortunately, however, some faint sounds were heard behind an oven; the grated door was removed, and the two rebels, who had so nearly defeated the search of their pursuers, were discovered, arrested, and sent under a strong guard to Angers.

At the first stage they stopped at an inn. The captives were conducted to a room up stairs; the door was locked, and their guards descended to the kitchen to refresh themselves. Presently a maid-servant was sent up to receive their orders for supper. In an instant, Madame de la Roche Jacquelein made herself understood by this woman. As soon as the supper was brought up, and the door closed, she effected an exchange of clothes, and, thus disguised, descended boldly, plates in hand, to the kitchen. She quickly deposited her burden on the dresser, and then, taking up the milk-pail, announced in the pretty *patois* of the country her intention to fetch the milk from the dairy.

It is said the lady looked so captivating in her new costume that a gallant sergeant made advances to her, which she was obliged to repress vigorously, so as to proceed unattended. She reached the dairy, went out at a back door, crossed some fields, and was soon out of reach. Mademoiselle de Fauveau remained quietly in her room, allowing the servant to sleep with her, so as to lull all suspicion, and give as much time as possible for the escape. The next morning the evasion of Madame was discovered, and caused great consternation. It was thought necessary to take the most rigid precautions, such as obliging Mademoiselle de Fauveau to have a guard in her sleeping-room, who was authorized to disturb her whenever he wished to make sure of her presence, to prevent her following her friend's example. She was thus transferred to Angers, and remained seven months in prison.

Her bold spirit and elastic temperament were not weakened or cast down by this destruction of her hopes. She took advantage of the forced seclusion to resume her occupations. In prison she modeled several small groups; one of them, composed of twelve figures, representing the duel of the Sire de Jarnee and the Count de la Chataignevaie in the presence of Henry II. and his court. She also designed a monument for Louis de Bonnechose, who had lately perished in an affray with some soldiers sent to arrest him. The background of this composition is architectural, in the Gothic style, adorned with the blazoned shields, achievements, and banners which belong peculiarly to the Vendean party. On the summit of the edifice is anangel, whose face is veiled, supporting the armorial shield of the deceased; in the foreground the Archangel Michael, terrible and victorious, has just killed

the dragon. This dragon has a head like a cock—a type of the French republic. Michael bears in his right hand the avenging sword, and in his left holds a pair of crystal scales; in one of these are figures of judges, advocates, and magistrates; in the other, which weighs down these, is a single drop of blood, with this inscription:

"Quam gravis est sanguis justi inultus."

In this sketch, as, indeed, in all Felicie's works, the symbolical beauty inspires the whole; the ideal gives spirit to the material form, while the form receives its noblest distinction as the fitting vehicle of the idea.

After seven months' imprisonment, Mademoiselle de Fauveau was set at liberty, and returned to Paris and her studio. Very soon afterward, the appearance of the Duchesse de Berri in Vendée set on fire all Royalist imaginations. Madame de la Roche Jacquelein and our fair artist again left Paris, and worked day and night for the cause so dear to their hearts, to reap again disappointment, failure, and misfortune. This episode in Felicie's life may show how strong was the political bias which gave tone and character to both her private and artistic life. "My opinions are dearer to me than my art," she said, and her actions proved this. She was one of the forlorn hope that stood up in the breach to save a falling dynasty; and with its ruins were ingulfed her own fortune, her prospects, and such part of her success as depended on the public recognition and acceptance of art in her own country.

After the failure of this second attempt of the Legitimists, Mademoiselle de Fauveau was among the persons exiled. She first took refuge in Switzerland;

then returned to Paris, in the very teeth of the authorities, broke up her studio and establishment there, and went to Florence, where she fixed her permanent abode with her mother and brother.

Considerable expense and outlay are necessary to carry on the art of sculpture, and a removal from a studio in which were accumulated sketches, models, and marbles—most of them not portable—was almost total ruin. The forced sale of furniture; the transfer, at a heavy discount, of funds which had to be reinvested, added serious items to the amount of loss. From the fragments thus thrown aside fortunes were made. At the very time when the little family was enduring bitter privation in Florence, a man realized an almost fabulous sum by selling walking-sticks manufactured from designs made by Mademoiselle de Fauveau in those happy Paris evenings before mentioned.

The expense attendant on establishing a new studio in Florence had to be met by the labor of many years. Madame de Fauveau, at this period, was the guardian angel of the family, and thought no sacrifice too great for the encouragement of her daughter's genius, and the advancement of her views. Her own poetical and imaginative mind aroused and fostered the ideas of the sculptress, while her unflinching resignation and humble faith soothed and solaced her heart.

With unparalleled nobleness, in spite of extreme poverty, the family refused to receive a sous from the princes or the party they had so served. No fleck of the world's dust can be thrown on that spotless fidelity. It was at this period, when each day's labor scarcely sufficed to provide for daily necessities, that Mademoiselle de Fauveau wrote to one of her friends, "We artists are like the Hebrews of old; manna is

sent to us, but on condition we save none for the morrow."

Brighter days dawned. Labor is not only its own reward, in the happiness it confers, but those who sow unweariedly and judiciously shall reap fairly. Our sculptress achieved a modest independence. It was probably at this time of her life that her friend the Baroness de Krafft sketched her character, dwelling on the contrasts presented by her history, in which her mind was developed, and the bent of her nature determined. "Fire, air, and water," she says, "are in that organization;" and it is true that ardor, purity, and impulse are the characteristics of her genius. On the one hand we see the lady of the Faubourg St. Germaine, with all the habits, associations, and prejudices which belong to her order; on the other, the artist, earning her daily bread, and obliged to face in their reality the sternest necessities and most imperative obligations; the single woman treading victoriously the narrow and thorny path which all women tread who seek to achieve independence by their own exertions; and the genius which, to attain breadth and vigor, must freely sweep out of its path limitations and obstacles. These contrasts appear in her person and manner. Her glance, usually soft, can kindle and grow stern. Madame de Krafft notices that the movements of her arms are somewhat abrupt and angular, but her hands "are white, soft, and fine, royal as the hands of Cæsar, or of Leonardo da Vinci."

Mademoiselle de Fauveau is described by a visitor as being fair, with low and broad forehead; soft, brown, penetrating eyes, aquiline nose, and mouth finely chiseled, well closed, and slightly sarcastic. Of the medium height, her figure is flexible and well formed.

Her ordinary studio dress is velvet, of that "*feuille morte*" color Madame Cottin has made famous; with a jacket of the same fastened by a small leathern belt, a *foulard* round the neck, and a velvet cap. Her hair is blonde, cut square on the forehead and short on the neck, and left rather longer at the sides, in the Vandyke manner. The face, and figure, and presence, give the impress of a firm but not aggressive nature, revealing the energy of resistance, not of defiance. Opinions strongly held and enunciated, defended to the death, if necessary, give such an aspect. Combined with this peculiarity is a look of thoughtful melancholy, such as Retzch has represented in his sketches of Faust. In fact, the head, in a statuette of herself, might serve as an ideal of the world-famous student. There are two admirable likenesses of her: one by Ary Scheffer and one by Giraud.

Her dwelling is in the Via delle Fornace, where are also the studios of Powers and Fedi. A dark green door opens into a paved covered court, formerly the entrance to a convent, which is now adapted to form a modern habitation. On one side a flight of stairs leads to the upper rooms, another door leads to the studio; a third opens on a cool, quiet garden, shaded by trees. There are dovecotes, pigeon-houses, and bird-cages; and the walks are hedged with laurels and cypresses, while there are gay flowers mingled with Etruscan vases and jars. The artist's drawing-room looks like the parlor of an abbess, furnished with antique hangings, carved chairs, silver crucifixes, and gold-grounded, pre-Raphaelite pictures, some of great beauty and value. From this drawing-room, half oratory and half boudoir, the visitor descends to the studio, which is composed of two or three large white-washed rooms on the ground floor.

The first thing that strikes one here is the evidence of the artist's indefatigable industry. Here are casts and bassi-relievi from the antique, but no goddesses, nymphs, or cupids; it is Christian art of the mediæval period. Saints and angels cover the walls; in the centre is a large crucifix of carved wood, beautifully executed, and full of vigor and expression; near it is a Santa Reparata, designed in terra-cotta. Mademoiselle de Fauveau has been peculiarly successful in her adaptation of terra-cotta to artistic purposes. A large alto-relievo represents two freed spirits flying heavenward, dropping their earthly chains. A lovely St. Dorothea looks upward, and holds up her hands for a basket of flowers and fruit which a descending angel is bringing from Paradise. Bold and rapid movement is expressed in the flying figure. In the background is an architectural design of a church, and an inscription describing how it sprang, as it were, from the martyr's blood. There is a Judith addressing the Israelites from an open gallery, with the head of Holofernes on a spear beside her. In the aspect of the resolute woman of Bethulia there is an undefinable resemblance to the artist. The expression, indeed, is congenial to her character, in which there is the concentration of purpose which gives force, and the ardor that gives decision to the will.

There are also works of a lighter character; the carved frame-work of a mirror, with an exquisite allegorical design—a fop and a coquette, in elaborate costume, are bending inward toward the glass, so intent on self-admiration as to be unconscious that a demon below has caught their feet in a line or snare from which they will not be able to extricate themselves without falling. Most of Mademoiselle de Fauveau's

works have superabundant richness of ornament and allegorical device. Her designs for gold and silver ornaments are unrivaled for elegance and imaginative picturesqueness.

She made for Count Zichy a Hungarian costume, the collar, belt, sword, and spurs being of the most finished workmanship. A silver bell, ornamented with twenty figures, for the Empress of Russia, represents a mediæval household, in the costumes of the period, and their peculiar avocations, assembling at the call of three stewards, whose figures form the handle. Round the ball is blazoned, in Gothic characters, "*De bon vouloir servir le maître.*"

It would be tedious to enumerate the works of this indefatigable artist. The finished specimens of twenty-five years of labor are shut up in private galleries, the models remaining in her studio. Her last and most imposing work is the monument in Santa Croce, erected to the memory of Louise Favreau by her parents. Madame de Krafft published a description of this in the *Revue Britannique* for March, 1857. Three monuments, in different styles, may be seen in the Lindsay chapel. In her studio are several busts of great beauty, strongly relieved by her method of placing an architectural back-ground. One is the bust of the Marquis de Bretignières, the founder of the reformatory school colony of Mettray.

Besides devoting herself to the actual expression of her ideas, Madame de Fauveau has, all her life, studied to improve the mere mechanical portion of her art. She endeavored to revive certain secrets known to the ancients, which have been abandoned and forgotten, to the detriment of modern sculpture. To cast a statue entire, instead of in portions, and with so much pre-

cision as to require no farther touch of the chisel—to preserve inviolate, as it were, the idea, while it is subject to the difficult process of clothing it with form, has been her life-long endeavor. In bronze, by means of wax, she succeeded, after repeated failures, with incredible perseverance. A figure of St. Michael in one of her works was thus cast seven times. The least obstacle, were it only the breadth of a pin's point in one of the air-vents which are necessary to draw the seething metal into every part of the mould, is enough to destroy the work. At last her head workman brought her St. Michael complete; all the energy and delicacy of the original design being preserved, and none of the pristine freshness lost in the translation from wax to bronze.

Mademoiselle de Fauveau works almost incessantly, scarcely allowing herself any relaxation. Her principal associates are a few of the higher church dignitaries, and two or three distinguished Italian or foreign families. Retirement is agreeable to her, and her political opinions have drawn around her a line of demarkation. She has paid two visits to Rome: one when the Duc de Bordeaux was there. He paid her much attention, as did the two great princes of art, Cornelius and Tenerani, at that time in Rome. Thus situated, beloved by many, admired and appreciated by all, this clever artist and noble woman leads an honored life, which seems a realized dream of work, progress, and success.

From every point of view, a life so spent is a curious and interesting study. There is the independence belonging to an existence devoted to art, with almost cloistral simplicity and formality. She had been hardly ever separated from her proud and devoted mother

till her death, in 1858. The loss left her inconsolable. Her brother, an artist of merit, resides with her, assists in most of her works, and is the support and comfort of her life. Her happy home and domestic relations have helped to expand and refine her genius. A woman's art, as well as her heart, suffers when the home in which she works is uncongenial. Our artist's name—Felicie—has proved a good omen for one who is at once "a good woman and a great artist."

ROSA BONHEUR.*

Rosalie Bonheur—as she is called in her *acte de naissance*—was born in Bordeaux on the 16th of March, 1822. Her father, Oscar Raymond Bonheur, was a painter of merit, who had in youth taken the highest honors at the exhibitions of his native town. He devoted part of his time to giving drawing-lessons in families for the support of his aged parents. An attachment sprung up between him and one of his pupils—Sophie Marqués—a lovely and accomplished girl. Her family opposed their union on account of the artist's poverty; and after the marriage the young people were thrown entirely on their own resources. Rosalie was the eldest of their four children. Her father was compelled to give up his dreams of fame and the higher labors of his art, and for eight years maintained his family by teaching drawing.

Rosalie—or Rosa, as she has always called herself—was a wild, active, impetuous child, impatient of restraint, and having a detestation of study. She was a long time in acquiring even the elements of reading and writing. When not in the fields, she was in the

* This sketch was prepared under the supervision of Mademoiselle Bonheur.

garden. She remembers a gray parrot, a pet of her grandfather's, that often called out "Rosa! Rosa!" in a voice like her mother's, and would bring her in, when her mother would seize the opportunity to make her repeat her catechism. When the lesson was over, the little girl would scold the bird angrily for the trick it had played her. But if Rosa hated her books, she dearly loved all objects in nature, and was happiest when rambling in wood or meadow, gathering posies as large as herself. Her complexion was fair, with rosy cheeks; her light auburn hair curled in natural ringlets; and she was so plump that the Spanish poet Moratia, who then lived in Bordeaux, and spent his evenings at Bonheur's, used to call her his "round ball." He would romp with the merry child for hours together, and laugh over the rude figures she was fond of cutting out of paper. Rosa was fond of amusing herself in her father's studio, drawing rough outlines on the walls, or burying her little fat hands in the clay, and making grotesque attempts at modeling, though these childish efforts were not noticed by her family as showing any genius. The exiled poet, however, saw the boldness, vigor, and originality of her nature, and often prophesied that his favorite would turn out, in some way, "a remarkable woman."

In 1829 Raymond Bonheur quitted Bordeaux, and established himself with his family in Paris. Interested in the ideas then fermenting in the public mind, he entered into the excitement that preceded the Revolution of July. Periods of national effervescence are not favorable to art; the painter could not sell his pictures, and had to betake himself once more to giving drawing-lessons. His wife gave lessons on the piano; but the growing agitation of the social and po-

litical world made their united exertions profitless. Madame Bonheur sustained her husband's courage throughout this trying period, while she was often compelled, after the day's labors, to sit up half the night to earn with her needle a precarious support for the morrow. When public tranquillity returned, Bonheur resumed his teaching, and had some of his works noticed in the Paris Exhibition.

Madame Bonheur died in 1833. The father then placed the three elder children with an honest woman —La Mère Cathérine—who lived in the Champs Elysées; Juliette, the youngest, being sent to friends in Bordeaux. La Mère sent her little charges to the Mutual School of Chaillot. Rosa, now in her eleventh year, and detesting books and confinement as heartily as ever, generally contrived to avoid the school-room, and spent most of her time in the grassy and wooded spots afforded in the Bois de Boulogne, and other environs of Paris. Two years passed thus; the children being plainly clad and living on the humblest fare. Rosa meanwhile, with her passion for independence and outdoor life, incurred almost daily the angry reprimands of La Mère Cathérine, who was distressed at her neglect of school for her rambles. "I never spent an hour of fine weather indoors during the whole of the time," she often said. But this sort of gipsy life could not last. Raymond Bonheur married again, took a house in the Faubourg du Roule, brought the three children home, and endeavored to put them in a way to make a position for themselves. The two boys—Auguste and Isidore—were placed in a respectable school, in which their father gave three lessons a week by way of payment; and Rosa, who could not be got to learn any thing out of a book, and seemed

to have neither taste nor talent for any thing but rambling about in the sunshine, was placed with a seamstress, in order that she might learn to make a living by her needle.

Nothing could have been more disagreeable to the poor girl than the monotonous employment to which she was thus condemned. The mere act of sitting still on a chair was torture to her active temperament; she ran the needle into her fingers at every stitch, and bending over her hated task made her head ache, and filled her with inexpressible weariness and disgust. The husband of the seamstress was a turner, and had his lathe in an adjoining room. Rosa's sole consolation was to slip into this room, and obtain the turner's permission to help him work the lathe. If he were absent, she would do her utmost to set the lathe in motion by herself, more than once doing some damage to the turner's tools. But these stolen pleasures were insufficient to compensate her for the repulsiveness of her new avocation; and whenever her father, with his pockets full of bonbons, came to see her and learn how she was getting on, she would throw herself into his arms in a passion of tears, and beseech him to take her away. Every week her distress became more and more evident; she lost her appetite and color, and was apparently falling ill. Her father was much disappointed at the ill success of his attempt to make of his wild daughter an orderly and industrious needlewoman; but he was too fond of her to persevere in an experiment so repugnant to her feelings. He therefore broke off the arrangement with the seamstress, and took her home.

After thinking over many plans for her, he at length succeeded in making an arrangement for her

reception in a boarding-school in the Rue de Reuilly, Faubourg St. Antoine, on the same terms as those he had obtained for her brothers. A vast deal of good advice was expended on her, with many earnest exhortations to make the best use of the advantages of the school, by diligent application to her studies.

For a short time after her entrance into this establishment, Rosa was delighted with her new life, for she speedily became a favorite with her young companions, the leader in all their games, and the inventor of innumerable pranks. But the teachers were far from being equally satisfied with the new pupil, who could not be got to learn a lesson, and who threw the household into confusion with her doings. One of her favorite amusements was to draw caricatures of the governesses and professors; which caricatures, after coloring, she cut out very carefully, and contrived to fasten to the ceiling of the school-room, by means of bread patiently chewed to the consistence of putty, and applied to the heads of the figures. The sensation created by this novel exhibition of portraiture, and the ludicrous bowings and courtesyings of the paper figures, as they swayed over the heads of their originals, may be easily imagined. The pupils would go beside themselves with suppressed laughter; the teachers were naturally more displeased than diverted. The mistress of the establishment, struck with the vigor and originality of these drawings, caused them to be detached from the ceiling, and placed them privately in an album, where, it is said, they have been treasured to this day. But Rosa was none the less pronounced a very naughty girl; and she generally found herself condemned to bread and water about five days in the week.

Rosa Bonheur is by no means deficient in the faculty of acquiring knowledge, and has since made up, in her own way, for her early disinclination to study; but it was absolutely impossible for her, at that time, to constrain her mercurial temperament to the measured regularity of a class; and the only branch of study in which she made any progress was drawing, which she practiced assiduously, sharing the lessons given twice a week by her father in return for her schooling.

Rosa, however, was far from happy. Besides the constant trouble in which her love of frolic and mischief involved her, there was another annoyance that poisoned her peace, and gradually rendered her stay in the school intolerably painful.

All the other pupils being daughters of rich tradesmen, they were elegantly dressed, and had their silver forks and cups at table, and plenty of pocket-money for the gratification of their school-girl fancies. Rosa, with her calico frocks and coarse shoes, her iron spoon, tin mug, and empty pockets, felt keenly the inferiority of her position. Her father was as good and as clever as the fathers of her companions; why, then, was he not rich? Why must she wear calico and drink out of tin, while the other girls had silver mugs and beautiful silk dresses? Too generous to be envious, and treated as a favorite by the other pupils, the proud and sensitive child yet recoiled instinctively from a contact which awakened in her mind an unreasoning sense of injustice, and humiliated her, as she felt, for no fault of her own. She had no wish to deprive her little companions of the superior advantages of their lot, but she longed to possess the same, tormenting herself day and night with pondering on her

difficulties, and seeking to devise some plan by which they might be overcome. To this period, with its secret mental experiences, is to be traced that firm resolve to achieve a name and a place for herself in the world—to a perception of whose social facts she was now beginning to awaken—which sustained her through the subsequent phases of her artistic development. Yet this resolve, though prompted by a galling sense of the humble character of her wardrobe and "belongings," pointed less to the acquisition of greater elegance of dress and personal conditions—to which she has subsequently shown herself almost indifferent—than to the attainment of a superior and independent social position. She was determined to be something, though she could not see what, and felt no doubt of the accomplishment of her purpose, though as yet she had no idea of the mode in which it was to be carried out. Meanwhile, her secret discontent preyed on her spirits and affected her health. She became reserved and gloomy, and while seeking, with feverish anxiety, to devise the sort of work that should enable her to gain for herself the superior position she so ardently coveted, she became more and more neglectful of her studies, until, her teachers and her father being alike discouraged by her seeming idleness, the latter withdrew her from the school, and once more took her home.

More than ever perplexed what to do with her, her father now left her for a time entirely to herself. Thus abandoned to her own spontaneous actions, Rosa, who felt that the idle and aimless life she had hitherto led was little calculated to help her to the realization of her secret ambition, and who was full of unacknowledged regret and remorse for her incapacity and use-

lessness, sought refuge from her own uncomfortable thoughts in her father's studio, where she amused herself with imitating every thing she saw him do; drawing and modeling, day after day, with the utmost diligence and delight, happy as long as she had in her hands a pencil, a piece of charcoal, or a lump of clay. In the quiet and congenial activity of the studio, her excited feelings became calm, and her ideas grew clearer; she began to understand herself, and to devise the path nature had marked out for her. As this change took place in her mind, the desultory and purposeless child became rapidly transformed into the earnest, self-conscious, determined woman. She drew and modeled from morning till night with enthusiastic ardor; and her father, amazed at her progress, and perceiving at last the real bent of her nature, devoted himself seriously to her instruction, superintending her efforts with the greatest interest and care. He took her through a serious course of preparatory study, and then sent her to the Louvre to copy the works of the old masters, as a discipline for her eye, her hand, and her judgment.

Surrounded and stimulated by the glorious creations of the great painters—the first to enter the gallery and the last to leave it—too much absorbed in her model to be conscious of any thing that went on around her, Rosa pursued her labors with unwavering zeal.

"I have never seen an example of such application, and such ardor for work," remarked M. Jousselin, director of the Louvre, in describing the deportment of the young student.

The splendid coloring and form of the Italian schools, the lofty idealism of the German, and the broad naturalism of the Dutch, alike excited her enthusiasm;

she studied them all with equal delight, and copied them with equal felicity. To aid her father in his arduous struggle for the support of his family, now increased by the birth of two younger children, was the immediate object of Rosa's ambition; and, the admirable fidelity of her copies insuring them a speedy sale, this filial desire was soon gratified. She gained but a small sum for each, but so great was her industry that those earnings soon became an important item in the family resources.

One day, when she had just put the finishing touch to a copy of *Les Bergers d'Arcadie*, at the Louvre, an elderly English gentleman stopped beside her easel, and, having examined her work with much attention, exclaimed, "Your copy, *mon enfant*, is superb, faultless! Persevere as you have begun, and I prophesy that you will be a great artist!" The stranger's prediction gave the young painter much pleasure, and she went home that evening with her head full of joyous visions of future success.

Rosa was now in her seventeenth year, vowed to art as the aim and occupation of her life, cultivating landscape, historical, and genre painting with equal assiduity, but without any decided preference for either; when, happening to make a study of a goat, she was so much enchanted with this new attempt that she thenceforth devoted herself to the cultivation of the peculiar province in which she has commanded such brilliant success. Too poor to procure models, she went out daily into the country on foot, in search of picturesque views and animals for sketching. With a bit of bread in her pocket, and laden with canvas and colors, or a mass of clay—for she was attracted equally toward painting and sculpture, and has shown

that she would have succeeded equally in either—she used to set out very early in the morning, and, having found a site or a subject to her mind, seat herself on a bank or under a tree, and work on till dusk; coming home at nightfall, after a tramp of ten or a dozen miles, browned by sun and wind, soaked with rain, or covered with mud; exhausted with fatigue, but rejoicing in the lessons the day had furnished.

Her inability to procure models at home also suggested to her another expedient, the adoption of which shows how earnest was her determination to overcome the obstacles poverty had placed in the way of her studies. The slaughtering and preparing of animals for the Paris market is confined to a few *abattoirs*, great establishments on the outskirts of the city, placed under the supervision of the municipal authorities. Each of these establishments contains extensive inclosures, in which are penned thousands of lowing and bleating victims, waiting their turn to be led to the shambles. To one of these—the *abattoir du Roule*—had Rosa the courage to go daily for many months, surmounting alike the repugnance which such a locality naturally inspired, and her equally natural hesitation to place herself in contact with the crowd of butchers and drovers who filled it. Seated on a bundle of hay, with her colors beside her, she painted on from morning till dusk, not unfrequently forgetting the bit of bread in her pocket, so absorbed would she become in the study of the varied types that rendered the courts and stables of this establishment so invaluable a field of observation for her. Not content with drawing the occupants of the *abattoir* in their pens, far from the sickening horror of the shambles, she felt the necessity of studying their attitudes under the terror

and agony of the death-stroke, and compelled herself to make repeated visits to the slaughter-house; looking on scenes whose repulsiveness was rendered doubly painful to her by her affectionate sympathy with the brute creation. In the evening, on her return home, her hands, face, and clothes were usually spotted all over by the flies, so numerous wherever animals are congregated. Such was the respect with which she inspired the rude companions by whom she was surrounded, and who would often beg to see her sketches, which they regarded with the most naïve admiration, that nothing ever occurred to annoy her in the slightest degree during her long sojourns in the crowded precincts of the *abattoir*.

After she had ceased to visit this establishment, she frequented in a similar manner the stables of the Veterinary School of Alfort, and the animals and museums of the Garden of Plants. She also resumed her sketching rambles in the country, and resorted diligently to all the horse and cattle fairs held in the neighborhood of Paris. On the latter occasions she invariably wore male attire; a precaution she found it necessary to adopt, as a convenience, and still more, as a protection against the annoyances that would have rendered it impossible for her to mingle in such gatherings in feminine costume. In her masculine habit Rosa had so completely the look of a good-hearted, ingenuous boy, that the graziers and horse-dealers, whose animals she drew, would frequently insist on "standing treat" in a *chopine* of wine, or a *petit verre* of something stronger, to the "clever little fellow" whose skillful portrayal of their beasts had so much delighted them; and it sometimes required all her address and ingenuity to escape from their well-meant persecutions. Her

good looks, too, in the assumed character of a youth of the sterner sex, would sometimes make sad havoc in the susceptible hearts of village dairy-maids. Some laughable incidents might be related under this head. In her subsequent explorations of the romantic regions at either foot of the Pyrenees, the passion with which she has unwittingly inspired the black-eyed Phœbes of the south has more than once proved a source of serious though comical embarrassment to the artist, desirous above all things to maintain impenetrably the secret of her disguise.

The young artist's studies were not confined to the exterior forms of her models. She procured the best anatomical treatises and plates, with casts and models of the different parts of the human frame, and studied them thoroughly; she then procured legs, shoulders, and heads of animals from the butchers, carefully dissecting them, and thus obtaining an intimate knowledge of the forms and dependencies of the muscles whose play she had to delineate.

Now that Rosa has arrived at the fame her swelling child-heart prophesied to itself before she had ascertained the path that should lead to the fulfillment of her aspirations, the richest and noblest of her countrymen are proud to place at her disposal the finest products of their farms and studs; while mules, donkeys, sheep, goats, pigs, dogs, and rare poultry are offered to her from one end of Europe to the other. But it is certain that the poverty and obscurity which, during her first years of effort, compelled her to frequent *abattoirs* and cattle-markets in search of subjects for her pencil were really of unspeakable service in forcing her to make acquaintance with a multitude of types under a variety of action and condition, such as she

could never have seen in any other way, and in giving her a breadth of conception, variety of detail, and truthfulness to nature, which a more limited range of experience could not have supplied.

Through all her varied studies, Raymond Bonheur was his daughter's constant and only teacher. M. Léon Cogniet, whose pupil she is erroneously said to have been, merely took a friendly interest in her progress, and warmly encouraged her to persevere. She never took a lesson of any other teacher than her father and nature.

Bonheur, with his family, now occupied small six-story rooms in the Rue Rumfort. His two sons had also devoted themselves to art under his auspices, Auguste being a painter, and Isidore a sculptor. The loving family, merry and hopeful in spite of poverty, labored diligently together in the same little studio. From daylight till dusk Rosa was always at her easel, singing like a linnet, the busiest and merriest of them all. In the evening, the frugal dinner dispatched and the lamp lighted, she would spend several hours in drawing illustrations for books, and animals for prints and for albums; or in moulding little groups of oxen, sheep, etc., for the figure-dealers—thus earning an additional contribution to the family purse.

Rosa delighted in birds, of which she had many in the studio; but it grieved her to see them confined. To her great joy, one of her brothers contrived a net, which he fastened to the outer side of the window, so that they could be safely let out of their cages. She had also a beautiful sheep, with long silky wool, the most docile and intelligent of quadrupeds, which she kept on the leads outside their windows, the leads forming a terrace, converted by her into a garden, gay

with honeysuckles, cobeas, convolvulus, nasturtiums, and sweet-peas. As the sheep could not descend six flights of stairs, yet needed occasional exercise and change of diet, Isidore used to place it gravely on his shoulders, and carry it down to a neighboring croft, where it browsed on the fresh grass to its heart's content, after which he would carry it back to its aerial residence. Thus carefully tended, the animal passed two years contentedly on the terrace, affording to Rosa and her brothers an admirable model.

It was in the Fine Arts Exhibition of 1841 that Rosa Bonheur made her first appearance before the critical Areopagus of Paris, attracting the favorable notice both of connoisseurs and public, by two charming little groups of a goat, sheep, and rabbits. The following year she exhibited three paintings: "Animals in a Pasture," "A Cow lying in a Meadow," and "A Horse for Sale," which attracted still more notice, the first being specially remarkable for its exquisite rendering of the atmospheric effects of evening, and its blending of poetic sentiment with bold fidelity to fact.

From this period she appeared in all the Paris exhibitions, and in many of those of the provincial towns, her reputation rising every year, and several bronze and silver medals being awarded to her productions. In 1844 she exhibited, with her paintings, "A Bull" in clay, one of the many proofs she has given of powers that would have raised her to a high rank as a sculptor, had she not, at length, been definitively drawn, by the combined attractions of form and color, into the ranks of the painters. In the following year she exhibited twelve paintings—a splendid collection—flanked by the works of her father and her brother

father: director of the gov. school of design for girls. Rosa takes it over

Auguste, then admitted for the first time. In 1846 her productions were accompanied by those of her father and both her brothers, the younger of whom then first appeared as a sculptor. The family group was completed in a subsequent exhibition by the admission of her younger sister, Julietta, who had returned to Paris, and had also become an artist. In 1849 her magnificent "Cantal Oxen" took the gold medal. Horace Vernet, president of the committee of awards, proclaimed the new laureat in presence of a brilliant crowd of amateurs, presenting her with a superb Sèvres vase in the name of the government; the value of a triumph which placed her ostensibly in the highest rank of her profession being immeasurably enhanced in her eyes by the unbounded delight it afforded to her father.

Raymond Bonheur, released from pecuniary difficulty, and rejuvenated by the joy of his daughter's success, had accepted the directorship of the government school of design for girls, and resumed his palette with all the ardor of his younger days. But his health had been undermined by the fatigues and anxieties he had borne so long, and he died of heart disease in 1849, deeply regretted by his family. Rosa, who had aided him in the school of design, was now made its directress. She still holds the post, her sister, Madame Peyrol, being the resident professor, and Rosa superintending the classes in a weekly lesson.

Her already brilliant reputation was still farther enhanced by the appearance, in 1849, of her noble "Plowing Scene in the Nivernais," ordered by the government, and now in the Luxembourg Gallery; of the "Horse-market," in 1853, the preparatory studies for which occupied her during eighteen months;

and the "Hay-making," in 1855. The last two works created great enthusiasm in the public mind.

More fortunate than many other great artists, whose merits have been slowly acknowledged, Rosa Bonheur has been a favorite with the public from her first appearance. Her vigorous originality, her perfect mastery of the technicalities and mechanical details of her art, and the charm of a style at once fresh and simple, and profoundly and poetically true, ensured for her productions a sympathetic appreciation and a rapid sale. She had produced, up to June, 1858, thirty-five paintings; and many more, not exhibited, have been purchased by private amateurs. In these the peculiar aspect of crag, mountain, valley, and plain—of trees and herbage; the effects of cloud, mist, and sunshine, and of different hours of the day—are as profoundly and skillfully rendered as are the outer forms and inner life of the animals around which the artist, like nature, spreads the charm and glory of her landscapes. She has already made a fortune, but has bestowed it entirely on others, with the exception of a little farm a few miles from Paris, where she spends a great deal of her time. Such is her habitual generosity, and so scrupulous is her delicacy in all matters connected with her art, that it may be doubted whether she will ever amass any great wealth for herself. Her portfolios contain nearly a thousand sketches, eagerly coveted by amateurs; but she regards these as a part of her artistic life, and refuses to part with them on any terms. A little drawing that accidentally found its way into the hands of a dealer, a short time since, brought eighty pounds in London. Rosa had presented it to a charity, as she now and then does with her drawings. Demands for paintings reach her from ev-

cross of the Fr. Legion of Honor refused to her because she was ♀.

ery part of the world; but she refuses all orders not congenial to her talent, valuing her own probity and dignity above all price.

The award of the jury in 1853—in virtue of which the authoress of "The Horse-market" was enrolled among the recognized masters of the brush, and as such exempted from the necessity of submitting her works to the examining committee previous to their admission to future exhibitions—entitled her, according to French usage, to the cross of the Legion of Honor. This decoration was refused to the artist by the emperor *because she was a woman!*

The refusal, repeated after her brilliant success of 1855, naturally excited the indignation of her admirers, who could not understand why an honor that would be accorded to a certain talent in a man should be refused to the same in a woman. But, though Rosa was included in the invitation to the state dinner at the Tuileries, always given to the artists to whom the Academy of Fine Arts has awarded its highest honor, the refusal of the decoration was maintained, notwithstanding numerous efforts made to obtain a reversal of the imperial decree.

A visitor describes the studio of this world-renowned artist. At the southern end of the Rue d'Assas—a retired street, half made up of extensive gardens, the tops of trees alone visible above the high stone walls—just where, meeting the Rue de Vaugirard, it widens into an irregular little square, surrounded by sleepy-looking, old-fashioned houses, and looked down upon by the shining gray roofs and belfry of an ancient Carmelite convent—is a green garden-door, surmounted by the number "32." A ring will be answered by the barkings of one or two dogs; and when the

door is opened by the sober-suited serving-man, the visitor finds himself in a garden full of embowering trees. The house, a long, cozy, irregular building, standing at right angles with the street, is covered with vines, honeysuckles, and clematis. A part of the garden is laid out in flower-beds; but the larger portion—fenced off with a green paling, graveled, and containing several sheds—is given up to the animals kept by the artist as her models. There may be seen a horse, a donkey, four or five goats, sheep of different breeds, ducks, cochinchinas, and other denizens of the barn-yard, all living together in perfect amity and good-will.

On fine days the artist may be found seated on a rustic chair inside the paling, busily sketching one of these animals, a wide-awake or sun-bonnet on her head. If the visitor comes on a Friday afternoon, the time set apart for Rosa's receptions, he is ushered through glass doors into a hall, where the walls are covered with paintings, orange-trees and oleanders standing in green tubs in the corners, and the floor (since the artist crossed the Channel!) covered with English oil-cloth. From this hall a few stairs, covered with thick gray drugget, lead to the atelier, on Fridays turned into the reception-room.

This beautiful studio, one of the largest and most finely proportioned in Paris, with its greenish-gray walls, and plain green curtains to lofty windows that never let in daylight—the room being lighted entirely from the ceiling—has all its wood-work of dark oak, as are the book-case, tables, chairs, and other articles of furniture—richly carved, but otherwise of severe simplicity—distributed about the room. The walls are covered with paintings, sketches, casts, old

armor, fishing-nets, rude baskets and pouches, poles, gnarled and twisted vine-branches, picturesque hats, cloaks, and sandals, collected by the artist in her wanderings among the peasants of various regions; nondescript draperies, bones and skins of animals, antlers and horns. The fine old book-case contains as many casts, skeletons, and curiosities as books, and is surrounded with as many busts, groups in plaster, shields, and other artistic booty, as its top can accommodate; and the great Gothic-looking stove at the upper end of the room is covered in the same way with little casts and bronzes. Paintings of all sizes, and in every stage of progress, are seen on easels at the lower end of the room, the artist always working at several at a time. Stands of port-folios and stacks of canvas line the sides of the studio; birds are chirping in cages of various dimensions, and a magnificent parrot eyes you suspiciously from the top of a lofty perch. Scattered over a floor as bright as waxing can make it, are skins of tigers, oxen, leopards, and foxes—the only species of floor-covering admitted by the artist into her work-room. "They give me ideas," she says of these favorite appurtenances; "whereas the most costly and luxurious carpet is suggestive of nothing."

But the suggestion of picturesque associations is not the only service rendered by these spoils of the animal kingdom. One sultry Friday afternoon, one of her admirers, going earlier than her usual reception hour, found her lying fast asleep under the long table at the upper end of the studio, on her favorite skin, that of a magnificent ox, with stuffed head and spreading horns; her head resting lovingly on that of the animal. She had come in very tired from her weekly review of the classes at the School of Design, and had

thrown herself down on the skin, under the shade of the table, to rest a few moments. There was so much natural grace and simplicity in her attitude, such innocence and peacefulness in her whole aspect, and so much of the startled child in her expression, as, roused by the opening and shutting of the door, she awoke and started to her feet, that the picture seemed as beautiful as any created by the pencil.

Here Rosa Bonheur receives her guests with the frankness, kindness, and unaffected simplicity for which she is so eminently distinguished. In person she is small, and rather under the middle height, with a finely-formed head, and broad rather than high forehead; small, well-defined, regular features, and good teeth; hazel eyes, very clear and bright; dark-brown hair, slightly wavy, parted on one side and cut short in the neck; a compact, shapely figure; hands small and delicate, and extremely pretty little feet. She dresses very plainly, the only colors worn by her being black, brown, and gray; and her costume consists invariably of a close-fitting jacket and skirt of simple materials. On the rare occasions when she goes into company—for she accepts very few of the invitations with which she is assailed—she appears in the same simple costume, of richer materials, with the addition merely of a lace collar. She wears none of the usual articles of feminine adornment; they are not in accordance with her thoughts and occupations. At work she wears a round pinafore or blouse of gray linen that envelops her from the neck to the feet. She impresses one at first sight with the idea of a clear, honest, vigorous, independent nature; abrupt, yet kindly; original, self-centred, and decided, without the least pretension or conceit; but it is only when you have seen her con-

versing earnestly and heartily, her enthusiasm roused by some topic connected with her art, or with the great humanitary questions of the day; when you have watched her kindling eyes, her smile at once so sweet, so beaming, and so keen, her expressive features irradiated, as it were, with an inner light, that you perceive how very beautiful she really is. To know how upright and how truthful she is, how single-minded in her devotion to her art, how simple and unassuming, fully conscious of the dignity of her artistic power, but respecting it rather as a talent committed to her keeping than as a quality personal to herself, you must have been admitted to something more than the ordinary courtesy of a reception-day. While, if you would know how noble and how self-sacrificing she has been, not only to every member of her own family, but to others possessing no claim on her kindness but such as that kindness gave them, you must learn it from those who have shared her bounty, for you will never know a word of it from herself.

Her dislike to being written about will prevent many interesting particulars in regard to her from becoming known; but, if they ever come to light, they will show her life replete with noble teachings, and that the great painter whose fame will go down to coming ages was as admirable a woman as she was gifted as an artist; that her moral worth was no less transcendent than her genius.

Rosa Bonheur is an indefatigable worker. She rises at six, and paints until dusk, when she lays aside her blouse, puts on a bonnet and shawl of most unfashionable appearance, and takes a turn through the neighboring streets alone, or accompanied only by a favorite dog. Absorbed in her own thoughts, and

unconscious of every thing around her, the first conception of a picture is often struck out by her in these rapid, solitary walks in the twilight.

Living solely for her art, she has gladly resigned the cares of her outward existence to an old and devoted friend, Madame Micas, a widow lady, who, with her daughter, resides with her. Mademoiselle Micas is an artist, and her beautiful groups of birds are well known in England. She has been for many years Rosa's most intimate companion. Every summer the two artists repair to some mountain district to sketch. Arrived at the regions inhabited only by the chamois, they exchange their feminine habiliments for masculine attire, and spend a couple of months in exploring the wildest recesses of the hills, courting the acquaintance of their shy and swift-footed tenants, and harvesting "effects" of storm, rain, and vapor as assiduously as those of sunshine. Though Rosa is alive to the beauties of wood and meadow, mountain scenery is her especial delight. Having explored the French chains and the Pyrenees, in the autumn of 1856 she visited Scotland, and made numerous sketches in the neighborhood of Glenfallock, Glencoe, and Ballaculish. Struck by the beauty of the Highland cattle, she selected some choice specimens of these, which she had sent down to Wexham Rectory, near Windsor, where she resided, and spent two months in making numerous studies, from which she produced two pictures: "The Denizens of the Mountains" and "Morning in the Highlands." Her preference for the stern, the abrupt, and the majestic over the soft, the smiling, and the fair, makes Italy, with all its glories, less attractive to her than the ruder magnificence of the Pyrenees and the north.

Among mountains the great artist is completely in her element; out of doors from morning till night, lodging in the humblest and remotest of road-side hotels, or in the huts of wood-cutters, charcoal-burners, and chamois-hunters, and living contentedly on whatever fare can be obtained. In 1856, being furnished by families of distinction in the Béarnais and the Basque provinces with introductions, her party pushed their adventurous wanderings to the little station of Peyronère, the last inhabited point within the French frontier, and thence up the romantic defiles of the Vallée d'Urdos, across the summit of the Pyrenees. Their letters procured them a hospitable reception at each halting-place, with a trusty guide for the next march. In this way they crossed the mountains, and gained the lonely *posada* of Canfan, the first on the Spanish side of the ridge, where, for six weeks, they saw no one but the muleteers with their strings of mules, who would halt for the night at the little inn, setting out at the earliest dawn for their descent of the mountains.

The people of the *posada* lived entirely on curdled sheep's milk, the sole article of food the party could obtain on their arrival. At one time, by an early fall of snow, they were shut out from all communication with the valley. Their threatened starvation was averted by the exertions of Mademoiselle Micas, who managed to procure a quantity of frogs, the hind legs of which she enveloped in leaves, and toasted on sticks over a fire on the hearth. On these frogs they lived for two days, when the hostess was induced to attempt the making of butter from the milk of her sheep, and even to allow the conversion of one of these animals into mutton for their benefit. Their larder thus sup-

plied, and black bread being brought for them by the muleteers from a village a long way off, they gave themselves up to the pleasures of their wild life and the business of sketching. The arrival of the muleteers, in their embroidered shirts, pointed hats, velvet jackets, leathern breeches, and sandals, was always a welcome event. Rosa paid for wine for them, and they, in return, performed their national dances for her, after which they would throw themselves down for the night upon sheepskins before the fire, furnishing subjects for many picturesque *croquis*. As the *posada* was a police-station, established there as a terror to smugglers, the little party felt perfectly safe, notwithstanding its loneliness.

Rosa was much pleased with her Scotch tour. She brought away a wonderful little Skye terrier, named "Wasp," of the purest breed, and remarkably intelligent, which she holds in great affection. She has learned for its benefit several English phrases, to which "Wasp" responds with appreciative waggings of the tail.

Rosa Bonheur has avowed her determination never to marry. Determined to devote her life to her favorite art, she may be expected to produce a long line of noble works that will worthily maintain her present reputation; while the virtues and excellences of her private character will win for her an ever-widening circle of admiration and respect.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The Practice of Art in America.—Number of women Artists increasing.—Prospect flattering.—Imperfection of Sketches of living Artists.—Rosalba Torrens.—Miss Murray.—Mrs. Lupton.—Miss Denning.—Miss O'Hara.—Mrs. Darley.—Mrs. Goodrich.—Miss Foley.—Miss Mackintosh and others.—Mrs. Ball Hughes.—Mrs. Chapin.—Sketch of Mrs. Duncan.—The Peale Family.—Anecdote of General Washington.—Mrs. Washington's Punctuality.—Miss Peale an Artist in Philadelphia.—Paints Miniatures.—Copies Pictures from great Artists.—She and her Sister honorary Members of the Academy.—Her prosperous Career.—Paints with her Sister in Baltimore and Washington.—Marriage and Widowhood.—Return to Philadelphia.—Second Marriage.—Happy Home.—Mrs. Yeates.—Miss Sarah M. Peale.—Success.—Removal to St. Louis.—Miss Rosalba Peale.—Miss Ann Leslie.—Early Taste in Painting.—Visits to London.—Copies Pictures.—Miss Sarah Cole.—Mrs. Wilson.—Intense Love of Art.—Her Sculptures.—Her impromptu Modeling of Emerson's Head.—Mrs. Cornelius Dubois.—Her Taste for the Sculptor's Art.—Groups by her.—Studies in Italy.—Her Cameos.—Her Kindness to Artists.—Miss Anne Hall.—Early Love of Painting.—Lessons.—Copies old Paintings in Miniature.—Her original Pictures.—Her Merits of the highest Order.—Groups in Miniature.—Dunlap's Praise.—Her Productions numerous.—Mary S. Legaré.—Her Ancestry.—Mrs. Legaré.—Early Fondness for Art shown by the Daughter.—Her Studies.—Little Beauty in the Scenery familiar to her.—Colonel Cogdell's Sympathy with her.—Success in Copying.—Visit to the Blue Ridge.—Grand Views.—Paintings of mountain Scenery.—Removal to Iowa.—"Legaré College."—Her Erudition and Energy.—Her Marriage.—Herminie Dassel.—Reverse of Fortune.—Painting for a Living.—Visit to Vienna and Italy.—Removal to America.—Success and Marriage.—Her social Virtues and Charity.—Miss Jane Stuart.—Mrs. Hildreth.—Mrs. Davis.—Mrs. Badger's Book of Flowers.—Mrs. Hawthorne.—Mrs. Hill.—Mrs. Greatorex.—Mrs. Woodman.—Miss Gove.—Miss May.—Miss Granbury.—Miss Oakley.

IN America the practice of art by woman is but in

its commencement. Although many names of female artists are now familiar to the public, and the number is rapidly increasing, few have had time to accomplish all for which they may possess the ability. The prospect, however, is one most flattering to our national pride.

The sketches of living American women who are pursuing art are chiefly prepared from materials furnished by their friends. They are given in simplicity, and may appear imperfect, but we hope indulgence may be extended to them where they are inadequate to do justice to the subject.

Rosalba Torrens is mentioned by Ramsay, in his History of South Carolina, as a meritorious landscape-painter. Praise is also bestowed on Eliza Torrens, afterward Mrs. Cochran. Miss Mary Murray painted in crayons and water-colors in New York, and produced many life-sized portraits, which gained her celebrity. Madame Planteau painted in Washington about 1820, and was highly esteemed.

Dunlap mentions Mrs. Lupton as a modeler. She presented a bust of Governor Throop to the National Academy of Design in New York, of which she was an honorary member. Many of her paintings elicited high commendation. She executed many busts in clay, of her friends. There was hardly a branch of delicate workmanship in which she did not excel, and her literary attainments were varied and extensive. She was an excellent French scholar, and a proficient in Latin, Italian, and Spanish, besides having mastered the Hebrew sufficiently to read the Old Testament with ease. In English literature she was thoroughly versed, and was an advanced student in botany and natural history.

She was the daughter of Dr. Platt Townsend, and was married early in life. Mr. Lupton, a gentleman of high professional and literary attainments, resided in the city of New York. After his death his widow devoted herself to study, that she might be qualified to educate her young daughter, and, after the loss of this only child, pursued knowledge as a solace for her sorrows. Her talents and accomplishments, her elevated virtues and charities, and her attractive social qualities drew around her a circle of warm and admiring friends. She lived a short time in Canada, and died at the house of a relative on Long Island.

Miss Charlotte Denning, of Plattsburgh, is spoken of as a clever miniature-painter, and also Miss O'Hara, in New York. Miss Jane Sully (Mrs. Darley), the daughter of the celebrated artist, is mentioned as an artist of merit. Mrs. Goodrich, of Boston, painted an excellent portrait of Gilbert Stuart, which was engraved by Durand for the National Portrait Gallery. Her miniatures have great merit, and are marked by truth and expression.

Margaret Foley was a member of the New England School of Design, and gave instruction in drawing and painting. She resided in Lowell, and was frequently applied to for her cameos, which she cut beautifully. Miss Sarah Mackintosh was accustomed to draw on stone for a large glass company, and other ladies designed in the carpet factory at Lowell and in the Merrimack print-works, showing the ability of women to engage in such occupations.

Several have made a livelihood by the business of engraving on wood, and drawing for different works.

Mrs. Ball Hughes, of Boston, the wife of the sculptor, supported her family by painting and by giving

lessons in the art. Mrs. Chapin had a large drawing school in Providence, and, with facility in every style, is said to be admirable in crayons. Many others might be mentioned, but it does not comport with the design of this work to record even the names of *all* who deserve the tribute of praise.

ANNA C. PEALE (MRS. DUNCAN).

Several ladies of the Peale family have been distinguished as artists, and are mentioned in the histories of painting in America. The parents of the subject of this sketch were Captain James Peale and Mary Claypoole. Her maternal ancestors, the Claypooles, came to this country with William Penn, and were among the earliest settlers in Philadelphia. They claimed direct descent from Oliver Cromwell, whose daughter Elizabeth married Sir John Claypoole.

James Peale had great celebrity as a painter, and excelled both in miniatures and oil portraits. He was not only remarkable for success in his likenesses, but had the faculty of making them handsome withal, so that he was called among his acquaintances "the flattering artist." This pleasing effect he gave, not by altering the features, but by happy touches of expression; and it was one secret of his eminent success. He painted, from actual sittings, several portraits of General Washington and Mrs. Washington. One, a miniature, is now in the possession of his eldest daughter.

On one occasion, when Washington was sitting for his portrait in Mr. Peale's painting-room, he looked at his watch, and said,

"Mr. Peale, my time for sitting has expired; but, if three minutes longer will be of any importance to you, I will remain, and make up the time by hasten-

ing my walk up to the State House (where Congress was in session). I know exactly how long it will take me to walk there; and it will not do for me, as President, to be absent at the hour of meeting."

Mrs. Washington was as remarkable for punctuality as her illustrious husband. At one time, during the general's absence, he wrote to her to get Mr. James Peale to paint her portrait in miniature, and to send it to him. Mrs. Washington wrote a note to the artist, saying that her presence at home was indispensable when the general was away, and it would not be convenient for her to attend at his painting-room. She requested him, therefore, to come to her house for the sittings, and offered to accommodate herself to any hour when it would suit him to be away from his studio. In his reply Mr. Peale appointed seven o'clock in the morning. When he left his home to keep the engagement for the first sitting, it occurred to him that the lady might not be quite ready to see him at so early an hour. He walked on, accordingly, more slowly than usual. Mrs. Washington met him with the observation, "Mr. Peale, I have been in the kitchen to give my orders for the day; have read the newspaper, and heard my niece her lesson on the harp; yet have waited for you twenty minutes."

The gentleman, of course, felt exceedingly mortified, and remarked that if his engagement had been with General Washington he should have felt the importance of being punctual to the minute; but he thought it necessary to allow a lady a little more time.

"Sir," replied Mrs. Washington, "I am as punctual as the general." It may be imagined that Mr. Peale took care to be at the house the next day at the time appointed.

Dunlap, in his sketch of the artist, mentions his son and two daughters as having adopted their father's profession. There were *three* daughters who did thus, out of five who showed talent for art, viz., Anna, Sarah, and Margaretta. The son, James Peale, showed, from early youth, a remarkable talent for landscape-painting. His sketches from nature were admirable. For many years, though not a professional artist, he contributed an exquisite picture to every opening of the annual exhibition of the Academy of the Fine Arts, in Philadelphia.

Anna was born in Philadelphia, and from childhood showed extraordinary talent for art. When about fourteen years of age, she copied in oil-colors two paintings by Vernet; and these, sent to public auction, brought her thirty dollars, then esteemed a good price for first efforts. Stimulated by this reward of her labor, she resolved to persevere, and in time became able to command an independence. Her father had a large family to support by his profession of portrait and miniature painting, and his daughter looked forward with pleasure to the thought of being a help instead of a burden to him. It was not, however, until two years after that she was able seriously to apply herself to the art. One other attempt only she made in oil-colors; a small fruit-piece, from nature. Her father thought miniature-painting on ivory the most suitable employment for a lady, and urged her to make a trial of her powers in that branch. She had learned much by standing behind his chair, hours and hours at a time, and watching his progress. He took great pains in teaching her, pointing out the peculiar touches that produced his best effects, by giving a charm to the expression.

Not only was Miss Peale assiduous in the study of her father's exquisite miniatures, but she copied several executed by distinguished artists in that line. One, from a painting by the celebrated Duchésne, a portrait of Napoleon, was sold to a gentleman in Philadelphia for one hundred and fifty dollars. Her ambition to attain to excellence, now fairly kindled, nerved her to industry and enterprise. She painted a miniature of Washington from a portrait, which was purchased of her father by one of his friends and brother officers of the Revolution, Colonel Allen M'Clain. The first miniature portraits from life which she undertook were those of Dr. Spencer H. Cone and his venerable mother. These, with one or two others, were presented at the annual exhibition of the Academy of the Fine Arts. She and her sister, Miss Sarah M. Peale, were elected honorary members of this institution. This sister had adopted portrait-painting in oil as her profession.

The artistic career thus commenced went on most prosperously. Although she owed nothing to any public notice of her talents, Miss Anna Peale soon found abundant occupation in painting miniature likenesses. Her health, however, suffered under her incessant labors, and she was compelled to put a higher price on her work in order to reduce the number of applications. She was so frequently solicited to paint the likenesses of children, and found them such troublesome subjects, that she charged double price for them.

From the commencement of Miss Peale's painting to her sister's entrance on the arena as a portrait-painter, for some years, it is believed, she was the only professional lady artist in Philadelphia. The sisters, after

having commenced their labors, passed their time alternately in Philadelphia and Baltimore; in the latter city receiving unbounded attention and encouragement from families of the highest respectability. They were not only well received as artists, but were welcomed as friends and hospitably entertained. They were much caressed by the family of the venerable Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Miss Sarah painted in oil a portrait of his daughter, Mrs. Caten.

The sisters afterward went to Washington to paint the portrait of General La Fayette, who sat for it at their request. Anna spent the winter of 1819 in the Federal city with her uncle, Charles M. Peale, who went there for the purposé of painting the portraits of many distinguished members of Congress. They worked in the same studio. General Jackson was one of their sitters. Miss Peale retained his portrait, and has it still in her possession. President Monroe also had his likeness taken, and the artists were often hospitably entertained at the "White House" by the President and his amiable wife. During the time of her stay in Washington, Miss Peale had her time filled up with commissions; she painted several of the members of Congress, among whom were Henry Clay and Colonel R. M. Johnson.

In the following year Miss Peale again visited Washington. She painted a miniature likeness of that remarkable character, John Randolph of Roanoke. It is now in her possession. So incessant was her application to work, that during the summer she was obliged to travel for the recovery of her health, and to give rest to her eyes. Several times they were attacked with inflammation, and at one time she had cause to dread the total loss of sight. Some time aft-

er this period she visited Boston, where she painted several portraits. Daniel Webster sat twice for a miniature, which she never quite finished.

In 1829 Miss Peale received the addresses of Rev. Dr. William Staughton, a Baptist clergyman of much learning and distinction. He was about that time elected president of the Theological College at Georgetown, Kentucky. They were married August 27th, 1829, and left Philadelphia for the scene of the husband's future labors. While they were in the city of Washington, Dr. Staughton was taken ill. He died early in December, in a little more than three months after the marriage. The widow returned to Philadelphia the following spring. She resumed her profession, and painted with as great success as before.

Her second marriage, with General William Duncan, a gentleman highly esteemed in social life, may be said to have closed her career as an artist, though her love for art can never be lost. In her happy home, surrounded by accomplished relatives, and beloved by a large circle of friends, she looks back with pride to the days when she toiled to woo the Muse of Painting, and still acknowledges the truthful remark of the German poet:

"He who can not apprehend the Beautiful has no heart for the Good."

The only person to whom Mrs. Duncan ever gave lessons in miniature-painting was her niece, Mary Jane Simes, now the wife of Dr. John Yeates, of Baltimore. This lady is an artist of no small celebrity.

Miss Sarah M. Peale excelled not only in oil portraits but in still-life pieces. She has resided for the last ten years in St. Louis, whither she was induced to

go by the invitation of numerous friends. She found there such encouragement and success, with such warm regard from her friends, that she has not as yet found leisure to leave her engrossing pursuits for a visit to her native city. Her varied talents and amiable character are justly appreciated, and she has gathered around her a large and estimable circle. She possesses a fine talent for music in addition to her other accomplishments.

Mrs. Rembrandt Peale is highly spoken of as a painter in oil-colors.

Miss Rosalba Peale is an amateur artist, and is said to have been the first lady member of any Academy of Art in America.

ANN LESLIE.

The name of Leslie has been placed by a painter of eminent merit among the most distinguished of this century, and his sister has contributed to its fame. She was born in Philadelphia; her parents, Robert Leslie and Lydia Baker, went to London in 1793, when she was an infant, and returned in 1799. She showed a taste for painting in childhood, but did not take it up as a regular employment till 1822, at which time she was again in London, on a visit to her brother. She copied several of his pictures, and two or three by Sir Joshua Reynolds, besides painting portraits of her friends. She returned in 1825 to Philadelphia, with her sister, Mrs. Henry Carey, and her brother-in-law, but paid another visit to London four years afterward. Several copies she made from pictures were engraved for the Atlantic Souvenir. One of "Sancho and the Duchess" was pronounced equal to the original in execution. Her skill was great in imitating coloring,

but she was accustomed to make the outlines mechanically.

Her life was passed in cheerful and contented activity. She resided several years in New York, where she occupied herself chiefly in copying paintings. She died in the summer of 1857.

Miss Sarah Cole, the sister of the celebrated artist, had a great deal of talent, and not only copied paintings, but produced original compositions. She was born in England, but spent most of her life in the United States. She died in 1858.

MRS. WILSON.

Mrs. Lee mentions Mrs. Wilson of Cincinnati as having displayed much original talent in sculpture. The following account is from a friend's letter:

"She is the wife of a physician of Cincinnati, and was born, I believe, in or near Cooperstown, New York. Her first impressions of persons and things are expressed in her conversation. She is a perfect child of nature, impulsive, but wonderfully perceptive, and with so much freshness that all persons of mind are attracted to her. Her infancy and youth were very much shadowed by domestic sufferings, originating, at first, in the loss of a large property by her father, who in consequence removed to the West. He died when she was quite young. She married Dr. Wilson, a most excellent person, of Quaker family. All circumstances were such, that an early revelation or development was not made of her artistic powers. In visiting a sculptor's studio the desire first awoke; an intelligent friend encouraged and sympathized with her, and Mrs. Wilson procured the materials. Her feeling was so intense that it could not be repressed. Her husband was her

first subject. She worked with so much energy that sometimes she would faint away, and on one of these occasions he said, 'If you are not more moderate, I will throw that thing out of the window.' But it was finished, proving a perfect likeness, and she chiseled it in stone. It is in her parlor at Cincinnati, a most beautiful bust, and an admirable likeness, and seems like a miracle, considering it was her first attempt.

"Another marvelous work is the figure of her son. He threw himself on the floor one morning in an attitude at once striking and picturesque. To copy it required a perfectly correct eye, or a knowledge of anatomy. She courageously attempted it; the attitude was repeated, and her success was triumphant. It is only a cast, and the cast does not do justice to the finish of her work, but she has not been able to procure a block of marble for the copy. The effect is wonderful for its spirit and the accuracy of its anatomy. She has commenced other subjects, but some of them are not finished, and to others accidents have happened.

"She has a family of children, and is a devoted mother. We think *stone* will have but little chance with those beings of flesh and blood whose minds and hearts she is carefully modeling. Perhaps family cares may be the true secret why female sculptors are so rare; but we congratulate this lady that she has the true perception of the beautiful, and feel quite sure it will mitigate the suffering from delicate health, and scatter fragrant flowers and healing herbs in the sometimes rugged paths of duty."

A gentleman acquainted with Mrs. Wilson mentioned an incident that occurred on a journey to the

Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Struck with the aspect of a distinguished person in the company—Mr. Emerson—the sculptress gave directions to stop near a bank of soft red clay, and, putting out one hand to grasp a sufficient portion of the material, with the other she signed to her subject to remain motionless. In a few moments she had modeled a very creditable likeness of the author.

MRS. DUBOIS.

Mrs. Cornelius Dubois, now residing in New York, and devoted to the charitable institution of the Nursery and Child's Hospital, has shown much talent for sculpture and cameo-cutting. Mrs. Lee describes her as having discovered, accidentally, about 1842, a taste for modeling, in the following manner: "Her father had his bust taken. Before the casting, he asked his daughter her opinion of it as a likeness. She pointed out some defects which the artist corrected in her presence, upon which she exclaimed, 'I could do that!' and requested the sculptor to give her some clay, from which she modeled, with but little labor, a bust of her husband, and was eminently successful in the likeness. She then decided to take lessons, but illness having interfered with her plans, she abandoned the intention, and worked on by herself, with merely the instruction from the sculptor to keep her clay moist until her work was completed.

"When she recovered her health sufficiently, she continued to mould, and, among other works, produced the likenesses of two of her little children, the group of Cupid and Psyche, a copy; and a novice, an original piece. She also carved a head of the Madonna in marble; a laborious and exciting work, which in-

jured her health to such a degree that her physician interdicted her devotion to the arts.

"She then went to Italy, where she desired the first artist in cameos to give her lessons. When he saw some that she had cut, he told her that he could teach her nothing; she had only to study the antiques.

"Her works in cameos are 'St. Agnes and her Lamb,' 'Alcibiades,' 'Guido's Angel,' 'Raphael's Hope,' and the 'Apollo.' She took over thirty likenesses in cameo, requiring only an hour's sitting, after which they were completed.

"Notwithstanding the care of a large family, the superintendence of the education of her daughters, and the sad drawback of ill health, her energy has never failed her. She has always extended a helping hand and a smile of encouragement to young artists, one of whom was in Brown's studio; another is the sculptor of the 'Shipwrecked Mother,' who alludes to her kindness in his short autobiography.

"But, while ascending the ladder to fame, her progress was arrested by ill health, and she now lives only to feel, as she says, how little she has done compared to what she might do could she devote herself to the art. Anxious to impart to others this great gift, and to stimulate her countrywomen to the development of any latent talent they may possess, she formed a class of young ladies, and most disinterestedly devoted a certain portion of her time to their instruction for several months.

"While all who know her admire the artist for her talents, her unceasing energy, and philanthropic exertions, they behold in her the good wife, mother, and friend, and the elegant and accomplished woman, presiding over the social circle. Her heart remains true

to the gentle influences of nature, while her genius is ever responsive to immortal Art."

ANNE HALL.

Anne Hall was born in Pomfret, Connecticut. She was the third daughter of Dr. Jonathan Hall, a physician of distinction. Her talent for art was early developed, and her father, who loved painting, endeavored to foster the promise of her childhood. A visitor having presented her with a box of colors and pencils, she began to use them; and her father, who was pleased with her progress, procured for her a box of colors from China. She had a brother who admired and valued pictures, and whose praise encouraged her to continue her childish attempts. He supplied her with such materials as she needed for drawing and painting. Every hint she received from artists was turned to account, and she gave herself to her favorite occupation with enthusiasm. She delighted in imitating nature; and fruits, birds, flowers, and even fish and insects were subjects for her pencil; but she took especial pleasure in producing likenesses of her friends. Living in a retired part of the country, she had little access to paintings of value for a long time; but, being sent on a visit to a relative in Newport, Rhode Island, she received some instruction in painting on ivory from Mr. Samuel King, who had been an early teacher of Alston, and also of Malbone. Miss Hall gained less knowledge from her master's lessons, however, than from copying some paintings of the old masters which her brother afterward sent home from Cadiz and other places in Spain. These were faithfully copied on ivory in miniature. "A Mother and a Sleeping Child," still in her possession, shows her

progress at this time. "A Mother in Tears," copied from a painting on ivory, was much admired as evidence of fidelity in copying and skill in coloring. Studying the pictures procured by her brother, she learned to appreciate their excellences, while, by comparing them with nature, she was enabled to avoid the formality of a mere copyist. She began now to give form and coloring to the conceptions of her imagination, and attempted original composition.

Miss Hall took some lessons in oil-painting from Alexander Robertson in New York, but has chiefly devoted herself to painting in water-colors on ivory. Her merits have been acknowledged by the most distinguished artists in New York and different parts of the United States to be of the highest order. Among her miniature copies of oil pictures by old masters, two from Guido were particularly noticed as executed with surprising vigor and a rich glow of coloring. Her groups of children from life were done with masterly skill, and finished with a taste and delicacy which a woman's hand only could exhibit. Her portraits in miniature were acknowledged to possess exquisite delicacy and beauty. The soft colors seem breathed on the ivory rather than applied with the brush. A miniature group often sold for five hundred dollars.

Dunlap mentions one of her compositions as "marked with the beautiful simplicity of some of Reynolds's or Lawrence's portraits of children, evincing a masterly touch and glowing in admirable coloring."

Miss Hall was unanimously elected a member of the National Academy of Design in New York. Her portrait of a lovely Greek girl, from life, was engraved, and the rare beauty of the painting was universally acknowledged. The floating silken waves of hair

have an unrivaled effect. A group of two girls and a boy is admirable in composition, color, and expression. Miss Hall's "management of infant beauty" is, indeed, unsurpassed; her flowers and children, Dunlap observes, "combine in an elegant bouquet."

One of the best of her original compositions is a group of a mother and child—Mrs. Jay and her infant. The first, clasping the babe to her bosom, has a Madonna-like beauty; the child is perfect in attitude and expression. Another group of a mother and two young children, the widow and orphans of the late Matthias Bruen, has a most charming expression. One of the children was painted as a cherub in a separate picture, much valued by artists as a rare specimen of skill. Miss Hall has also painted the portraits in miniature of many persons distinguished in the best social circles of New York. Several of her groups have been copied in enamel in France, and thus made indestructible. Three children of Mrs. Ward, with a dog and bird; a child holding a grape-vine branch; with portraits of Mrs. Crawford, widow of the sculptor, Mrs. Divie Bethune, and the daughters of Governor King, may be mentioned among numerous works, a single one of which has sufficient merit to establish the author's claim to the reputation she has long enjoyed, of being the best of American miniaturists.

MARY SWINTON LEGARÉ (MRS. BULLEN).

The family of Legaré (once spelled L'Egarée) is of the old stock of French Huguenots who furnished the best blood of Carolina. Madame Legaré, an honored ancestress of our subject, being a firm Huguenot, immediately after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes sent to America her only child, Solomon, then seven-

teen years old; parting with him, as she believed, forever in this life, that he might be saved from peril, and not be tempted to abandon his faith. This boy —called by his descendants "The Huguenot"—went first to Canada, and in 1685 to Charleston, South Carolina. He became the ancestor of a numerous posterity, of which, during the Revolution, thirteen bearing the name were patriot soldiers, active in the cause of American liberty.

On the death of her husband, Madame Legaré left her native France and came to America. Here she found her son married, and the father of nine children. She had given him up for religion's sake; God restored him to her arms, able to minister to her declining years. Her grandson, the great-grandfather of Hugh and Mary Legaré, died in 1774, at the age of seventy-nine. Yet, when the Colonies entered into a compact for mutual defense, he resolutely refused to be put on the list of the "aged and noncombatant," saying he was able to "shoulder his musket with any man," besides managing a charger equal to any trooper; he "would not be insulted by being laid aside." Thus our heroine had a great-grandfather and two grandfathers, besides other relatives, in the patriot army of the Revolution, where youths of sixteen and eighteen often fought beside their grandsires.

The father of Miss Legaré married a lady whose grandfather, Alexander Swinton, of a Scottish family, was sent from England, about 1728, as surveyor-general of the province of South Carolina. He lost a large estate by the villainy of executors and guardians; but after his death, Hugh Swinton, his son, was taken to Scotland by his uncle, and educated as became a young gentleman of birth and fortune, being

married to a descendant of that John Hayne who fled from the persecution of the Puritans by Charles II. and his bishops, and fixed his home in Carolina. Thus, on both sides, a heritage of honor and religious faith is derived from her ancestors by the lady who fills a place in our humble annals.

The name of Hugh Swinton Legaré is endeared to all South Carolinians, the more so as his genius and literary attainments commanded celebrity on both sides of the Atlantic. His sister's talents are not inferior to his, though she has filled no place in the national councils nor at foreign courts, but in a quiet and uneventful life has made her impression on the social and intellectual advancement of the day. The youngest of three children who survived the father, she was born in Charleston, South Carolina, where her childhood and youth were spent. Mrs. Legaré, left a widow before she had completed her twenty-eighth year, devoted her time and means entirely to the education of her little ones. She was a woman of extraordinary mental powers, and her mind had been sedulously cultivated. Her ideas of education were broad and comprehensive, and her efforts were directed to the training of her children in such a manner as to make their lives exemplary, useful, and happy, as well as to develop their intellects. How well she succeeded the honorable career of all her children testifies. The noble character and life of her eldest daughter, Mrs. Bryan, and the brilliant fame achieved by the son, add evidence to the fact that she was one of those mothers whose offspring rise up to call her blessed. Mrs. Legaré died on the 1st of January, 1843, in the seventy-second year of her age.

It was not strange that the children should grow

up cherishing a deep and intense love for so excellent a mother. Mary, an infant when bereft of her father, very early showed a fondness for study, and a special predilection for the languages and the fine arts. Even before she was able to express emotions of admiration or delight, she evinced a remarkable sensibility both to melody and color. When less than three years old, she would be affected to tears or moved to joyous mirth by different musical sounds. Beautiful pictures had for her young fancy irresistible fascination at an age when she could hardly be supposed able to recognize the objects they represented. Her mother frequently observed of her little Mary that, when she showed signs of impatience or weariness, or fretted for want of amusement, all that was necessary to soothe her discontent or charm her into happiness was to furnish her with paper and a pencil. The child would amuse herself for hours with her drawings. Her decided talents for music and painting—coloring in particular—were soon perceived by this tender mother, who determined to give her daughter every possible aid in the cultivation of tastes so congenial to her own, Mrs. Legaré being herself accomplished in no ordinary degree in both these lady-like pursuits.

Miss Legaré had resolved to make herself mistress of the languages even before she could read and write English with any great proficiency. She had in these studies, and other branches of scholarship, the best teachers that could be procured. Her mother was her first instructor in music. But it was otherwise in the art to which she had determined especially to devote herself; no efficient teacher of drawing could be found. Although remuneration for lessons was liberal—thirty dollars per term being paid—it was almost impossible

to find any one capable of giving proper instruction. The young girl was therefore obliged to practice unaided the art she began to love with increased enthusiasm, and her progress was still more retarded by the want of models or scenes in nature that might take her fancy. The low country of South Carolina—affording the only landscapes she had ever seen—abounds in flat and swampy districts. There is much beauty for an unaccustomed eye in the bleached wilderness of pine-land, with its stately, solemn groves, through which the wind surges with ocean-like murmur; but it is not of the kind available for the artist. Nor is that of the swamp, with its immeasurable extent of wood and impenetrable undergrowth, through which may be seen at intervals the dark, turbid water soaking its way through masses of tangled weeds, the slimy abode of reptiles, or the hiding-place of the water-fowl. There are green morasses choked with vegetation, into which the sunbeams never penetrate; or over the quagmire, rank with decay, rise giant trees, twined with thick creepers, and burying the matted brush beneath them in black shadow. The trees are often loaded with the gray hanging moss that forms the ornament of woods in the low lands. The mixture of gloom and beauty, of luxuriance and horror, is a striking novelty to the Northern visitor. The ragged thickets, too, are alternated with islands of lovely verdure; the water-lily decks the dark lakelet with its broad leaves and white flowers; and graceful vines festoon the evergreens, mingling bright blossoms with their leaves of sombre verdure.

Such scenes presented little to tempt the copyist, notwithstanding her difficulties and discouragement painting, Miss Legaré continued to struggle

on toward the idea of perfection in her untutored imagination. Her brother Hugh was wont to remark that "her passion lay there," in the painter's art. She found not much sympathy in this chosen pursuit, till some time in the year 1827, when she became acquainted with a gentleman who possessed a similar taste, cultivated in a high degree by superior knowledge of art. This was Colonel John S. Cogdell, who at that time had considerable celebrity as an amateur painter. Miss Legaré submitted her efforts to his careful criticism, and received from him the instruction she needed. She has attributed her subsequent success to his aid. He procured for her study the finest new pictures that could be obtained. Among the artists whose works were now introduced to her, Doughty became, to her fancy, the beau ideal of excellence. Even when a child she had been accustomed to turn away in disgust, with a "'Tis not pretty, mamma," from flaring or exaggerated colors in a picture. Doughty's subdued coloring, and soft, dreamy style, kindled her imagination, and aroused her ardent emulation. "Could I but paint one picture like Doughty's!" she would often exclaim; and it may be said her earliest initiation into the school of Nature, and into an apprehension of her seductive beauties, was by seeing the works of this eminent American landscape-painter, whom his country allowed to languish in bitter penury, for want of the appreciation his genius should have commanded. Miss Legaré's first attempt to copy one of his paintings succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of herself and her friends. Colonel Cogdell encouraged her still more by saying, "You have an eye for color, which must insure you success in copying nature."

In truth, the young artist did not long remain satisfied with spending all her energies merely in copying the works of others. Though she had never visited any other region than the low forest country of her native state, she endeavored to create scenes by combining various objects into a single composition. Landscapes and rustic scenes in every variety were her delight; yet, having never seen a mountain, nor the country in any aspects different from the monotonous views in her neighborhood, how was she to produce an original picture? How do justice in any way to the powers of which she felt conscious? It was not so easy for a lady to travel. In the South particularly, she would be hampered in many ways; and "Mrs. Grundy" would have devoted to death by torture any young girl who could have done so heinous a thing as take a journey of observation by herself! Miss Legaré, therefore, was shut in to contemplation of the boundless ocean and the swamp forest almost as limitless. Dark scenes and deep shadows, with warm glowing skies became features in her paintings, and her trees of great variety, clear, deep water, and skies were pronounced by critics superior to those of the artists she most admired. She adopted in a measure the style of Ruysdael, mingled, in the more delicate shades, with the warmth of Cuyp.

In the summer of 1833 her longing wish was gratified. She went, accompanied by her mother, to spend the warm season amid the glorious mountain scenery of the Blue Ridge in North Carolina. This region has been thought to surpass in magnificence and majesty any mountainous district in the Atlantic States. Miss Legaré was far more delighted with these mountains than with the scenery of Lake George and the

Hudson, which she had visited the year before, finding it, as well as the Alleghany range, to disappoint her expectations. But when, on her approach to Ashville, her eyes rested on the exhaustless variety of form and tint, blended into soft harmony, on the distant Blue Ridge, the beauty and sublimity of the scene filled her with emotions she had no language to express. There was awful grandeur as well as touching loveliness in the view. Pisgah and surrounding peaks towering skyward—the summit covered with vapor that glowed with gorgeous colors, like a drapery of scarlet and gold—the vast mass played on by the mellow purple and violet tints peculiar to lofty mountains—the delicate azure mingling with fairy lights of golden violet—all softened into harmony by an atmosphere so transparent, so Claude-like in its purity, that it seemed the movement of a bird could be discerned at a distance of forty or fifty miles! Miss Legaré here realized, for the first time, what few out of Italy can realize, the naturalness of Claude's landscapes; the exquisite art of his unequaled coloring, which gives to his delineations of Alpine scenery so wonderful an effect.

Miss Legaré's intense enjoyment of the beauties of nature in this favored region during a three months' residence gave her an invincible repugnance to the work of copying the productions of any human artist. She always painted in oil; and, having brought no materials with her, could not transfer to her sketches the colors she so admired while on the spot. But memory had faithfully treasured these delicious pictures, and on her return to Charleston she lost no time in putting them on canvas. "A View on the Suwannee," now in possession of the widow of Colonel Cogdell, was pro-

nounced by him a master-piece. Another view on the French Broad, illustrating the distinguishing characteristics of the scenery of that river, was purchased in 1834 by the proprietors of the Art Union in New York. The first scene that had so struck Miss Legaré was painted on too large a scale. It was, however, much admired; and the same subject, represented in smaller compass, is esteemed a finer picture.

In Miss Legaré's landscapes she gives to her coloring and combinations as much idealizing as truth to nature will admit. An artist, who was delighted both with her music and her painting, observed of the latter to her brother Hugh, "It is natural, but more beautiful than nature; it is poetical." Another, when Hugh remarked that she must go to Italy, replied, "No, your sister studies our own wild nature—rich, romantic, glowing under a tropical sun, luxuriant when touched with frost; if she go to Italy, or study the old landscape-painters, she may give a finer finish, but it will be artificial." These artistic criticisms gave her encouragement; and when she repeated to Mr. Cogdell what was said in praise of her works, he would say, triumphantly, "I told you so, but you would not believe me!"

Her rich foregrounds, transparent water, and distant mountains, as well as her skies and foliage, have been highly praised by Sully and other eminent artists. She owed to Mr. Cogdell her introduction to the science of perspective, having been accustomed in early efforts to be guided by the eye alone. A knowledge of anatomy was of use, as she always introduced figures into her landscapes, painted with fidelity and spirit. She excels, besides, in the delineation of ani-

mals, wild and domestic, especially dogs, cows, and sheep. A Spanish pointer, painted nearly of life size, was so perfect in anatomy that Dr. Sewell of Washington pronounced it a study for a student of that branch. "The Hounds of St. Bernard" is an admirable painting. The piteous, appealing expression in the face of one that is represented howling for aid struck even every child who saw it. A little girl exclaimed, "How sorry that dog is! he is afraid the people won't come."

Besides animals, Miss Legaré has painted portraits; but this branch never enlisted her enthusiasm—that was for landscapes.

On the appointment of her brother as a member of President Tyler's cabinet in 1841, Miss Legaré accompanied him to Washington. Her life of calm enjoyment was soon disturbed by sorrow. She was bereaved of mother, sister, and brother within the space of a year. She had long cherished a purpose of visiting the Western country, and in June, 1849, went to Iowa. Finding the country very productive and well suited to farming purposes, she sent for some of the children of her deceased sister. They came with their families to the new home, and formed a colony of twenty-one persons. The scenery in Iowa, though often beautiful, is tame compared to the mountainous country of the Atlantic states. Green fields, luxuriant woods, flower-bordered streams, and groves carpeted with wild grass, forming a charming variety of landscape, are presented; but there are few scenes that startle with their magnificence or grandeur. Miss Legaré found, in the new cares that surrounded her, and the habits of life so different from those to which she had been accustomed, such a pressure of occupation, that her

beloved art was for a time abandoned. The Western housekeeper usually finds little time for the pleasures of the imagination; but she was not one to forget the best interests of others, particularly of her own sex. She established an institution called "Legaré College," for the liberal education of women, at West Point, in Lee County, Iowa. Her talents and taste, her varied and uncommon learning and energy, as well as her means, were devoted to the support of this institution; but its aim was too far in advance of the age in Iowa, or, rather, its operations were impeded by that utilitarian spirit which has set its heavy, ungainly foot on every high aspiration in this country, and has prevented the progress of woman toward improvement that might enlarge her sphere of usefulness.

A writer who is intimately acquainted with Miss Legaré—now Mrs. Bullen—thus speaks of her accomplishments:

"The literature of the world, its science and its art, are with her as household things. They flow from her eloquent tongue as music from the harp of the minstrel. No pent-up Utica confines her powers—no Aztec theory of woman cripples her labors, or impoverishes her mind or her policy. A Mississippi feeling, and theory, and action actuate her, and we may all look for corresponding results." Her influence in the community where she resides has directed attention to both art and literature.

Mrs. Bullen intends resuming the pencil she has for years almost entirely laid aside. She has completed a design for a painting to be called "The Squatter's Home." It shows a wagon under the shade of a Western group of tall trees, which serves for the sleeping-place of the emigrant family. The mother is

washing beside a stream; the children are gathering strawberries.

HERMINIE DASSEL.

Mrs. Dassel was a native of Königsberg, Prussia. Her father's name was Borchard; he was a banker, and at one time a man of fortune, which enabled him to secure to his children an excellent education. He lost his property in 1839, in consequence of financial troubles in America; the liquidation of his affairs reduced his possessions to a small farm, depriving his family of teachers, servants, horses and carriages, and all the comforts which they had enjoyed. Upon the elder children devolved the duties of housekeeping, and the cultivation of the farm to some extent, as well as the instruction of the younger members of the family. At this time Herminie devoted herself to the art of painting as a profession, hoping to derive from it a support for herself and family. She would attend to her household duties in the morning, and then, with port-folio in hand, wander off over the dusty or muddy road to the city, and again return to attend to the flowers and cabbages, and the making of cheese and butter. She soon had the satisfaction of receiving a commission for a full-sized portrait of a clergyman; this she painted in the church, with her model on the altar, the country folk standing about, astonished and wondering that such a tiny little girl could accomplish such a marvel.

She soon went to Düsseldorf, attracted thither by the pictures of Sohn, which she saw in an exhibition in her native city. She studied with this artist four years, supporting herself entirely by her own exertions. Her pictures found ready sale, consisting of

such subjects as "Children in the Wood," "Peasant Girls in a Vineyard," "Children going to the Pasture with Goats," etc.

After her return home she applied herself again to portrait-painting, in order to obtain money sufficient for a tour to Italy, which was the great end of her ambition. She was fortunate enough to be able to accumulate in one year a thousand dollars. Out of this sum she furnished her brother with an amount large enough to secure his promotion to a doctor's degree, as she wanted to have him accompany her as a traveling companion.

A journey to Italy was much opposed by all her relatives; a girl so young, fresh, and diminutive could not protect herself; she would inevitably encounter serious misfortunes. But her mind was made up; she packed her things, took leave of her friends, and one morning started off on the way to Vienna, directing her brother to follow her. She was never in want of friends; every where persons took an interest in her; without money one day, it was sure to come on the next; and her faith was never shaken by any accident or hardship. In Vienna she began her studies, seeking models in the streets, and taking them to her room. From Vienna she passed into Italy. Of her studious life in Italy many sketches bear witness.

The breaking out of the revolution in 1848 obliged Herminie to leave Italy, and as the route to Germany was unsafe, and she feared becoming a burden to her friends, she resolved to go to the United States. An opportunity presented itself to travel in company with a family in whose house she lived after her brother had been called home by the government. She rolled up her sketches, put them in a tin box, and repaired

to Leghorn. When about to pay her passage, the draft she presented was refused. She sat weeping over the disappointment, with letters before her from friends in Rome and Germany, imploring her to abandon this suicidal plan of emigration; representing strongly the dangers of the journey, the hardships she would encounter in a foreign land, without money and without friends. She came down to supper. A traveler just arrived, observing her eyes red with weeping, was led to show an interest in her; she related her troubles, upon which the stranger examined the draft, and, finding it good, gave her the cash for it. This gentleman was an Italian, and she continued in correspondence with him. The next day she was on board a vessel bound for this country.

She arrived in February, 1849. The only letter of introduction she brought was to Mr. Hagedorn, of Philadelphia, in whom she subsequently found a friend and protector. She landed in New York, and at once began to paint. Her first pictures, representations of Italian life, exhibited in the Art Union, were much admired, and some of them were purchased by that institution. She found no difficulty in making friends.

Five months after her arrival she married Mr. Dassel. After her marriage she led a happy life, with cares and sorrows incidental to the care of a family, and to an arduous profession. She triumphed over all, however, and realized all the comforts which belong to success.

Mrs. Dassel was most successful in portraits in oil of children and pastel-portraits. Her painting of "Effie Deans" attracted much attention. Her latest works are copies of Steinbruck's "Fairies" and the "Othello" in the Düsseldorf Gallery, which are unu-

sually successful works of this class. She made steady progress in her art, and would have doubtless attained a prominent position had she lived to develop her powers by practice and study.

We should not be doing justice to this noble woman not to allude to the social virtues which endeared her to so many friends. With nothing to rely upon but her own exertions, with serious illness in her family, she was never so poor in time or money as not to interest herself in behalf of others more unfortunate than herself. Countless instances are known of her serviceable kind-heartedness. She exerted herself at the time of the dreadful shipwreck of the Helena Sloman, and obtained by personal efforts, in a few days, the sum of seven hundred dollars; and her ministrations among the poor were constant during the severe winter of 1853. She has, it is true, many peers in similar acts of benevolence, but few who practiced deeds of this kind in a position so little calculated to develop them.

Mrs. Dassel died on the 7th December, 1857, and was buried in Greenwood.

Jane Stuart was the youngest child of Gilbert Stuart, the eminent portrait-painter. Like many of her sisters in art, she inherited the genius she discovered in early life; but it was not till after her father's death that the talent she had shown found development in the practice of art. She has resided for a long time at Newport, Rhode Island, in the enjoyment of the celebrity her talents have acquired.

Mrs. Hildreth of Boston deserves mention, especially for her portraits of children in crayon. Miss May painted landscapes in Allston's style. Mrs. Orvis has been mentioned as a flower-painter of remarkable

skill. Hoyt remarked that he knew nothing better in coloring than her autumn leaves and wild flowers. In this style, Mrs. Badger, of New York, has acquired reputation by her book of "The Wild Flowers of America," published in 1859. The drawings were all made and colored from nature by herself.

Mrs. Hawthorne of Boston has painted many beautiful pieces. An "Edymion," which was greatly admired, she presented to Mr. Emerson. She also modeled the head of Laura Bridgman. Mrs. Hill is a highly-successful miniature-painter.

Mrs. Greatorex is a landscape-painter of merit, and is rapidly acquiring distinction. She has a deep love of wild mountain and lake scenery, dark woods, and rushing waters; and her productions are marked by the vigor of tone and dashing, impetuous freedom of touch especially adapted to that kind of subjects. This felicitous boldness she has in a remarkable degree, and her works are marked by truthfulness as well as strength. She has painted many pieces of romantic scenery in Scotland and Ireland. Her amiable character, her ready sympathy and benevolence, have interested many friends in her success.

Mrs. George Woodman, the eldest daughter of Mr. Durand, has painted some excellent landscapes; also Mrs. Ruggles. Miss Gove's crayon heads have been much noticed and admired. Miss Caroline May's landscapes have proved her claim to the double wreath of artist and authoress. Miss Granbury's flowers have attracted attention in the Academy exhibitions. Some pretty interior scenes were in the exhibition of 1859, painted by Miss Juliana Oakley. It is necessary to omit many names of artists who have not yet had experience enough to constrain public acknowledgment of the genius they possess.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

MRS. LILY SPENCER.—Early Display of Talent.—Removal to New York.—To Ohio.—Out-door Life.—Chase of a Deer.—Encounter with the Hog.—Lifting a Log.—Sketch on her bedroom Walls.—Encouragement.—Curiosity to see her Pictures.—Her Studies.—Removal to Cincinnati.—Jealousy of Artists.—Lord Morpeth.—Lily's Marriage.—Return to New York.—Studies.—Her Paintings.—Kitchen Scenes.—Success and Fame.—Her Home and Studio.—Louisa Lander.—Inheritance of Talent.—Passion for Art.—Development of Taste for Sculpture.—Abode in Rome.—Crawford's Pupil.—Her Productions.—"Virginia Dare."—Other Sculptures.—Late Works.—Mary Weston.—Childish Love of Beauty and Art.—Devices to supply the Want of Facilities.—Studies.—Departure from Home.—Is taken back.—Perseverance amid Difficulties.—Journey to New York.—Sees an Artist work.—Finds Friends.—Visit to Hartford.—Return to New York for Lessons.—Marriage.—Her Paintings.—Miss Freeman.—Variously gifted.—Miss Dupré.—The Misses Withers.—Mrs. Cheves.—Mrs. Hanna.

LILY M. SPENCER.

MRS. SPENCER'S high position among American artists is universally recognized in the profession. In her peculiar style, her executive talent is probably unsurpassed in the country. She has encountered many difficulties in her path to success, and a glance at her history will not be without encouragement to those who possess a portion of her energy and perseverance.

Her parents, whose name is Martin, were born in France, but removed to England soon after their marriage. They were persons of education, refinement, and good social standing. Mr. Martin taught French

in academies in Plymouth and Exeter, and gave lectures at his own house on scientific subjects, especially optics and chemistry. Mrs. Martin at one time gave instruction in a ladies' seminary in London. Lily owed all her proficiency to her parents' judicious training, and never went to a school. Her talent for drawing began early to exhibit itself. One day, when she was about five years old, she got at some diagrams her father had prepared for a lecture on optics, and drew an eye so correctly that her turn for art was at once perceived.

She was the eldest of four children, and was not six years of age when her parents removed to New York, where Mr. Martin was induced, by Dr. Hosack and others, to open an academy. Mr. John Van Buren was one of his pupils. Lily's drawings were much coveted by the little scholars, who begged them from her, and gave in return the most flattering expressions of admiration.

When between eight and nine, she was taken to the old Academy of Design. There she selected the "Ecce Homo," as a special subject for imitation. The girl-pupils laughed at her taste, and Lily, abashed, burst into tears. Mr. Dunlap, then a teacher, came and asked what was the matter. When informed, he reproved the girls, and predicted that the young stranger would be remembered when they were all forgotten.

Her power of copying whatever pleased her childish fancy increased, though she did not then appreciate the necessity of a patient study of the elementary principles of art. Her health was at this time so delicate that her parents feared she would not live to reach maturity. The desire to afford her the advantage of country air and exercise, with the want of very

attractive prospects for their enterprise in New York, determined them to go to the West. They purchased a farm in Ohio, a few miles from Marietta, where they soon had a picturesque Swiss cottage, with a beautiful garden, and a mineral closet filled with the presents of Mr. Martin's former pupils.

Lily was enchanted with the change from a city life, and with the liberty she enjoyed of roaming at will through woods and fields, for, her health being the paramount object, no restraint was placed on the child. Her time was passed in working in her garden, playing and racing with other children, hunting for insects, shells, and minerals, often wet up to the waist in the search, while her drawing was forgotten. Thus constantly, like Rosa Bonheur, in the open air, she rapidly regained strength and health. One day, when about thirteen years old, she was walking in the woods with her father. A deer, frightened from his covert, dashed by them to leap a fence. Lily wanted a pet, and instantly ran after the animal. As he sprang over the fence she caught his hind legs and clung to them, while her father's dog throttled the captive. Some men came up directly, and, seeing the girl with her face covered with blood, killed the deer, notwithstanding her entreaties that he might be spared.

On another occasion they were killing hogs at Mr. Martin's place. A powerful young porker fled foaming and champing from the slayers of his brethren, and got over a fence into the orchard. Lily ran to stop his flight, and the desperate animal made at her. She tried to get a stick to defend herself, but her feet slipped on the apples that strewed the ground, and she fell, in the very gripe of the hog. The maddened creature might have injured her fatally, but her faith-

ful dog sprang upon him, and diverted his rage to another enemy. Lily saw his teeth buried in the poor dog's shoulder, and, resolved not to abandon her deliverer, struck the hog a violent blow and ran; the foe, still held by the dog, in swift pursuit. She was overtaken close to a drain, into which the three combatants tumbled together. At this juncture the men came running to the spot with three or four dogs, and rescued both her and her preserver, that to the last would not relinquish his hold of the porker. Lily's first care was to pull into place the poor dog's dislocated shoulder.

An illustration of her impulsive nature, and readiness to give assistance where it was needed, is an incident that occurred a few months later. Six or seven men were burning logs in a field. She saw them from the house making signals that they wanted one more hand to lift a log. Seizing a crowbar, the young girl ran to the spot, placed it under the log, and helped to raise it to the burning pile.

Her love of sketching soon began to revive. In her fourteenth year she took a fancy to see the effect of a new style of costume which she thought would be very becoming to herself. She drew a lady's figure, thus attired, with black crayons and coarse chalk, on the wall of her bedroom. Pleased with her creation, it occurred to her that the lady ought to be attended by admiring beaux, and she added the figures of two gentlemen. The group was delineated one day when the other members of her family were absent, and, fearing that her mother would be displeased at her for daubing the walls, she hung her dresses over the sketch, so as to screen it from observation.

The next day her young brothers were playing ball

in her room, and chanced to discover the group on the wall. Full of boyish mischief, they decided that the richly-dressed lady would make a fine target, and, in spite of their sister's remonstrances, they commenced throwing their balls at her. Lily, in great distress at the menaced destruction of her work, complained to her mother; and instead of being reprimanded for defacing the wall, was told to go on with her sketch, while the boys were reproved, and forbidden to enter her room. Encouraged by the praise she received, Lily worked on diligently. She drew a colonnade behind her figures, then added other groups, representing persons enjoying themselves at a place of fashionable amusement. The background was a landscape of hill and valley, rock and sea. This picture being much admired, she went on covering the walls of her room from floor to ceiling with the creations of her romantic imagination. Columns and statues, fountains and grottoes, appeared in her scenes of luxury and magnificence; and her landscapes were as charming as the forms with which she enlivened them. In every panel was a distinct picture. All her leisure hours, after milking the cows and hoeing the corn, were devoted to this amusement. It was true of her, as Halleck says it was doubtful of his Wyoming maiden, that she worked in the field "with Shakspeare's volume in her bosom borne;" with Sismondi also, and volumes of history from her father's splendid library.

The farmers in the neighborhood, and the ladies and gentlemen of Marietta, came to see the curious sketches, both on the walls and on canvas, of which they had heard. Saturday afternoons were appointed for the reception of visitors. The fame of Lily's talents began to spread rapidly, and she was mentioned

with praise in several newspaper notices. At her father's persuasion she tried to study perspective and anatomy, but it was more agreeable to her impetuous nature to sketch from her own glowing fancy, than to pore over the dry bones and plates of different parts of the human frame. In coloring, also, she would trust to her intuitive perceptions rather than to a regular course of study. Her father procured her muslin for her experiments, and, after covering many yards, she became fully aware of her own deficiencies, which she resolved to conquer. Her unwillingness to be taught arose from the self-reliance of an independent character, and not from an inflated idea of her own acquirements.

Her parents became more and more solicitous to give her all the advantages they could procure; and a letter from a wealthy gentleman of Cincinnati, describing the opportunities that would be offered for studying in that city, determined them to leave the farm and remove thither.

Miss Martin's pictures were exhibited in Cincinnati, and attracted the attention of connoisseurs. They were large, as her figures of life size best enlisted her own sympathies. Her battle with the world now commenced in earnest. The jealousy of rival artists was awakened by the certainty that a rising genius had come among them. Flippant critics pleased others and their own vanity by decrying her productions. But she continued to paint, and sometimes had good fortune in disposing of her pictures, practicing her art with undiminished industry and enthusiasm, even while discouraged by the want of patronage.

On one occasion she was in company with Lord Morpeth. Addressing him as "Mr. Morpeth," she

was reminded apart by her father that she ought to say "my lord." "No, indeed," replied the young lady; "I never saw a man I would call 'my lord' yet."

Miss Martin was married in Cincinnati to Mr. Spencer. When surrounded by the cares of a young family she continued to paint, but her style changed. At first her pictures had been poetical and semi-allegorical. She liked to embody some suggestive idea, or a whole history, in a group, as in several of her scenes from Shakspeare. Her "Water Sprite," representing the escape of Spring from Winter, is of this class. After she became a mother, her taste was more for bits of domestic life, and she found matter-of-fact pictures more salable than her cherished ideals.

After living some seven years in Cincinnati, Mrs. Spencer returned with her family to New York, stopping a year in Columbus, Ohio, where she painted portraits and fancy-pieces. In New York she visited the Academy for the purpose of improving herself by drawing after the antique, often going in the evening, as her labors and cares absorbed her during the day, and sitting among the male art-students. One, who noticed the quiet, modest-looking girl at work, undertook to point out the best models, but soon discovered he was trying to teach his superior. She was made a member of the Academy. Her "May Queen" and "Choose Between" were much praised in the Art Union Exhibition. "The Jolly Washerwoman," sold by that institution, became celebrated. It was painted impromptu from a scene in the artist's own kitchen. A connoisseur was so much pleased with one of her pictures that he insisted on paying more than was asked for it.

"The Flower Girl" and "Domestic Felicity," ex-

hibited in Philadelphia, elicited general admiration, and proved Mrs. Spencer's possession of the highest order of talent. A connoisseur remarked that the latter picture excelled any other production that had appeared in the gallery since its first opening. Its vigor and freshness were as remarkable as its rich and harmonious coloring, while the drawing and composition were pronounced admirable. It represented a mother and father bending over their sleeping children, and several artists observed that they knew of no one who could surpass the painting of the mother's hand. The managers of the Art Union in Philadelphia were so delighted with this picture that a few of their number privately subscribed to purchase it, the rules not allowing directors to expend the funds except for paintings selected by the prizeholders. It was afterward sold to an association in the West. The Western Art Union purchased several of Mrs. Spencer's works, and had one engraved for their annual presentation plate.

Mrs. Spencer found her kitchen scenes so popular that she adopted that comic, familiar style in many of her paintings. "Shake Hands?" represents a girl making pastry, and holding out her floured hand with a humorous smile. This manner the artist has been obliged to adhere to on account of the ready sale of such pictures, while the subjects that better pleased her own taste have been neglected. Yet she has contrived to introduce a moral into every one of her comic pieces. "The Contrast" embodies a touching story. It is in two pictures: one showing a pampered, petulant little dog, barking at some intruder from his velvet cushion surrounded by silken draperies; the other, a meagre, skin-and-bone animal, creeping

through the pitiless snow-storm in search of food for its young ones. Mrs. Spencer excels in her pictures of different animals.

Some time ago Mrs. Spencer made a series of original designs—twenty or thirty—illustrative of scenes in the volumes of "The Women of the American Revolution." All these have not yet been published. Perhaps more of her paintings have been engraved than of any American artist. All are of her own composition, and most of them are domestic scenes. One called "Pattycake" shows a young mother, with her baby on her lap, teaching it to clap its hands; another, "Both at Play," represents a father teasing his little girl by holding an air-balloon just out of her reach. These are done in the highly-finished German style adopted by Mrs. Spencer. She usually takes her own children for models.

"The Captive" exhibits a slave in market, her master lifting the veil that concealed her charms. Its touching expression is admirable. "Reading the Legend" shows a lovely lady listening to a reading within view of a noble castle; but we do not like the taste of either the costume or the attitude of the reader.

Mrs. Spencer encountered serious difficulties in New York before she acquired the fame she now enjoys. In 1858 she purchased a lovely place in a retired part of Newark, New Jersey, where she now resides with her happy family. Her studio is at the foot of her garden, a large building, with its walls covered by sketches, casts, etc., where the artist labors assiduously. Visitors from distant cities come here to see her paintings, and she usually has several in progress at the same time. "The Gossips," a large painting *de genre*, with ten figures of women and children, has at-

tracted much attention. The scene represents the yard of a tenement-building, where women are engaged in washing, preserving fruit, cooking, and other sorts of work. They have gathered into a group to listen to some tale of scandal from a stranger, with a basket of bread; and the children are getting into mischief the while. A little boy has fallen into the bluing-tub of clothes, while a younger girl is laughing violently at his mishap; a dog has laid hold of the meat a boy has forgotten to look after, and a cat in the window is skimming the pan of milk. The peaches in a basket in the foreground look as if they might be picked out and eaten, so rich and fresh is the coloring. The effect of light on one of the female figures is exquisitely beautiful. The whole picture is highly finished, and its merits are enough to make a reputation for any artist.

Mrs. Spencer's pictures may be seen in many of the shops where works of art are for sale, and the prints engraved from them are very numerous. She has now a prospect of independence and success before her, and may achieve triumphs greater than any she has yet accomplished.

LOUISA LANDER.

This young lady is a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and descended from some of the oldest and most respected families of that good old town. She is a daughter of Edward Lander and Eliza West, whose father was claimed as a relative, while on a visit to London, by Sir Benjamin West.

Mrs. Lander's maternal grandfather, Elias Haskel Derby, sent the first American ship to India, giving the first impetus to our commerce with that country.

His were the first American vessels seen at the Cape of Good Hope and the Isle of France. Captain Richard Derby, his father, was noted in the Revolutionary struggle. He bought and presented to the town of Salem the cannon which Colonel Leslie attempted to seize. When he demanded the arms, at the head of his regiment, Captain Derby's reply was, "Find them, and take them if you can; they will never be surrendered!" and his courage preserved the treasure. He was instrumental, too, in inciting his fellow-townsmen to the exploit of raising the drawbridge and sinking the boats—the first repulse of the British in the commencement of hostilities.

Colonel F. W. Lander, the Pacific Railroad explorer, is the brother of the subject of our sketch. In various branches of her family has artistic talent shown itself. Her grandmother and her mother were remarkable for their fondness for art, and gave evidence thereof in works of their own. In the old family mansion, where Louisa's childhood was spent, are carvings upon the walls and over the lofty doors, designed by her grandmother, and executed under her directions. Similar designs, evincing both taste and skill, decorated the mahogany furniture; and the canopies and coverings of the furniture were embroidered by the lady, according to the fashion of the day, her own fancy supplying the beautiful designs. It can hardly be said when commenced the artist-life of the young girl brought up under such influences. She was, as a child, singularly grave and thoughtful; serious and reserved at all times, and decided in her judgment, which was always according to the dictates of sound sense. A love of art, which might be called an ardent passion, possessed her nature from her earliest years.

On one occasion—the first time she had an opportunity of seeing a work of real merit—she stood quiet and absorbed in admiration. Her sister, who had been pointing out the peculiar touches of skill, turned to ask her opinion, and saw her face bathed in tears. This was a surprising demonstration for a child who had been scarcely ever known to exhibit emotion, and whose self-control was so uncommon that her manner usually appeared cold. It seems as if art alone could arouse the full ardor and energy of her spirit.

When a very little child, at different times, she modeled two heads for broken dolls. One was made of light sealing-wax, and the modeling of both was so wonderfully accurate that her mother would not allow the child to play with them, but kept them as curiosities. On another occasion Louisa brought one of her drawings from school, so admirably executed, especially in the face, that her relatives thought the touch a happy accident, and were inclined to disbelieve her assertions that she had meant to produce the very effect given to her picture.

After her talent for sculpture had been fairly developed, she resolved on the devotion of her life to that branch of art. Her intense perception and enjoyment of the beautiful, awakened a thirst within her which could only be slaked at the fountain-head; and, driven forth, as it were, by this longing, she left her happy home in Salem—her circle of beloved relatives and congenial friends—to go among untried scenes, fixing her abode in Rome. There she speedily acquired a reputation which drew around her friends interested in the progress and triumph of genius. She was a pupil of the lamented Crawford—the only one he ever consented to admit into his studio, for he had discerned

in her early efforts the promise of future eminence. She evinced, from the first, a remarkable power in portraits, catching the most delicate and subtle shades of likeness. One of her productions is a bust of Governor Gore, executed from two oil portraits; a difficult piece of work, as the portraits were not alike, having been taken at different periods of his life. The bust was pronounced an excellent likeness by Chief Justice Shaw and others who remember the governor. Miss Lander finished it in marble for the Harvard Library. It is to be placed in Gore Hall, in Cambridge.

This talent for likenesses is observable in the first efforts of Miss Lander. When very young, before she had attempted modeling, she carved from an old alabaster clock, with a penknife, several heads and faces in bas-relief. These were noticed by a friend, who gave her a bit of shell and some gravers, and at once, without the least instruction, she carved a head in cameo. Likenesses of her mother and other friends were made, and pronounced very striking. Her first modeling was a bas-relief portrait of her father; it was followed by a bust of her brother, the late chief-justice of Washington Territory.

Her work "To-day," was seen in ambrotype, on her arrival in Rome, by Crawford, and his admiration of it perhaps induced him to receive her as his pupil. The figure is an emblem of our youthful country. The head is crowned with a chaplet of morning glories; the drapery is the American flag, fastened at the breast and the shoulder with the stars. Its look forward typifies progress in so spirited a manner that, at first sight, one might be startled by the apparent movement of life. A flower falling from the hair on the neck behind, adds to this effect of motion. Power and

spirit are prominent characteristics of the work. This, with her "Galatea," a figure full of grace and tenderness, was modeled before Miss Lander went to Italy. She had also finished a fine bust of her father, a perfect likeness, and exquisitely chiseled in marble.

After Miss Lander went to Rome, she executed many portrait busts, among them a fine one of Hawthorne, and a bas-relief of Mountford. A letter from Rome described, as seen in her studio, "A charming statuette of Virginia Dare," about three feet in height. This child was the granddaughter of John White, governor of the Colony of Virginia at the period of one of the early disastrous expeditions of Sir Walter Raleigh.

"About the month of August, in 1587, Mrs. Dare, daughter of the governor, was delivered of a daughter in Roanoke, who was baptized the next Lord's-day by the name of Virginia, being the first English child born in the country. Before the close of August, the governor, at the earnest solicitation of the whole colony, sailed for England to procure supplies. An unfortunate turn of affairs at home prevented another expedition from reaching Virginia until 1590, when, upon arrival, it was found that the houses of the former settlers were demolished, though still surrounded by a palisade, and a great part of the stores was discovered buried in the ground; but no trace was ever found of the unfortunate colony. Bancroft says that, when the governor sailed for England, he left the infant and her mother as hostages, and it is presumed that they were carried into captivity by the Indians, as, after this, European features could be traced in the Indian lineaments.

"Miss Lander represents her Virginia as brought

up an Indian princess, displaying in her erect attitude and beautiful form the fearless dignity and grace that such a life would impart. The head and face are very fine, exhibiting the thoughtfulness and spirituality that would naturally be derived from the dreamy recollections of her early life. The figure is semi-nude; the drapery, a light fishing-net, is charmingly conceived and executed, being worn like an Indian blanket; and the ornaments are wampum beads. This design, possessing the charm of novelty and historic interest, shows that we have in our own country rich subjects of sculpture, without resorting to the old heathen mythology."

Miss Lander afterward made a life-size statue of Virginia in marble. Her reclining statue of "Evangeline" forms a fine contrast to this; "the one full of force and energy, all life and motion; the other so still and tranquil in her sweet, profound slumber. She is represented at the moment when, worn out with her wanderings, she sleeps under the cedar-tree by the river-side,

"'For this poor soul had wandered,
Bleeding and barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.'

Her deep repose is not so much slumbering as like one in a trance. In the marble this is shown exactly by her attitude, as though she had dropped from utter weariness; her drapery hangs heavily about her, and still more heavily falls her hand; the whole figure is expressive of deep rest—almost painful it would be but for the beautiful face, lighted up by 'the thought in her heart' that her lover is near, and that

"'Through those shadowy aisles Gabriel had wandered before her,
Every stroke of the oar now brings him nearer and nearer
(Now she slept beneath the cedar-tree).

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumber'd beneath it;
Fill'd was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.'

Very beautiful she is; and, as I gazed upon her, I seemed to hear the dash of Gabriel's oar, as he glided along behind 'a screen of palmettos,' unseeing and unseen, and was ready to exclaim,

"'Angel of God, is there none to awaken the maiden?'"

Another work by Miss Lander is "Elizabeth, the Exile of Siberia," a spirited yet feminine figure, "very pretty in its picturesque costume—the short cloak, Russian boots, and closely-fitting cap."

This gifted young artist has finished a statuette of "Undine." It is a drooping figure, with expression full of sadness, just rising from the fountain to visit earth for the last time. The base of the fountain is surrounded by shells forming water-jets; Undine is in the central one, and the drapery falls from her hand into water as it drops. She has also finished a "Ceres Mourning for Proserpine." The goddess is leaning upon a sheaf of wheat; her hands and head are drooping, as if she were planning her daughter's escape. "A Sylph," just alighted—an airy, floating figure, her puzzled attention fixed on a butterfly—is another of Miss Lander's creations.

MARY WESTON.

The history of this lady illustrates the development, amid unfavorable circumstances, of that self-reliant energy which often forms a marked characteristic of the natives of New England. The spirit of independence, when joined, as in her case, to feminine gentleness and grace, is ennobling to any woman, and its working is both interesting and instructive.

Mary Pillsbury was born in Hebron, New Hampshire. Her father was a Baptist clergyman, holding the strictest tenets of Calvinism. In her humble home among the mountains, though surrounded by nature's wild beauty, the child found nothing to suggest to her an idea of what art could accomplish. Nevertheless, she saw objects with an artistic perception, and loved especially to study faces. When taken to church, she would sit gazing at those around her, and wishing that in some way—of which as yet she had no conception—she could copy their features. One day, when between seven and eight, she noticed a beautiful woman, and, returning home, went quietly to her father's study—creeping in, as it was locked, through two panes of a window, to which she climbed by a chair on the bed—in search of a slate and pencil. With this she began to make a sketch of the face that had charmed her. She made the oval outline, but could not give the expression about the mouth and eyes. With a keen sense of disappointment she relinquished the hopeless task. But the artist-passion was awakened within her.

She loved to read books relating to artists better than any thing else, though fond of study in general, and her partiality for sketching was indulged whenever she had opportunity. Having observed the work of a profile-cutter who chanced to come into the neighborhood, she persevered in attempts at portraits, and practiced cutting them out of leaves and paper. She had a beautiful young sister, and often prevailed on her to sit, improving day by day in her untutored efforts, till at last she was able, by the eye, to take a correct likeness.

Her next achievement was copying the figures and

decorations of Indian chiefs, who not unfrequently came into the little village. A servant girl, fifteen years old, who was employed in her father's family, knew how to sketch houses, and this knowledge was willingly imparted to little Mary. Her pictures, though rude in design and execution, were in great demand among her schoolfellows; but Mrs. Pillsbury thought the study of painting would interfere with more important branches, and that a thorough English education should first be acquired. The young girl, however, could not be prevented from watching the drawing-lessons of other scholars. She would practice at home; and so earnest was her application that it was not long before she produced a drawing agreed on all sides to be superior to the exercises of the regular pupils.

For the colors of her flowers Mary used beet-juice, extract of bean leaves prepared by herself, etc., till the welcome present of a box of paints made her independent of such contrivances. The romantic scenery surrounding her home had now a new charm. Day after day she would wander about the fields and woods, sketching, and indulging in visions of an artistic life. When twelve years old, one day she accompanied her parents to Sutton, in New Hampshire. A protracted meeting was held, and her father was to preach. Paying little attention to the doctrines promulgated, as formerly Mary occupied herself in scanning new faces in the rural assemblage. Near the place of meeting was the colossal figure of the Goddess of Liberty, richly arrayed, and painted in colors by a Free-will Baptist preacher. She obtained a seat close to the window during one of the services, and carefully studied what appeared to her a perfect tri-

umph of art. After she went home she produced a clever sketch of it. From this time goddesses of liberty multiplied in her hands, and became famous in the school and neighborhood. One of them was actually put into a magazine. So creditable were they considered, that a rather unscrupulous young girl of her acquaintance presented one to her lover as her own work; and when he challenged her to produce another, she came to persuade Mary to make it for her.

Caring little for the sports and pleasures of her age, it was Mary's habit to shut herself up in her father's study, and, seated upon the shelves, to read over and over again the biographies of great men and distinguished women. She kept in advance of all the school-girls meanwhile, and improved in her drawing during the hours stolen from her spinning-tasks and the duties involved in taking care of the other children. She entered now on the reading of the standard and classical works contained in her father's library, and a new world seemed opening before her. Ambitious longings and dreams broke on the monotony of her lonely life. She resolved to become an artist like those persons of whom she had read, and compel appreciation from the world. But the mode of accomplishing her wishes perplexed her. She saw that it would be necessary to leave home and try her fortune among strangers; but she loved to picture the day when she would return, laden with honors and a rich reward for her labors—when her family would be proud of her success.

When about fourteen, she determined to take the first step toward the goal she panted to reach. Secretly she quitted her home, taking with her only a

change of dress, and set out to walk through the forest to Hopkinton, on the way to Concord, where she intended to take up her abode temporarily, to earn a little money by her labor, and then establish herself as an artist. She walked thirty miles that day, and very late at night came to a small house in the country, at which she stopped, requesting permission to warm and rest herself. The simple people appeared surprised to see so young a girl traveling alone and so far from home. They inquired into the particulars of her story with curious interest, and earnestly pressed her to stay all night. She consented, and supper was prepared for her, after which she went to sleep, wearied with the day's fatiguing journey.

On waking the next morning a strangely familiar voice struck her ear. She dressed hastily, and went down into the parlor, where she found her uncle, who had come that far in search of her. Both wept at the unexpected meeting; but when she had recovered from her confusion, Mary begged to be permitted to go on to Concord. This was decidedly refused, and, reluctant and mortified at the failure of her romantic enterprise, she was obliged to consent to be taken home.

She was received with tears and embraces by her family, and no word of reproach, nor even a distant allusion to her disobedience, followed her attempt to escape from the restraint of parental authority. The family seemed to be sensible that she had been hardly dealt with; for the dreams of youthful hope have significance, and nature's bent should not be too rudely thwarted. From this time more indulgence was shown to her frequent neglect of work in which she felt no pleasure, and to her devotion to books. She engaged in her studies more ardently than ever.

Mr. Pillsbury was not rich, and his daughter had the prospect of being ultimately obliged to depend on her earnings for a subsistence. It was her desire to enter as soon as possible on the life whose hardships she expected to encounter and overcome. She wished to go beyond the mountains, into the beautiful world on the other side. To her imagination the soft and roseate tints reposing on those far-off summits were emblematic of the delights in store for her. But her parents opposed her wishes, and urged her to remain with them, for some years at least.

She was about nineteen when, on a visit to Lynn, she saw a portrait painted by a lady, which seized her attention amid a collection of indifferent pictures. The longing to be a painter again possessed her so strongly that she felt it an irresistible passion. Her first plan was to accompany the lady to Washington and take lessons, but this scheme was abandoned. About a year after this she went to Boston. Passing a shop window, she saw a fine painting, that once more enkindled the flame of artist ambition in her soul. Her determination was formed. With the sanguine hopes of youth, she fancied that a year's preparation would enable her to paint professionally. She accordingly devoted herself to the practice of her art with that view. Her friends ridiculed the idea of her becoming an artist for a livelihood, and predicted the failure of her scheme without powerful patronage.

But this kind of opposition no longer discouraged her, though she was much hampered by the want of time. The winter was rapidly approaching, and she felt that it should not pass without some advance in her beloved studies. She now resolved to go to some place southward where she could see an artist work,

and to paint cheap pictures for her own support, living plainly in the country till her lessons were completed. It seemed that she must either do this or die.

Without consulting any one, with only twelve dollars in her possession, she left Boston in the early morning train, leaving her trunk behind, and taking only a basket with a few changes of clothes. The undertaking was not without prayers for a blessing from the Providence who watches over all human affairs. Her father needed all the aid she could give him; he had suffered much, and sickness in his family had crippled his narrow resources. The thought of all this, and what she might do were she permitted to work out her own ideas, had tortured Mary and rendered her desperate. In the ardor of her determination now, obstacles seemed nothing; she was resolved to succeed.

An old man who occupied a seat opposite her in the car noticed her, and asked many questions. When they stopped at Providence, his evident curiosity annoyed and alarmed her so much that she ran with all her speed to the boat bound for New York. On the way she talked with the stewardess, and asked if she knew any respectable house in the city where she could obtain board. The stewardess was ignorant of New York, but inquired of the clerk, and he directed Miss Pillsbury to the house of Professor Gouraud, a then famous dancing-master.

On repairing to this place she learned that the professor did not receive boarders, but was recommended to look for a house in Canal Street. Here it occurred to her to go to a milliner's shop; she knew there must be many girls there, respectable, though poor, and thought that she might hear of a lodging through

some of them. She received a direction to the house of an old lady, whither she went. On being asked for references, she frankly owned that she had none, and, as the best explanation she could offer, related her story. The landlady had heard through a pious friend in Boston—Mrs. Colby, a lady well known for benevolence—of the strange girl who wanted to be a painter, and she willingly received the wanderer.

The next day Miss Pillsbury found out that an artist lived in the neighborhood, and went to him to see how oil-colors were used. She was allowed to watch him while painting a portrait. Afterward she went to Dechaux, who then kept a small store for colors; and, provided with the implements of art, she went to work in earnest. The little grandson of her landlady was her first subject, and she painted a good likeness of him, which was taken in part payment for board. Even the artist was surprised at her success, and prophesied that she would do well after a year's study.

After she had been a week in New York, her hostess advised Mary to go to Hartford, Connecticut, and gave her a letter to the Rev. Henry Jackson of that place. She went there, and was kindly received. While there, she painted a little boy, and produced an astonishing likeness. She had to prepare her own canvas, and grind her paints on a plate with a case-knife. In about a week after her arrival in Hartford, Squire Rider and his wife, of Willington, came on a visit to Mr. Jackson. They were so much pleased with the pictures Mary had produced, that they invited her to return home with them and paint the members of their family at five dollars a head. She was to prepare the canvas, while they would find paints.

Mrs. Colby, in the mean time, had written to Mr.

Jackson, requesting him to advance money on her account to Miss Pillsbury, should it be necessary; but Mary had no need of more than she could earn. She wrote to Boston for her trunk, and received it. Her parents, by this time, had learned her whereabouts, and no longer opposed her wish for independence.

She made portraits of all the Riders, and of thirty other persons in Willington. Among her sitters were members of the family of Jonathan Weston, Esq. Several persons raised a sum by subscription to pay for the portrait of Miranda Vinton, the Burmese missionary. Miss Pillsbury had many offers of a home, and invitations to spend her time in different families, but she preferred living entirely for her art.

Returning to Hartford, she painted a few more portraits. Mr. Weston's daughter became her particular friend, and Mary was always warmly welcomed by her in her father's house.

The young lady's uncle, Mr. Weston, of New York, came to pay his brother a visit, and took a great interest in Mary's paintings. He urged her to come to New York, and improve herself by lessons and study. After his departure, she became once more possessed by an intense desire to revisit the city, and find some method of making more rapid progress. She received a letter from the gentleman's daughter, inviting her to come at once to New York, where she could profit by the instruction of experienced artists. The prospect was an alluring one, but Miss Pillsbury felt that she could not afford to give herself the luxury of such lessons. She said this in her reply to the letter of invitation.

Shortly afterward another letter came from Miss Weston, urging her coming more earnestly. Her fa-

ther, she said, would procure her a teacher, and would make arrangements for the winter. She was pressed to make her home at his house; and, should she not be successful in her undertaking, he pledged himself to see her safely back to her friends.

This tempting offer was accepted. During the winter Miss Pillsbury devoted herself to copying paintings. Ere long she must have made the discovery that another feeling, besides the wish to foster genius, had led Mr. Weston to be so anxious for her presence. Suffice it to say that in three months she became his wife, with the understanding that she was to pursue the profession she had chosen without restraint.

For a few years Mrs. Weston exercised her skill in painting under circumstances tending to distract her attention. She became the mother of two children, and the care of them occupied most of her time. Several of her copies have great merit. Her large picture of the "Angel Gabriel and Infant Saviour," from Murillo, is in the possession of Mr. Henry Stebbins, who married the daughter of Mr. Weston. She made a very fine copy of Titian's "Bella Donna" and Guercino's "Sibylla Samia." That of "Beatrice Cenci" has been pronounced an admirable copy. She also painted a "Fornarina."

One evening, at a watering-place, at the first ball Mrs. Weston had ever attended, she was struck by the appearance of a lady who passed her, leaning on her husband's arm. The lovely features of this stranger, her pure and brilliant complexion, her eyes beaming with cheerful goodness, and an indefinable grace in all her movements, impressed the artist as if she had seen a vision. Some years afterward she met Mrs. Coventry Waddell, and recognized in her the charm-

ing ideal who had been enshrined in her memory. Her portrait of this lady belongs to Mr. George Vansandvoord, of Troy.

Mrs. Waddell's appreciation of Mrs. Weston's abilities, and her friendship, proved a valuable aid to the sometimes discouraged artist.

Mrs. Weston's flesh tints are especially natural and beautiful, and she gives a high finish to her copies of paintings. Those from the old masters, and others, have such wonderful fidelity that her achievements in this line would alone suffice to make a reputation. "A Witch Scene," from Teniers, is admirable. One of her own compositions is "A Scene from Lalla Rookh," and she has painted both landscapes and portraits from nature. She still resides in New York.

ANNA MARY FREEMAN (MADAME GOLDBECK).

has a high rank among miniature-painters in this country. She is the daughter of an American painter, though she was born in Manchester, England, where her parents resided for some years. She came to the United States when very young, and early devoted herself to the pursuits of art, from which she has for ten years derived her support. She is gifted in various ways; she has written some excellent poetry and stories, and is known as an accomplished elocutionist, having given readings in New York and elsewhere with success. Her powers as a painter, however, have been exercised most profitably.

Julia du Pré, a native of Charleston, South Carolina, was educated at Mrs. Willard's school in Troy, New York. On leaving the school, she accompanied her mother and sister to Paris. Mrs. du Pré wished to cultivate to the utmost her daughter's talents for mu-

sic and painting, and gave her the advantage of the best foreign masters. They had been three years in France when a sudden reverse deprived them of their ample fortune; yet, with reduced means, they remained a year longer, that Julia might devote herself to the study of painting in oil. On their return to Charleston, Mrs. du Pré and her daughters opened a school for young ladies, which was attended with success. The continual occupation of teaching, however, deprived Julia of time and opportunity for the severe study necessary to perfect herself in the art to which she had wished to devote her life. Every hour of leisure she could command was given to portrait-painting, and to making copies of admired works. Many of these were executed with great skill, and drew praise from Sully and other eminent critics. One of her best portraits is that of Count Alfred de Vigny, who had been intimate with her family during their residence in Paris. Miss du Pré also made a fine copy from Parmegiano, of a Virgin and Child, and a Dido on the Funeral Pile, from Giulio Romano. These, and other paintings, gained her considerable repute as an artist. She married Henry Bonnetheau, a miniature-painter of acknowledged merit, and continues to reside in Charleston. She spent the summer of 1856 in Paris, for the sake of improving herself in pastel-painting, and has lately finished some exquisite works in that style. "The Love-letter," in the possession of her brother-in-law, Dr. Dickson of Philadelphia, "The Liasons," and "L'Espagnole" have been highly praised among these.

Mrs. Bonnetheau's gifts are crowned with the loveliest traits of woman's character. She is esteemed and beloved by a large circle of friends in Charleston,

among whom are some of the best educated men in this country.

The Misses Withers, of Charleston, South Carolina, paint in oil and water colors, and cut cameos with much ability and skill. They have also modeled groups and figures with success, and are devoted to these branches of art.

Mrs. Charlotte Cheves is an amateur artist who might have gained celebrity had her life been given to the study of painting. She was Miss M'Cord, and was born in Columbia, South Carolina. She married Mr. Langdon Cheves, and resides on his rice plantation nearly opposite Savannah. She paints miniatures on ivory, some of them excellent likenesses, and finished with great delicacy. She has also painted pictures in oil, and excels in pastels and pencil-sketches. She is a musician, too, and possesses a very fine voice.

Ellen Cooper, the youngest daughter of the celebrated Dr. Thomas Cooper, was a native of Columbia, South Carolina. She had a fine taste and much skill in painting and ornamental work, and was remarkable for intellectual culture and knowledge of general literature. She lived some years in Mobile with her sister, and there married Mr. James Hanna, who took her to reside on his sugar plantation near Thibodeaux, in Louisiana. She died in October, 1858. Her sister is one of the most accomplished amateur artists in the Southern States.

About seven years ago a School of Design for Women was started by Miss Hamilton, which, supported by voluntary contributions, met with encouraging success. It has now been adopted by the trustees of the Cooper Institute, and a sum is allowed annually for the support of teachers. The attendance

of pupils in 1859 has been double that of any former year.

MARY ANN DOUGLAS, now Mrs. Johnson, is a native of Westfield, Massachusetts, where she at present resides. She was married at eighteen, and had been a wife four years before her artist-life commenced. While a prisoner in her room, on account of sickness, she amused herself by copying a landscape in oil-colors. The success of this attempt opened to her a new source of activity and pleasure. She devoted herself to the study of painting, and labored with such earnestness and fidelity that her efforts were crowned with success beyond her anticipations. Her attention was directed especially to portraits. For the last four or five years she has worked in crayon almost exclusively, and has found employment abundantly remunerative. A visit to New London, Connecticut, was prolonged to nine months' stay, so great was the popularity of her works in that place; and during a trip into Central New York she painted many portraits in oil at excellent prices. Her indefatigable patience in the execution of details, the fidelity of her likenesses, and the delicate perfection of finish in her pictures, are remarkable. In the relations of social life Mrs. Johnson has shown herself amiable and self-sacrificing. She has not an acquaintance who does not rejoice in the triumphs so worthily won in spite of many discouragements.

CHAPTER XX.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

EMMA STEBBINS.—Favorable Circumstances of her early Life to the Study of Art.—Specimens of her Skill shown in private Circles.—Receives Instruction from Henry Inman.—Correctness of her Portraits.—"A Book of Prayer."—Revives Taste for Illuminations.—Her crayon Portraits.—Copies of Paintings.—Cultivates many Branches of Art.—Becomes a Sculptor.—Abode in Rome.—Instruction received from Gibson and Akers.—Late Work from her Chisel.—"The Miner."—HARRIET HOSMER.—Dwelling of the Sculptor Gibson in Rome.—His Studio and Work-room.—"La Signorina."—The American Sculptress.—Her Childhood.—Physical Training.—School-life.—Anecdotes.—Studies at Home.—At St. Louis.—Her Independence.—Trip on the Mississippi.—"Hesper."—Departure for Rome.—Mr. Gibson's Decision.—Extract from Miss Hosmer's Letter.—Original Designs.—Reverse of Fortune.—Alarm.—Resolution.—Industry, Economy, and Success.—Late Works.—Visit of the Prince of Wales.

EMMA STEBBINS.

FEW lady artists of this or any country have been surrounded with circumstances more favorable to the development of genius. Her childhood was passed among those who possessed culture and refined taste, and she was familiar with the elegant adornments of life. She learned early to embody the delicate creations of her fancy in song or pictures, as well as to imitate what pleased her. Her family and nearest circle of friends were ready—as is not always the case—to appreciate and encourage her efforts. But, though she had no early difficulties to struggle with, the steep and rugged path to eminent success could not be smoothed by the hand of affection, and she has gone

through all the lessoning and exercise of powers demanded for the achievement of greatness, as well from those favored of fortune as those to whom the capricious goddess has proved a step-dame.

Miss Stebbins is a native of the city of New York, where, till within a few years, she employed the rare skill she had acquired in different branches of art for the gratification of her friends or for charitable purposes. Several artists noticed in the beautiful specimens which were shown in various circles as her work the evidence of more than ordinary talent. Among these was Henry Inman, the distinguished painter. He invited the young girl to visit his studio, and offered to give her instruction in oil-painting. She had never before taken lessons, and was pleased with the prospect of study. She improved under the directions of her teacher, and to this aid some of her friends attributed the masterly correctness and grace displayed in her portraits, and for which afterward her crayon sketches were so much admired.

One of Miss Stebbins's early works was a volume to which she gave the title, "A Book of Prayer." It contains some beautiful specimens of her poetry, but is chiefly remarkable for its exquisite illuminations. It was one of the first among the efforts to revive that style of illustration; and the originality, grace, and beauty of the designs, with the delicate and elaborate finish of the execution, made it quite a curiosity of art. Some other books were illuminated by Miss Stebbins in the same manner.

The love of art in the child of genius "grows by what it feeds on," and claims an undivided devotion to its pursuits. Perhaps no kind of knowledge is so fascinating when its fruits are tasted. Miss Stebbins

found no charm in the social pleasures at her command which could draw her attention from painting. She finally resolved on an exclusive consecration of her talents to art, making it the sole business of her life. She determined to go to Rome.

Several of her crayon portraits, executed in Rome, received the highest encomiums from acknowledged judges in that city. A copy she made of the "St. John" of Du Bœuf, and one from a painting in the gallery of the Louvre, representing a "Girl Dictating a Love-letter," were noted among her oil-paintings. Her "Boy and Bird's Nest" was done in the style of Murillo. Her pastel-painting of "Two Dogs" has been highly praised.

Almost every branch of the imitative art has been at different periods cultivated by Miss Stebbins, and her success proves the scope and versatility of her talent. Besides painting in oil and water colors, she has practiced drawing on wood and carving wood, modeling in clay, and working in marble. It is probably in the difficult art of sculpture that she will leave to America the works by which she will be most widely known.

She profited, like Miss Hosmer, by the counsels and supervision of Gibson, and the careful instruction of Akers. A work from her chisel, in the spring of 1859, commanded the highest suffrages. Mr. Heckscher, a large proprietor of coal-mines in the United States, had requested Miss Stebbins to execute for him two typical statues—one of Industry, the other of Commerce. The figure of Industry is completed, and has been represented by the artist, with graceful taste, as a miner. A critic says:

"The figure is that of an athletic, admirably-pro-

portioned youth, who bears upon his right shoulder the pick, and in the front of his picturesque slouched hat the miner's lamp. The weight of the body is thrown easily and naturally upon the right leg, and the left hand rests with the carelessness of manly strength upon a block of marble, drilled and hewn in the manner of a mass of coal. The symmetrical vigor of the figure, admirable as it is, is not more admirable than the lofty, ingenuous beauty of the classic head and face, poised in an attitude equally unforced and striking, upon the graceful, well-rounded throat. The drapery of the full shirt, open at the neck and close-gathered about the waist, is managed with particular skill; and while the whole figure reminds one strikingly of one of those magnificent Gothic kings whose images stand in the vestibule of the *Museo Borbonico*, at Naples, the spirit and air of it are purely modern and American. It is, in truth, one of the most felicitous combinations of every-day national truth with the enduring and cosmopolite truth of art ever seen, and it is a work which does equal credit to the sex and the country of the artist."

Miss Stebbins has taken up her residence permanently in Rome, amid those surroundings and associations sought by artists of all nations as most favorable to their progress. She has been for some time engaged in modeling in clay several groups which, though as yet unfinished, have been criticised favorably by connoisseurs and friends.

HARRIET HOSMER.

In the Via Fontanella at Rome—a street close upon the beautiful Piazza del Popolo, and running at a right angle from the Babuino to the Corso, a few steps out

of the Babuino on the left—is a large, rough, worm-eaten door, which has evidently seen good service, and from the appearance of which no casual and uninitiated passer-by would suspect the treasures of art it conceals and protects. A small piece of whip-cord, with a knot as handle, issues from a perforated hole, by means of which—a small bell being set in motion—access is gained to the studio of England's greatest living master of sculpture, John Gibson.

The threshold crossed, the visitor finds himself at once in the midst of this artist's numerous works. In a large barn-like shed, with a floor of earth, on pedestals of various materials, shapes, and sizes, stand the beautiful Cupid and Butterfly, the wounded Amazon, Paris and Proserpine gathering flowers, the charming groups of Psyche borne by the Zephyrs, of Hylas and the Water Nymphs, and the noble basso-relievo of Phaeton and the Hours leading forth the horses of the Sun, with, perhaps, a bust or figure in progress by the workman whose duty it is to keep the studio and attend to the numerous visitors. Facing the door of entry just described is its counterpart, opening into a fairy-like square plot of garden, filled with orange and lemon trees and roses, and, in the spring, fragrant with violets blue and white, Cape jasmine, and lilies of the valley; while, in a shady recess, and fern-grown nook trickles a perpetual fountain of crystal-clear water. The sun floods this tiny garden with his golden light, flecking the trellised walks with broken shadows, and wooing his way, royal and irresistible lover as he is, to the humbler floral divinities of the place, sheltered beneath their own green leaves, or in the superb shade of the acanthus. Lovely is the effect of this rich glow of sunlight as one stands in the shade of the studio,

perfumed with the sweet blossoms of the South; lovely the aspect both of nature and of art, into the presence of which we are so suddenly and unexpectedly ushered from the ugly, dirty street without. Having gazed our fill here, we step into the garden, and, turning to the right, if we be favored visitors, friends, or the friends of friends, we are next ushered into the sanctum of the master himself, whom we shall probably find engaged in modeling, and from whom we shall certainly receive a kind and genial welcome, granting always that we have some claim for our intrusion upon his privacy.

This room, long and narrow, is boarded, and has some pretensions to comfort; but throughout the whole range of studios the absence of care and attention will strike the eye, more especially as it is the present fashion in Rome to render the studios both of painter and sculptor as comfortable and habitable as possible. From Mr. Gibson's own room we are taken into another rough shed, where the process of transformation from plaster to marble is carried on, and where frequent visitors can not fail to discover the vast difference which exists in skill and natural aptitude among the numerous workmen employed.

As the different processes of sculpture are but little known, it may not be out of place here to throw some light upon them. The artist himself models the figure, bust, or group, whatever it may be, in clay, spending all his skill, time, and labor on this first stage. When complete—and many months, sometimes even years of unwearied study are given to the task—a plaster cast is taken from the clay figure, from which cast the workmen put the subject into marble, the artist superintending it, and reserving to himself the more deli-

cate task of finishing. Thorwaldsen, speaking of these processes, says, "that the clay model may be called creation, the plaster cast death, and the marble resurrection." Certain it is that the clay model and the marble statue, when each has received the finishing stroke, are more closely allied, more nearly identical, one with the other, than either is with the plaster cast. So alive are sculptors to the fact of the injury done to their works by being seen in plaster casts, that they bestow great pains in working them over by hand to restore something of the fineness and sharpness which the process of modeling has destroyed. So impressed with this is Powers, the American sculptor, that, with the ingenuity and inventive skill of his country, he has succeeded in making a plaster hard almost as marble, and which bears with equal impunity the file, chisel, and polisher.

There are in Rome workmen devoted to the production of certain portions of the figure, draped or undraped; for instance, one man is distinguished for his ability in working the hair, and confines himself to this specialty; while another is famous for his method of rendering the quality of flesh, and a third is unequaled in drapery. Very rarely does it happen that the artist is lucky enough to find all these qualities combined in one man, but it does occasionally happen; and Mr. Gibson is himself fortunate in the possession of a workman whose skill and manipulative power, in all departments, are of the highest order. A Roman by birth, the handsome and highly organized Camillo, with his slight figure, and delicate, almost effeminate hands, is a master of the mallet and chisel, and, from the head to the foot, renders and interprets his model with artistic power and feeling. The man

loves his work, and the work repays his love, as when does it not, from the sublime labors of genius to the humblest vocation of street or alley?

To return from our digression; leaving the work-room, we cross one side of the small garden, and by just such another rough door as the two we have already passed through in the first studio, we enter another capacious, barn-like apartment, the centre of which is occupied by the colored Venus, so dear to Mr. Gibson's heart that, though executed to order, year after year passes on, and he can not make up his mind to part with it. Ranged around the walls of this capacious studio are casts of the Hunter, one of the earliest and most vigorous of Mr. Gibson's works; of the Queen, of the colossal group in the House of Lords, and sundry others. Having inspected these at our leisure, and viewed the Venus from the most approved point, probably under the eye of the master, who never tires of expatiating on the great knowledge of the ancients in coloring their statues, a curtain across the left-hand corner of the studio is lifted, and the attendant inquires if "la signorina" will receive visitors. The permission given, we ascend a steep flight of stairs, and find ourselves in a small upper studio, face to face with a compact little figure, five feet two in height, in cap and blouse, whose short, sunny brown curls, broad brow, frank and resolute expression of countenance, give one at the first glance the impression of a handsome boy. It is the first glance only, however, which misleads one. The trim waist and well-developed bust belong unmistakably to a woman, and the deep, earnest eyes, firm-set mouth, and modest dignity of deportment show that woman to be one of no ordinary character and ability.

Thus, reader, we have brought you face to face with the subject of this sketch, Harriet Hosmer, the American sculptress.

Born at Watertown, Mass., in the year 1831, Harriet Hosmer is the only surviving daughter of a physician, who, having lost wife and child by consumption, and fearing a like fate for the survivor, gave her horse, dog, gun, and boat, and insisted upon an out-doors life as indispensable to health. A fearless horsewoman, a good shot, an adept in rowing, swimming, diving, and skating, Harriet Hosmer is a signal instance of what judicious physical training will effect in conquering even hereditary taint of constitution. Willingly as the active, energetic child acquiesced in her father's wishes, she contrived, at the same time, to gratify and develop her own peculiar tastes; and many a time and oft, when the worthy doctor may have flattered himself that his darling was in active exercise, she might have been found in a certain clay-pit, not very far from the paternal residence, making early attempts at modeling horses, dogs, sheep, men and women, or any object which attracted her attention. Both here, and subsequently at Lenox, she made good use of her time by studying natural history, and of her gun by securing specimens for herself of the wild creatures of the woods, feathered and furred; dissecting some, and with her own hands preparing and stuffing others. The walls of the room devoted to her special use in "the old house at home," are covered with birds, bats, butterflies and beetles, snakes and toads, while sundry bottles of spirits contain subjects carefully dissected and prepared by herself.

Ingenuity and taste were shown in the use to which the young girl applied the eggs and feathers of the

nests and birds she had pilfered. One inkstand, a very early production, evinces mechanical genius and artistic taste. Taking the head, throat, wings, and side feathers of a bluebird, she blew the contents from a hen's egg, and set it on end, forming the breast of the bird by the oval surface of the egg, while through the open beak and extended neck entrance was gained to the cavity of the egg containing the ink.

No one could look round this apartment, occupied by the child and young girl, without at once recognizing the force and individuality of character which have since distinguished her.

Full of fun and frolic, numerous anecdotes are told of practical jokes perpetrated to such an excess that Dr. Hosmer was satisfied with the progress toward health and strength his child had made; and having endeavored, without success, to place her under tuition in daily and weekly schools near home, he determined to commit her to the care of Mrs. Sedgwick, of Lenox, Massachusetts. Thither the young lady, having been expelled from one school, and given over as incorrigible at another, was accordingly sent, with strict injunctions that health should still be a paramount consideration, and that the new pupil should have liberty to ride and walk, shoot and swim to her heart's content. In wiser or kinder hands the young girl could not have been placed. Here, too, she met with Mrs. Fanny Kemble, whose influence tended to strengthen and develop her already decided tastes and predilections. To Mrs. Kemble we have heard the young artist gratefully attribute the encouragement which decided her to follow sculpture as a profession, and to devote herself and her life to the pursuit of art.

Miss Hosmer's school-fellows remember many

pranks and exploits that showed her daring spirit and love of frolic. One of these was capturing a hawk's nest from the top of a very high forest-tree, to which she climbed at the risk of her life. Her room was decorated, as at home, with grotesque preserved specimens, among which was a variety of reptiles, usually the horror of young ladies.

An anonymous squib upon Boston and Bostonians was about this time attributed to Miss Hosmer. A practical joke upon a physician of Boston had been the immediate cause of her being sent to Lenox. Her health having given her father some uneasiness, the gentleman in question, a physician in large practice, was called in to attend her. The rather uncertain visits of this physician proved a source of great annoyance and some real inconvenience to his patient, inasmuch as they interfered with her rides and drives, shooting, and boating excursions. Having borne with the inconvenience some time, she requested the gentleman, as a great favor, to name an hour for his call, that she might make her arrangements accordingly. The physician agreed, but punctuality is not always at the command of professional men. Matters were as bad as ever. Sometimes the twelve o'clock appointment did not come off till three in the afternoon. One day, in particular, Dr. ——— was some hours after the time. A playful quarrel took place between physician and patient; and, as he rose to take his leave, and offered another appointment, Miss Hosmer insisted upon his giving his word to keep it.

"If I am alive," said he, "I will be here," naming some time on a certain day.

"Then, if you are not here," was the reply, "I am to conclude that you are dead."

Thus they parted. The day and hour arrived, but no doctor made his appearance. That evening Miss Hosmer rode into Boston, and next morning the papers announced the decease of Dr. ———. Half Boston and its neighborhood rushed to the physician's house to leave cards and messages of condolence for the family, and to inquire into the cause of the sudden and lamentable event.

In 1850, being then nineteen, Harriet Hosmer left Lenox. Mrs. Sedgwick's judicious treatment, and the motive and encouragement supplied by Mrs. Kemble, had given the right impetus to that activity of mind and body which needed only guiding and directing into legitimate channels. She returned to her father's house, at Watertown, to pursue her art-studies, and to fit herself for the career she had resolved upon following. There was at this time a cousin of Miss Hosmer's studying with her father, between whom and herself existed a hearty *camaraderie*. Together the two spent many hours in dissecting legs and arms, and in making acquaintance with the human frame, Dr. Hosmer having erected a small building at the bottom of his garden to facilitate these studies. Those were days of close study and application. Lessons in drawing and modeling—for which our young student had to repair to Boston, a distance of seven or eight miles—and anatomical studies with her cousin, were alternated with the inevitable rides and boating on which her father wisely insisted. The River Charles runs immediately before the house, and on this river Harriet Hosmer had a boat-house, containing a safe, broad boat, and a fragile, poetical-looking gondola, with silvered prow, the delight of her heart, and the terror of her less experienced and unswimming friends.

The life of the young girl was at this period full of earnest purpose and noble ambition, and the untiring energy and perseverance which distinguish her now in so remarkable a degree were at this time evidenced and developed.

Having modeled one or two copies from the antique, she next tried her hand on a portrait-bust, and then cut Canova's bust of Napoleon in marble, working it entirely with her own hands that she might make herself mistress of the process. Her father, seeing her devoted to her studies, seconded them in every possible way, and proposed to send her to his friend, Dr. M'Dowell, Professor of Anatomy in the St. Louis College, that she might go through a course of regular instruction, and be thus thoroughly grounded for the branch of art she had chosen. The young artist was but too glad to close with the offer; and, in the autumn of 1850, we find her at St. Louis, residing in the family of her favorite schoolmate from Lenox, winning the hearts of all its members by her frank, joyous nature, and steady application, and securing, in the head of it, what she heartily and energetically calls "the best friend I ever had."

Her independence of manner and character, joined to the fact of her entering the college as a student, could not fail to bring down animadversion, and many were the tales fabricated and circulated anent the young New Englander, who was said to carry pistols in her belt, and to be prepared to take the life of any one who interfered with her. It was, perhaps, no disadvantage, under the circumstances, to be protected by such a character. The college stood some way from the inhabited part of the town, and in early morning and late evening, going to and fro with the

other students, it is not impossible that she owed the perfect impunity with which she set conventionality at defiance to the character for courage, and skill in the use of fire-arms which attended her.

Dr. M'Dowell, charmed with the talent and earnestness of his pupil, afforded her every facility in his power, giving her the freedom of the college at all times, and occasionally bestowing upon her a private lecture when she attended to see him preparing dissections for the public ones. Pleasant and encouraging it is to find men of ability and eminence so willing to help a woman when she is willing to help herself. The career of this young artist hitherto has been marked by the warm and generous encouragement of first-rate men, from Professor M'Dowell to John Gibson, and pleasant it is to find the affectionate and grateful appreciation of such kindness, converting the temporary tie of master and pupil into the permanent one of tried and valued friendship. "I remember Professor M'Dowell," writes Miss Hosmer, "with great affection and gratitude, as being a most thorough and patient teacher, as well as at all times a good, kind friend."

Through the winter and spring of 1851, in fact, during the whole term, Harriet Hosmer prosecuted her studies with unremitting zeal and attention, and at the close was presented with a "diploma," or certificate, testifying to her anatomical efficiency. During her stay at St. Louis, and as a testimony of her gratitude and regard, Miss Hosmer cut, from a bust of Professor M'Dowell by Clevenger, a medallion in marble, life size, which is now in the museum of the College. It is perhaps worthy of note that Clevenger and Powers both studied anatomy under this professor.

The "diploma" achieved, our young aspirant was bent upon seeing New Orleans before returning to her New England home. It was a season of the year not favorable for such travel, and, from some cause or another, she failed in inducing any of her friends to accompany her. To will and to do are synonymous with some; and so, Harriet Hosmer having set her mind upon an excursion down the Mississippi to the Crescent City, embarked herself one fine morning on board a steamer bound for New Orleans. The river was shallow, the navigation difficult; many a boat did our adventurous traveler pass high and dry; but fortune, as usual, was with her, and she reached her destination in safety. The weather was intensely warm, but, nothing daunted, our young friend saw all that was to be seen, returning at night to sleep on board the steamer as it lay in its place by the levee, and, at the expiration of a week, returning with it to St. Louis. Arrived there, instead of rejoining her friends, she took boat for the Falls of St. Anthony, on the Upper Mississippi, stopping, on the way, at Dubuque, to visit a lead mine, into which she descended by means of a bucket, and came very near an accident which must inevitably have resulted fatally; a catastrophe which, as no one knew where she was, would probably have remained a secret forever. At the Falls of St. Anthony, she went among the Indians, much to their surprise and amusement, and brought away with her a pipe, presented by the chief, in token of amity. She also achieved the ascent of a mountain never before undertaken by a female; and so delighted were the spectators with her courage and agility, that they insisted upon knowing her name, that the mountain might thenceforth be called after her. In a subsequent

visit to St. Louis, Miss Hosmer found that her rustic admirers had been as good as their word, and "Hosmer's Height" remains an evidence of "the little lady's" ambition and courage.

On her return to St. Louis, where her prolonged absence had created no little uneasiness, she remained but a short time, and, bidding farewell to her kind friends, retraced her steps homeward.

This was in the autumn of 1851. No sooner had Harriet Hosmer reached home than she set to work to model an ideal bust of Hesper, continuing her anatomical studies with her cousin, and employing her intervals of leisure and rest in reading, riding, and boating. Now followed a period of earnest work, cheered and inspired by those visions of success, of purpose fulfilled, of high aims realized, which haunt the young and enthusiastic aspirant, and throw a halo round the youthful days of genius, lending a color to the whole career. As Lowell wisely and poetically says,

"Great dreams preclude low ends."

Better to aspire and fail than not aspire at all; better to know the dream, and the fever, and the awakening, if it must be, than to pass from the cradle to the grave on the level plane of content with things as they are. There may be aspiration without genius; there can not be genius without aspiration; and where genius is backed by industry and perseverance, the aspiration of one period will meet its realization in another.

To go to Rome—to make herself acquainted with all its treasures of art, ancient and modern—to study and work as the masters of both periods had studied and worked before her—this was now our youthful artist's ambition; and all the while she labored, heart and soul, at Hesper, the first creation of her genius,

watching its growth beneath her hand, as a young mother watches, step by step, the progress of her first-born; kneading in with the plastic clay all those thousand hopes and fears which, turn by turn, charm and agitate all who aspire. At length, the clay model finished, a block of marble was sought and found, and brought home to the shed in the garden, hitherto appropriated to dissecting purposes, but now fitted up as a studio. Here, with her own small hands, the youthful maiden, short of stature and delicate in make, any thing but robust in health, with chisel and mallet blocked out the bust, and subsequently, with rasp and file, finished it to the last degree of manipulative perfection. Months and months it took, and hours and days of quiet toil and patience; but those wings of genius, perseverance and industry, were hers, and love lent zest to the work. It was late summer in 1852 before Hesper was fully completed.

A critic in the New York Tribune thus wrote of this work:

"It has the face of a lovely maiden, gently falling asleep with the sound of distant music. Her hair is gracefully arranged, and intertwined with capsules of the poppy. A star shines on her forehead, and under her breast lies the crescent moon. The hush of evening breathes from the serene countenance and the heavily-drooping eyelids. . . . The swell of the cheeks and the bust is like pure, young, healthy flesh, and the muscles of the beautiful mouth are so delicately cut, it seems like a thing that breathes.

"The poetic conception of the subject is the creation of her own mind, and the embodiment of it is all done by her own hands—even the hard, rough, mechanical portions of the work. She employed a man

to chop off some large bits of marble; but, as he was unaccustomed to assist sculptors, she did not venture to have him cut within several inches of the surface she intended to work."

"Now," said she to her father, "I am ready to go to Rome."

"And you shall go, my child, this very autumn," was the reply.

Anxious as Dr. Hosmer was to facilitate in every way the career his daughter had chosen, there was yet another reason for going to Italy before winter set in. Study and nervous anxiety had made their impression upon a naturally delicate constitution, and a short, dry cough alarmed the worthy doctor for his child's health.

October of 1852 saw father and daughter on their way to Europe, the St. Louis diploma and daguerreotypes of Hesper being carefully stowed away in the safest corner of the portmanteau as evidences of what the young artist had already achieved, when, arrived at Rome, she should seek the instruction of one of two masters, whose fame, world-wide, alone could satisfy our aspirant's ambition. So eager was her desire to reach Rome that a week only was given to England; and then, joining some friends in Paris, the whole party proceeded to Rome, arriving in the Eternal City on the evening of November 12, 1852.

Within two days the daguerreotypes were placed in the hands of Mr. Gibson as he sat at breakfast in the Café Greco, a famous place of resort for artists.

Now be it known, as a caution to women not to enter lightly upon any career, to throw it up as lightly upon the first difficulty which arises, that a prejudice existed in Rome against lady artists, from the preten-

sions with which some had repaired thither, and upon which they had succeeded in gaining access to some of the best studios and instruction from their masters, to throw those valuable opportunities aside at the first obstacle that arose. Mr. Gibson had himself, it was said, been thus victimized and annoyed, and it was represented to Miss Hosmer as doubtful in the extreme if he would either look at the daguerreotypes or listen to the proposal of her becoming his pupil. However, the daguerreotypes were placed before him; and, taking them into his hands—one presenting a full, and the other a profile view of the bust—he sat some moments in silence, looking intently at them. Encouraged by this, the young sculptor who had undertaken to present them proceeded to explain Miss Hosmer's intentions and wishes, what she had already done, and what she hoped to do. Still Mr. Gibson remained silent. Finally, closing the cases,

"Send the young lady to me," said he, "and whatever I know, and can teach her, she shall learn."

In less than a week Harriet Hosmer was fairly installed in Mr. Gibson's studio, in the up-stairs room already described. Ere long a truly paternal and filial affection sprung up between the master and the pupil, a source of great happiness to themselves, and of pleasure and amusement to all who know and value them, from the curious likeness, yet unlikeness, which existed from the first in Miss Hosmer to Mr. Gibson, and which daily intercourse has not tended to lessen.

In one of her letters she says:

"The dearest wish of my heart is gratified in that I am acknowledged by Gibson as a pupil. He has been resident in Rome thirty-four years, and leads the van. I am greatly in luck. He has just finished the

model of the statue of the queen, and, as his room is vacant, he permits me to use it, and I am now in his own studio. I have also a little room for work which was formerly occupied by Canova, and perhaps inspiration may be drawn from the walls."

The first winter in Rome was passed in modeling from the antique, Mr. Gibson desiring to assure himself of the correctness of Miss Hosmer's eye, and the soundness of her knowledge; Hesper evincing the possession of the imaginative and creative power. From the first, Mr. Gibson expressed himself more than satisfied with her power of imitating the roundness and softness of flesh, saying, upon one occasion, that he had never seen it surpassed and not often equaled.

Her first attempt at original design in Rome was a bust of Daphne, quickly succeeded by another of the Medusa—the beautiful Medusa—and a lovely thing it is, faultless in form, and intense in its expression of horror and agony, without trenching on the physically painful.

We have already spoken of the warm friend Miss Hosmer made for herself during her winter at St. Louis, in the head of the family at whose house she was a guest. This gentleman, as a God-speed to the young artist on her journey to Rome, sent her, on the eve of departure, an order to a large amount for the first figure she should model, leaving her entirely free to select her own time and subject. A statue of Œnone was the result, which is now in the house of Mr. Crow, at St. Louis, and which gave such satisfaction to its possessor and his fellow-townsmen, that an order was forwarded to Miss Hosmer for a statue for the Public Library at St. Louis, on the same liberal terms. Bea-

trice Cenci, which has won so many golden opinions from critics and connoisseurs, was sent to St. Louis in fulfillment of this order.

The summers in Rome are, as every one knows, trying to the natives, and full of danger to foreigners. Dr. Hosmer, having seen his daughter finally settled, returned to America, leaving her with strict injunctions to seek some salubrious spot in the neighboring mountains for the summer, if indeed she did not go into Switzerland or England. Rome, however, was the centre of attraction; and, after the first season, which was spent at Sorrento, on the Bay of Naples, Miss Hosmer could not be prevailed upon to go out of sight and reach of its lordly dome and noble treasures of art. The third summer came, and, listening to the advice of her friends, and in obedience to the express wish of her father, she made arrangements for a visit to England. The day was settled, the trunks were packed; she was on the eve of departure, when a letter from America arrived, informing her of heavy losses sustained by her father, which must necessitate retrenchment in every possible way, a surrender of her career in Rome, and an immediate return home.

The news came upon her like a thunderbolt. Stunned and bewildered, she knew not at the moment what to do. An only child, and hitherto indulged in every whim and caprice, the position was indeed startling and perplexing. The surrender of her art-career was the only thing which she felt to be impossible; whatever else might come, that could not, should not be. And now came into play that true independence of character which hitherto had shown itself mostly in wild freaks and tricks. Instead of falling back upon those friends whose means she knew would be at her

disposal in this emergency, she dispatched a messenger for the young sculptor who had shown the daguerreotypes to Mr. Gibson, and who, himself dependent upon his professional exertions, was, she decided, the fittest person to consult with as to her own future career. He obeyed the hasty summons, and found the joyous, laughing countenance he had always known, pale and changed, as it were, suddenly, from that of a young girl to a woman full of cares and anxieties. He could scarcely credit the intelligence; but the letter was explicit; the summons home peremptory. "Go, I will not," was her only coherent resolution; so the two laid their heads together. Miss Hosmer was the owner of a handsome horse and an expensive English saddle; these were doomed at once. The summer in Rome itself, during which season living there costs next to nothing, was determined upon; and during those summer months Miss Hosmer should model something so attractive that it should insure a speedy order, and, exercising strict economy, start thenceforth on an independent artist-career, such as many of those around her with less talent and training, managed to carry on with success. No sooner said than done; the trunks were unpacked; the friends she had been about to accompany departed without her; her father's reverses were simply and straightforwardly announced, and she entered at once on the line of industry and economy she and her friend had struck out.

It is said that friendship between a young man and a young woman is scarcely possible, and perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, where the woman has no engrossing interests of her own, no definite aim and pursuit in life, it may be so. Here, however, was a case of genuine and helpful friendship, honorable alike

to the heads and hearts of both. Under the experienced direction of her friend, Miss Hosmer conducted her affairs with prudence and economy, and, at the same time, with due regard to health. The summer passed away, and neither fever nor any other form of mischief attacked our young friend. She worked hard, and modeled a statue of Puck, so full of spirit, originality, and fun, that it was no sooner finished than orders to put it into marble came in. It was repeated again and again, and, during the succeeding winter, three copies were ordered for England alone —one for the Duke of Hamilton. Thus fairly started on her own ground, Miss Hosmer met with that success which talent, combined with industry and energy, never fails to command.

The winter in which the Cenci was being put into marble she was engaged in modeling a monument to the memory of a beautiful young Catholic lady, destined for a niche in the church of San Andréo delle Fratte, in the Viâ Mercede, close upon the Piazza di Spagna. A portrait full-length figure of the young girl, life size, reclines upon a low couch. The attitude is easy and natural, and the tranquil sleep of death is admirably rendered in contradistinction to the warm sleep of life in the Cenci.

Miss Hosmer was engaged during the winter of 1858 in modeling a fountain, for which she has taken the story of Hylas descending for water, when, according to mythology, he is seized upon by the water-nymphs and drowned. Hylas forms the crown of the pyramid, while the nymphs twined around its base, with extended arms, seek to drag him down into the water below, where dolphins are spouting jets which

interlace each other. A double basin, the upper one supported by swans, receives the cascade.

During the spring of 1859 Miss Hosmer worked upon her statue of Zenobia, bespoken in America. The young Prince of Wales visited her studio to see this unfinished work, which he greatly admired. He purchased a "Puck," by her hand, to add to his collection. Miss Hosmer executed, as a side-piece to this, a "Will-o'-the-Wisp," said even to be superior.

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